Aug. 18, 1980

THE NEW YORKER

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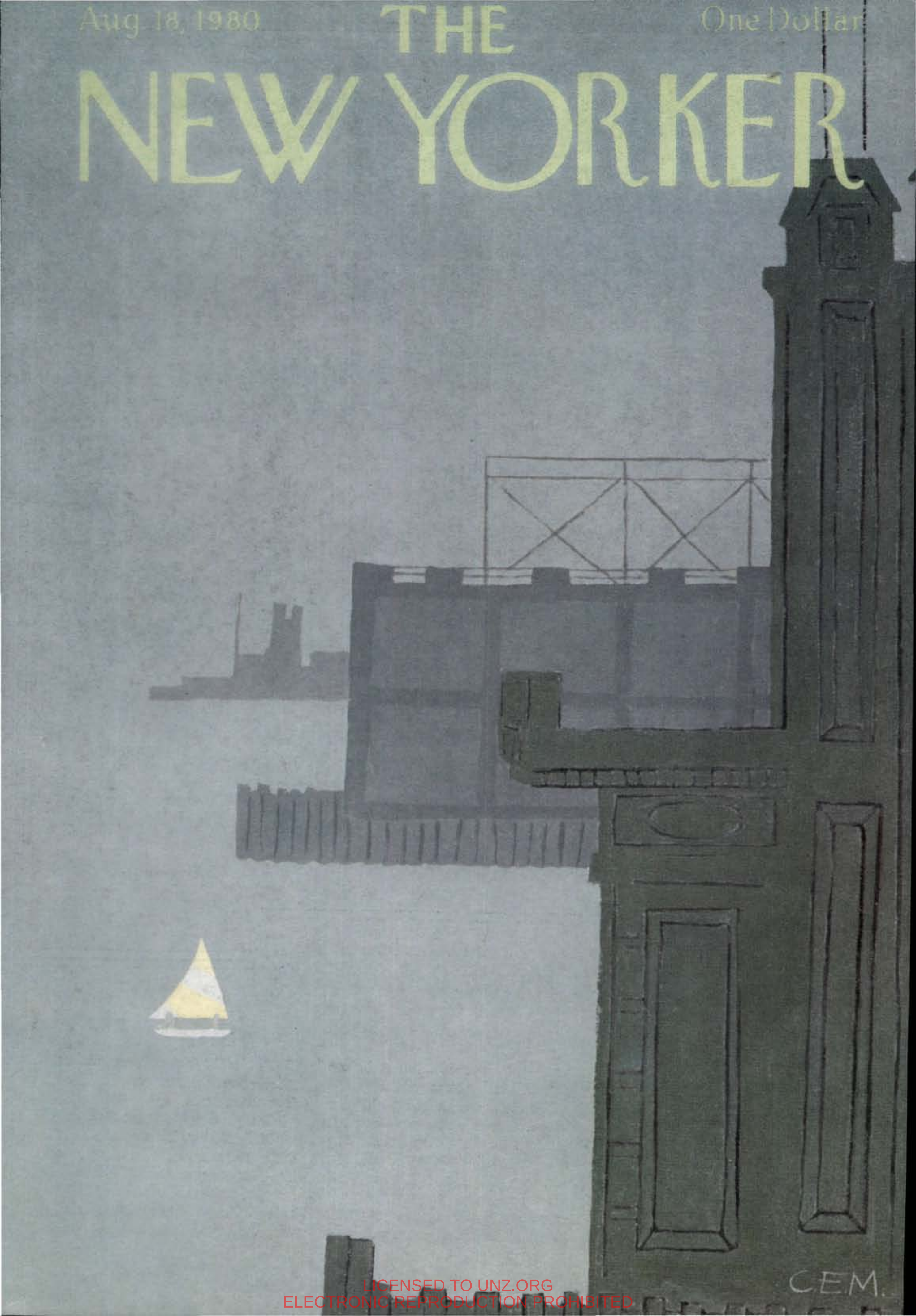

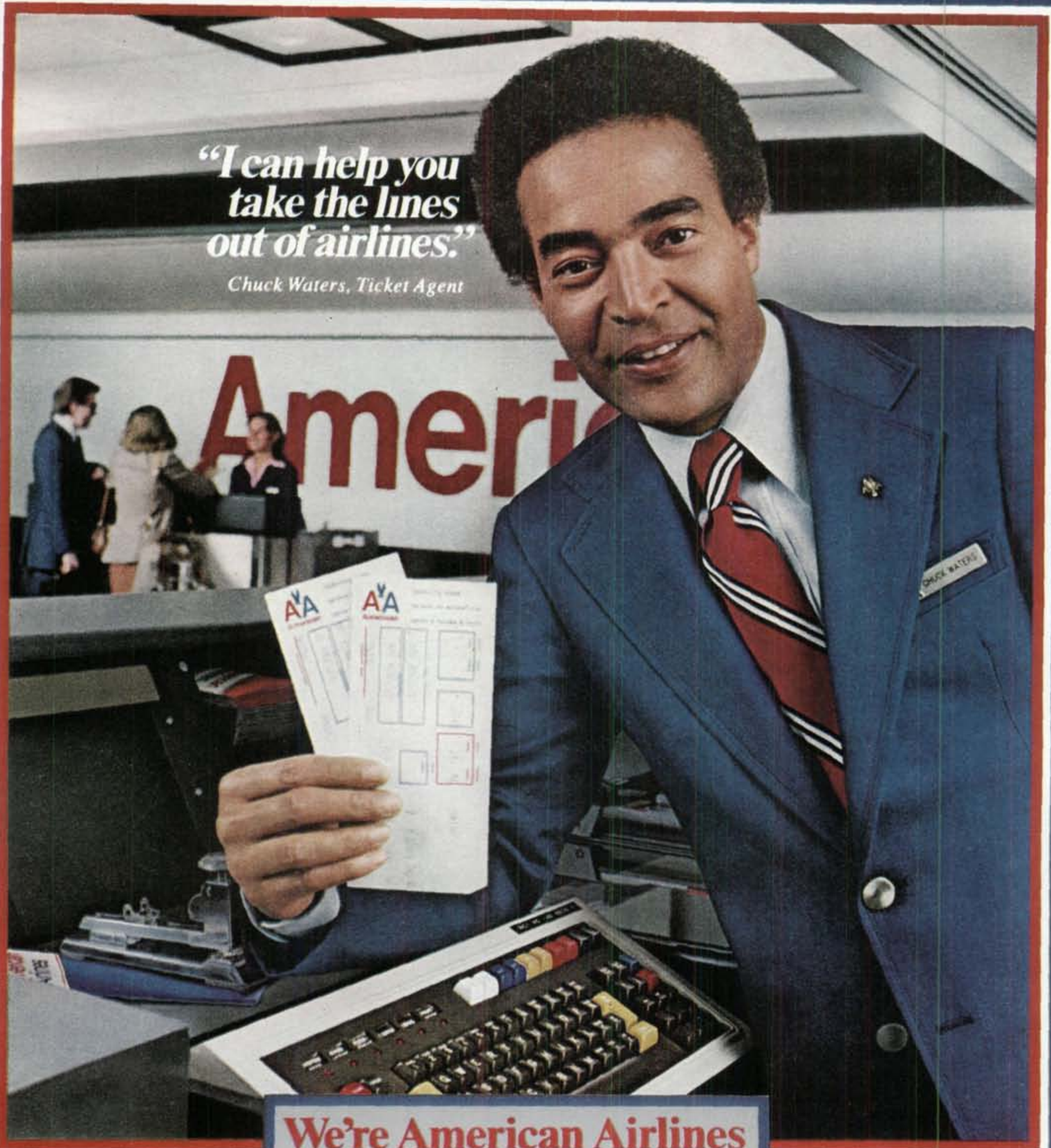
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Barnum—A little musical in which Jim Dale gamely risks almost every circus feat except being shot out of the mouth of a cannon. Not much Barnum, though. (Reviewed in our issue of 5/12/80.) (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Billy Bishop Goes to War—A fantastic comedy about the First World War. The author is John Gray. Cedric Smith plays no fewer than seventeen roles, and Ross Douglas plays the piano and sings. (6/9/80) (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Blackstone!—In which flags, elephants, eagles, flowers, and the bodies of young women appear and disappear and reappear in a way that cannot be and is. Mr. Blackstone *has a certain archness of delivery that he* would do well to make vanish into thin air. (6/2/80) (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Camelot—Richard Burton is the star of this admirable new production of the Lerner-Loewe musical, which he starred in twenty years ago. His King Arthur is a touching, lonely man. Christine Ebersole plays Guenevere and Richard Muenz is Lancelot. (7/21/80) (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. 877-4727. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Closes Saturday, Aug. 23.)

Children of a Lesser God—An extraordinarily effective play about a young deaf woman and one of her teachers, who falls in love with her. The author, Mark Medoff, has found humor and pathos in a most difficult subject, and John Rubinstein and Phyllis Frelich play the leading roles to perfection. (4/14/80) (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 246-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Circle Repertory Company—A play by William Mastrosimone, THE WOOLGATHERER, with Peter Weller and Patricia Wettig: Wednesdays and Thursdays at 8, Fridays at 7, Saturdays at 10:15, and Sundays at 3. . . . MACREADY!, a one-character play written and performed by Frank Barrie: Mondays and Tuesdays at 8; Fridays at 10:15; and Saturdays and Sundays at 7. (Circle Repertory Company Theatre, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 924-7100.)

A Coupla White Chicks Sitting Around Talking—Dixie Carter and Dorothy Lyman in a play by John Ford Noonan. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

A Day in Hollywood / A Night in the Ukraine—The wise thing is to drop in after the intermission and catch a parody of the Marx Brothers playing a parody of Chekhov. What a gorgeous scramble it makes! (5/12/80) (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Fourtune—A musical with a book and lyrics by Bill Russell, and music by Ronald Melrose. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 691-6226. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Home—A play by Samm-Art Williams that says it is a very good thing indeed to be alive. A joyful, Whitmanesque song, well acted by Charles Brown, L. Scott Caldwell, and Michele Shay. (5/19/80) (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 489-6392. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

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I Ought to Be in Pictures—A sentimental comedy *by Neil Simon, about a Hollywood writer* down on his literary luck and a daughter who visits him and brightens his prospects. With Ron Leibman, Dinah Manoff, and Joyce Van Patten. (4/14/80) (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—Through Sunday, Aug. 17: THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE. . . . ¶ Wednesday through Sunday, Aug. 20-24: THE MIKADO. (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Wednesdays through Saturdays at *8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, and* Saturdays and Sundays at 4.)

Look Back in Anger—A revival of John Osborne's play, with Malcolm McDowell in the leading role. (Roundabout Stage One, 333 W. 23rd St. 242-7800. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Man Who Came to Dinner—A very funny comedy by Kaufman and Hart, written in 1939 and young for its age. The hero, played by Ellis Rabb, is a greedy, ungrateful monster, modelled after the real-life figure of Alexander Woollcott, who knew everybody and trafficked in everybody, and is worth remembering for the single-mindedness of his self-promotion. (7/7/80) (Circle in the Square, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Morning's at Seven—A charming new production of a forty-year-old play by Paul Osborn. Family life in the Middle West has its merry ups and downs, and a marvellous cast makes the most of its opportunities. (4/21/80) (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. 582-3897. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Oklahoma!—Song after song after song, with a cast of young people whose high spirits seem unforced and who hurl themselves happily into this initial collaboration of Rodgers and Hammerstein. (12/24/79) (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Aug. 31.)

A Sleepless Night with an Honest Man—A play by Lee Schneider about the life of Benedict Arnold. Preview Wednesday, Aug. 13. Opens officially on Thursday, Aug. 14, at 6:45. (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 260-8480. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8.)

Table Settings—A young playwright named James Lapine has written a compassionate, hilarious account of family life in New York—a sort of Jewish and urban "Ah, Wilderness!" The cast is superb. (1/21/80) (Chelsea Theatre Center, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Talley's Folly—A charming short play by Lanford Wilson about the coming together of two troubled people, one of whom is far

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braver than the other. With Jordan Charney and Debra Mooney. (3/3/80) (Brooks Atkinson. 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

West Side Story—Directed and choreographed by Jerome Robbins, the Bernstein-Sondheim-Laurents classic is in tip-top shape after twenty-three years. (3/3/80) (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Your Arms Too Short to Box with God—A revival of Vinnette Carroll's hymn sing of a few seasons back, derived from the Gospel According to St. Matthew. It's hard to improve on the Bible, and Miss Carroll hasn't. (6/16/80) (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 541-6490. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**AIN'T MISBEHAVIN'**: A rip-roaring musical tribute to Fats Waller, by a superb small company whose energy would suffice to light Manhattan. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 730-1760. Nightly, except Thursdays and Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **ANNIE**: Daddy Warbucks is transformed into a benign New Dealer, and Little Orphan Annie is not very waiflike in this pleasant but uninspired musical. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE BEST LITTLE WHOREHOUSE IN TEXAS**: A cheerful, cheering, and foolish musical about a bordello called the Chicken Ranch. Tommy Tune was the choreographer, Carol Hall wrote the score, and Larry L. King and Peter Masterson wrote the libretto. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-0246. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE**: A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **DANCIN'**: An assortment of vivid production numbers on unrelated themes. Bob Fosse is the choreographer, and his company of dancers is dazzling. The music is by Bach, Sousa, George M. Cohan, and other classic composers. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 247-0472. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **DEATHTRAP**: A stunning cast, headed by John Cullum, in a thriller whose clever anfractuosities of plot are just frightening enough and just funny enough. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE ELEPHANT MAN**: This absorbing play by Bernard Pomerance is based on an actual episode. A freak too repulsive even for display at street fairs finds refuge in a London hospital in Whitechapel from 1886 until his death in 1890. Jeff Hayenga is the Elephant Man, Donal Donnelly is his attending surgeon, and Patricia Elliott is the actress Mrs. Kendal. Jack Hofsiss directed. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **EVITA**: A sung version of the life of Eva Perón. Three first-rate performances, by Patti LuPone, Mandy Patinkin, and Bob Gunton. Terri Klausner substitutes for Miss LuPone at the Wednesday and Saturday matinée performances. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-3600. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS**: 8,440 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **GEMINI**: In Albert Innaurato's delightful comedy, a Harvard undergraduate, son of an Italian-American laborer, is paid a surprise visit by a pair of his classmates—a well-to-do brother and sister from Cambridge—and is thrown into a panic that at first appears to be social but is actually sexual. (Little Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. 221-6425. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **I'M GETTING MY ACT TOGETHER AND TAKING IT ON THE ROAD**: A night-club singer with strong feminist views celebrates her thirty-ninth birthday by auditioning her new act for her dismayed manager. This somewhat disappointing musical by Nancy Ford (score) and Gretchen Cryer (book and lyrics) was directed by Word Baker. (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **OH! CALCUTTA!**: A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Wednesdays at 2.) . . . **ONE MO' TIME**: A sunny salute to the good old days of black vaudeville, in good old N'Orleans. Vernel Bagneris is the clever inventor of this oddity. Good old Jabbo Smith plays trumpet in the accompanying jazz band. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 473-7270. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **PETER PAN**: A cheerful revival of a twenty-five-year-old musical version of a play that is as sturdy and (at bottom) as gloomy as "Hamlet." (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 586-5555. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **ROMANTIC COMEDY**: A lifeless exercise in sitcom, starring Mia Farrow and Anthony Perkins. The author is Bernard Slade. (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 246-0390. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **SCRAMBLED FEET**: The cheerfulness and occasional ingenuity of this little revue about life in the theatre sporadically compensate for its lack of wit, but not often. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-9292. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **SUGAR BABIES**: This mock tribute to old-time burlesque embraces Mickey Rooney, Ann Miller, some buxom chorus girls, and a dolorous springer spaniel, and they all perform splendidly. (Mark Hellinger, 237 W. 51st St. 757-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **THEY'RE PLAYING OUR SONG**: A Neil Simon musical, different from a Simon play only in that the triphammer sound of gags is interrupted from time to time by the sound of music. The stars are Tony Roberts and Rhonda Farer. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-4311. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

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MISCELLANY

Radio City Music Hall—This year's summer show is devoted to American musical entertainment (the last hundred years of it). Part of the extravaganza: a re-creation of the Ziegfeld Follies and Billy Rose's Diamond Horseshoe Revue, plus a Carmen Miranda lookalike doing the carioca. The Rockettes—of course. (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Daily, except Thursdays, at 2:30 and 8.)

DANCE

Roland Petit's Ballet National de Marseille—Opening performances of a five-week engagement that will run through Sunday, Sept. 21, by a company appearing here for the first time—Performances of a full-length ballet, "The Bat," will be presented Wednesday, Aug. 20, through Sunday, Sept. 7. (Uris, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—An enticing four-night jazz double bill—singer **BETTY CARTER** and her trio and saxophonist **JAMES MOODY** and his combo—Thursday through Sunday, Aug. 14-17. On Monday, Aug. 18, country singer and songwriter **GEORGE JONES** will make a rare New York club appearance; on Tuesday, Aug. 19, Holly Near will sing some protest songs (her causes are feminism and anti-nuclear power); and on Saturday, Aug. 23, **DOC** and **MERLE WATSON**, the stunning flat-picking father-and-son guitar players and country-folk singers from North Carolina, will take charge. Shows at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty Sundays through Thursdays, and at nine and midnight Fridays and Saturdays. Dining. Closed Wednesday, Aug. 13.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—Some of the most famous pianists, bassists, and guitarists in the world work in this admirable, dark-panelled, perpetually (it seems) crowded New York bar and restaurant. Pianist **RONNIE MATTHEWS** and bassist **RAY DRUMMOND** are the players through Saturday, Aug. 16; on Monday, Aug. 18, pianist **KENNY BARRON** and super bassist **RON CARTER** will move in. Music from nine-thirty.

Cachaça, 403 E. 62nd St. (688-8501)—The more passionate admirers of samba music think of it as one of the great developments of post-wheel civilization. This urbane room is a good place to hear it performed by a vocalist and a backup trio after eleven. Before eleven and between sets, there is recorded American and Brazilian disco music and Carnaval music. The club is open nightly, except Mondays, from eight to four. Dining and dancing.

Café Carlyle, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—**MARIAN MCPARTLAND** has taken over the piano for Bobby Short while Mr. Short is on leave. She works with a trio Sundays through Thursdays at nine-forty-five and eleven-forty-five. Dining. Closed Fridays and Saturdays.

Café Pierre, in the Pierre Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—**BUCKY PIZZARELLI**, who plays a seven-string guitar—the seventh string is a bass string, which gives the instrument a richer harmonic range—has teamed up with his guitarist son John, who plays a matching George Van Eps model Gretsch guitar. They trade fours Tuesdays through Saturdays from eight-thirty to twelve-thirty. Dining and dancing.

Carnegie Tavern, 165 W. 56th St. (757-9522)—A mostly dark-brown bar and restaurant with a variety (alive and plastic) of hanging plants. **ADAM MAKOWICZ** is the piano soloist nightly, except Sundays, from eight.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—This place still hasn't had the impact on the neighborhood that it's had on the current trends in rock and roll. The schedule: Wednesday, Aug. 13, Mod Squad and Intensions; Thursday, Aug. 14, Fredrix Clark & the Immigrants and the Cheaters; Friday, Aug. 15, Brenda & the Realtones and the Strain; and Saturday, Aug. 16, Revelons

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and the Sharks. Monday is showcase night. Music after nine-thirty.

City Limits, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (243-2242)—For people who live in Brooklyn, Queens, or Chelsea but *love* Texas. Various lively, well-miked bands are booked to play here for listening and dancing nightly after ten.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (674-4450)—**MARION WILLIAMS** has a powerful, emotional voice, and when she's singing gospel music at a jazz or folk festival or in a large hall, she can cause one to feel overcome—if not by religion itself, by something very close to it. But in smaller quarters, such as these, Miss Williams sounds restrained; one wishes she would set aside her microphone and just let loose. Nightly, except Sundays, at nine and eleven. On Sundays, the center of the room is turned over to **DARDANELLE**, a singer and pianist who has no faults, at eight-thirty, ten-thirty, and midnight. Dining.

Eddie Condon's, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—A dark, sleek alternate hangout for traditional jazz (see also Jimmy Ryan's, below). The house sextet works Mondays through Fridays from eight-thirty to two, and Saturdays from nine-thirty to three. On Sunday, August 17, cornettist **WARREN VACHÉ** will head up a quintet from about nine-fifteen. Dining.

Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—A velvet-and-mirror-walled belowstairs jazz-stars room. The jazz stars: tenor saxophonist **EDDIE (LOCKJAW) DAVIS**, trumpeter **HARRY (SWEETS) EDISON**, and the **KENNY BARRON** trio all play together through Sunday, Aug. 17; on Tuesday, Aug. 19, bassist **MIKE RICHMOND** will arrive with some topnotch musical colleagues—saxophonist **DAVE LIEBMAN**, trumpeter **TOM HARRELL**, pianist **ANDY LA VERNE**, and drummer **BILLY HART**. Sets begin after nine. Dining. Closed Mondays.

Grand Finale, 210 W. 70th St. (362-6155)—A large, square, multitiered room on the ground floor of a typical older apartment house on the upper West Side. The singing and dancing **ANDRÉ DE SHIELDS** is the entertainment here through Sunday, Aug. 17. His shows begin nightly, at eleven-thirty.

Greene Street, 101 Greene St., near Prince St. (925-2415)—A very big space in which to listen to some worthwhile music. Is it pretentious? Well, the mural is by Françoise Schein, the chairs are by David Utz, the plants are by Chris, and the graphics are by Susan Hunt Yule—those are the credits as they appear in the menu. The guitar is by **JIMMY PONDER**, who works with a trio on Wednesday, Aug. 13. Thursday through Sunday, Aug. 14-17, have been allotted to Brazilian-jazz interpreter **DENISE DELAPENHA** and her backing crew; and on Thursday, Aug. 21, pop-jazz pianist and singer Robert Kraft will begin performing. Music from ten. Monday's business includes a showcase from nine to eleven, followed by a jam session. Dining.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Small enough to be a hamburger stand (it was) and musical enough to be a jazz landmark (it is). Guitarist **JOE PUMA** works with pianist **HOD O'BRIEN**, bassist Ronnie Markowitz, and vocalist Alicia Sherman Wednesdays through Sundays. Sets from ten; on Sundays from nine. Mondays from ten belong to pianist **BEN ARONOV**, guitarist **ATTILA ZOLLER**, and bassist Todd Coolman, and Tuesdays to a trio led by guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE**. Every night but Sunday, from seven to ten, is given over to pianist Loumell Morgan and a bassist.

Hanratty's, 1754 Second Ave., at 91st St. (289-3200)—A refurbished bar and restaurant in a neighborhood that is itself in the process of being refurbished. The pianists who play here are not just diversionary dining-room players. The main performer is stride specialist **DICK WELLSTOOD**, who is usually here Tuesdays through Thursdays from nine to one, and Fridays and Saturdays from ten to two. On two nights when Mr. Wellstood will be away—Wednesday and Thursday, Aug. 13-14—**JAY MC SHANN**, the Kansas City legend, pianist, singer, and movie star ("The Last of the Blue Devils"), will be on hand.

Hors d'Oeuvrerie, at Windows on the World, 107th Floor, 1 World Trade Center. (938-1111)—Startling views of tall ships, wide ships, short ships, and narrow ships, as well as Governors Island, Ellis Island, Liberty Island, Upper New York Bay, the Hudson River, the East River, Union City, Jersey City, Bayonne, assorted Brooklyn-Manhattan bridges, and beautiful downtown Brooklyn. Lou Forestieri plays piano and leads a dance trio from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty. Pianist Judd Woldin alternates with the trio after nine-thirty.

Hurrah, 36 W. 62nd St. (541-4909)—There are twelve video monitors hanging from the rafters around the room here, so that when the DJs spin a side by Defunkt or the Pop Group, one can watch them as well as hear them and dance to them. The live bands: Manhattan Project and **MATERIAL**, an avant-rock quartet that features guitarist **SONNY SHARROCK**, Wednesday, Aug. 13; 2 Yous and R. Stevie Moore Thursday, Aug. 14; Raybeats and Swollen Monkeys Friday, Aug. 15; Single Bullet Theory and Helen Wheels Band Saturday, Aug. 16. Recorded rock and roll from nine and between sets; live music from elevenish. Video shows on Mondays; closed Sundays.

Jazzmania Society, 14 E. 23rd St., on the fourth floor. (477-3077)—Comfortable, relaxed air-conditioned surroundings with pillow furniture that one can fall into after making the long three-flight climb. Friday and Saturday, Aug. 15-16, saxophonist-proprietor **MIKE MORGENSTERN** leads a combo; on Friday and Saturday, Aug. 22-23, bluesy electric pianist **MICKEY TUCKER** will be present with his sextet. Music Fridays and Saturdays from nine-thirty, and Sundays from nine.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (664-9700)—A no-frills, uncarpeted—the music carries more vividly without a carpet to soak it up—traditional-jazz haunt and an alternative to Eddie Condon's (see above), just thirty paces east. **ROY ELDRIDGE** is the resident legend, and he's buoyed by a quintet Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-thirty to three. On Mondays, **MAX KAMINSKY** leads the group. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

Knickerbocker Saloon, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A pleasant corner restaurant and bar that is crowded with good listeners, and for good reason. Pianist, composer, and National Public Radio host **BILLY TAYLOR** and his bassist, **VICTOR GASKIN**, are working in this spot, their home base in New York, Tuesdays through Saturdays. **DON FRIEDMAN** and bassist **BOB BODLEY** hold down the Sunday and Monday positions. Music nightly from ten.

Lone Star Café, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—Crowded, but authentic in its Texasness. The rock, country, rockabilly, and blues schedule includes **ROY ORBISON**, a mid-fifties rock-and-roll original, on Wednesday, Aug. 13. If Orbison had stayed in his native Texas—he hails from the metropolis of Wink—he'd have been written off as a weirdo long ago by the hometown folks, but he moved to Nashville and recorded "Only the Lonely," "Cryin'," "Running Scared," and "Pretty Woman" instead. Unless he's changed his methods of performing, Orbison will be singing these and his other hits wearing his hair in a pompadour, dressed all in black and shades, and not moving around the stage very much at all. Thursday, Aug. 14, will belong to Texas Jewish standup cowboy Kinky Friedman; on Sunday, Aug. 17, Helen Schneider will sing; Monday, Aug. 18, Brewer & Shipley, a pop-folk-rock duo, will drop by; on Tuesday, Aug. 19, intense Chicago-blues singer and harmonica player **JAMES COTTON** will whirl around onstage; and Wednesday and Thursday, Aug. 20-21, will be given over to Nashville fiddler **VASSAR CLEMENTS**. Music from nine-fifteen to three; on Sundays from eight-thirty to two. Dining.

Marty's, 1265 Third Ave., at 73rd St. (249-4100)—Lana Cantrell is singing here through Saturday, Aug. 16. On Monday, Aug. 18, **MEL TORMÉ** will begin a two-week visit, and it will undoubtedly be difficult to get in to see him. Shows Mondays through Thursdays at nine and eleven; Fridays at ten and midnight; and Saturdays at ten-thirty and twelve-thirty. Dining.

Max's Kansas City, 213 Park Ave. S., at 17th St. (777-7870)—A vintage rock club that attracts young people in T-shirts, in button-down-collar shirts, and in motorcycle jackets. The lineup: Wednesday, Aug. 13, Pepe Valentine & the Squirrels and Stew Lane & the Untouchables; Thursday, Aug. 14, Tish & Snooky, Minx, and Shades; Friday, Aug. 15, Cheetah Chrome and 2-Timers; Saturday, Aug. 16, Jayne County and Mad; Sunday, Aug. 17, X-Davis, Eddie Dixon & the Rednecks, and Coffee; Monday, Aug. 18, Violators and Eddie Estrogen & the Hormones; and Tuesday, Aug. 19, Thom Khidrian & the Rhythm. Rock nightly after ten-thirty.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—**BOB WILBER** and a group of willing musical colleagues are re-creating the Benny Goodman Carnegie Hall Concert of 1938. Music Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-fifteen. Mondays are greeted with people lined up to see and hear Woody Allen play clarinet with a New Orleans-style septet. The septet is here from nine-thirty to midnight. Dining. Closed Sundays.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A well-thought-of upper West Side bar and restaurant that is poised and ready, as it has been for years, for the Columbus Avenue renaissance, which, it seems, moves a few blocks north each year. It is also rhythm-and-blues headquarters in New York. Music from about ten until two.

One Fifth Avenue, Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (260-3434)—A trendy downtown haunt with good music in the cocktail lounge-oyster bar. **AL HAIG**, one of the earliest and still one of the best bop pianists, works with a bassist Tuesdays through Thursdays and on Saturdays and Sundays. On Mondays and Fridays, the Downtown Blues Blowers, a traditional sextet, are in charge. Music from nine-fifteen to two. Dining.

Other End, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—An intimate folk, folk-rock, rock, and occasional jazz club. Two fine guitar-bass duos—**GENE BERTONCINI & MICHAEL MOORE** and **JOHN STOWELL &**

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DAVID FRIESEN—perform on Wednesday, Aug. 13; folkie Jim Dawson will be onstage on Friday and Saturday, Aug. 15-16; Wednesday, Aug. 20, longtime local rock and roller Elliott Murphy leads his band; on Thursday and Friday, Aug. 21-22, Grateful Dead lyricist and country-rock singer Robert Hunter will lead his band; and on Saturday, Aug. 23, **RAMBLIN' JACK ELLIOTT**, the Belt Parkway cowpoke, will deliver sleepy, alpha-wavelike monologues about the Mississippi River and, in a satisfyingly raspy voice, sing songs by Louis Jordan, Bob Dylan, and, of course, Woody Guthrie. Shows most nights at nine and eleven-thirty; on Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Mondays are given over to a showcase. Snacks.

PEACOCK ALLEY, in the Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (355-3000)—**JIMMY LYON** is playing piano in this quiet room, which functions as a sort of passageway connecting the hotel lobby with a dining room. Mr. Lyon, who has accompanied Mabel Mercer throughout the past decade, has a touch that seems magically smooth and cushioned, and his time is unassailable. He's on hand Tuesdays through Saturdays from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty.

RAINBOW ROOM, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (757-9090)—What a room, what a view! What dance music, what a dance band! **PANAMA FRANCIS**, the erstwhile fifties rock-and-roll drummer—he's also worked with Lucky Millinder, Cab Calloway, and Dinah Shore—leads his **SAVOY SULTANS** Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one, Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two, and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining.

RITZ, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—A big, fancy (but the appropriate dress is black sneakers rather than black tie) thirties ballroom that presents past, present, future, past-perfect, present-perfect, future-perfect, and imperfect forms of rock and roll. The schedule: Wednesday, Aug. 13, Original Savannah Band; Friday, Aug. 15, Get Wet and Hitmen; Saturday, Aug. 16, Fleshtones, Get Wet, and Testors; Monday, Aug. 18, Helen Schneider, Norman Nardini & the Tigers, and the Swinging Madisons; Tuesday through Thursday, Aug. 19-21, **SOUTHSIDE JOHNNY & THE ASBURY JUKES**; and Friday, Aug. 22, Full Hand and BBC. Shows tend to begin sometime after midnight. Dancing.

ST. REGIS-SHERATON, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (753-4500)—The only view in the windowless King Cole Room is the room itself, and it's striking. Massive white walls, brass bannisters, a tiered ceiling, three levels of tables and chairs, and slick, iridescent Pre-Raphaelite-ish paintings by Maxfield Parrish—a three-panelled mural, "Old King Cole," and two small works, "Child Harvester" and "Cleopatra"—are its principal recommendations. Another recommendation, but one that is not a permanent fixture, is singer and pianist **HAZEL SCOTT**, who, with her bassist and slightly overamplified drummer, performs enthusiastic interpretations of works by Ellington, Rodgers and Hart, and many other songwriters. Tuesdays through Thursdays from eight to eleven; Fridays from eight to midnight; and Saturdays from eight to one. Dining and dancing.

SALT PEANUTS, 399 Greenwich St., at Beach St. (431-6044)—Named for a tune by Dizzy Gillespie and located in the far western reaches of Tribeca, where many of the lofts are still used by business and industry. Alto saxophonist **CHARLES MC PHERSON'S** quartet winds up its visit on Saturday, Aug. 16; on Tuesday, Aug. 19, trumpeter **DANNY MOORE** will bring in a small band featuring **FRANK STROZIER** on alto and flute. Music Tuesdays through Saturdays, from ten to four. Dining.

SEVENTH AVENUE SOUTH, 21 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (242-4694)—A pleasant second-floor jazz-rock and R. & B. club, with a nice view of the street from the window tables. On Thursday and Friday, Aug. 14-15, the **PERSUASIONS** sing some striking street-corner a-cappella rhythm-and-blues numbers; Saturday and Sunday, Aug. 16-17, will be claimed by trumpeter **RANDY BRECKER**, saxophonist **MIKE BRECKER**, and their quintet; and on Thursday, Aug. 21, guitarist **JOHN ABERCROMBIE** will arrive with a fine quartet. Music from ten to two. Dining. Closed Mondays.

SHERATON CENTRE, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (581-1000)—In the red-brocade-walled French Quarter, the **TITO PUENTE** quintet, which includes **POTATO VALDEZ** on percussion, is per-

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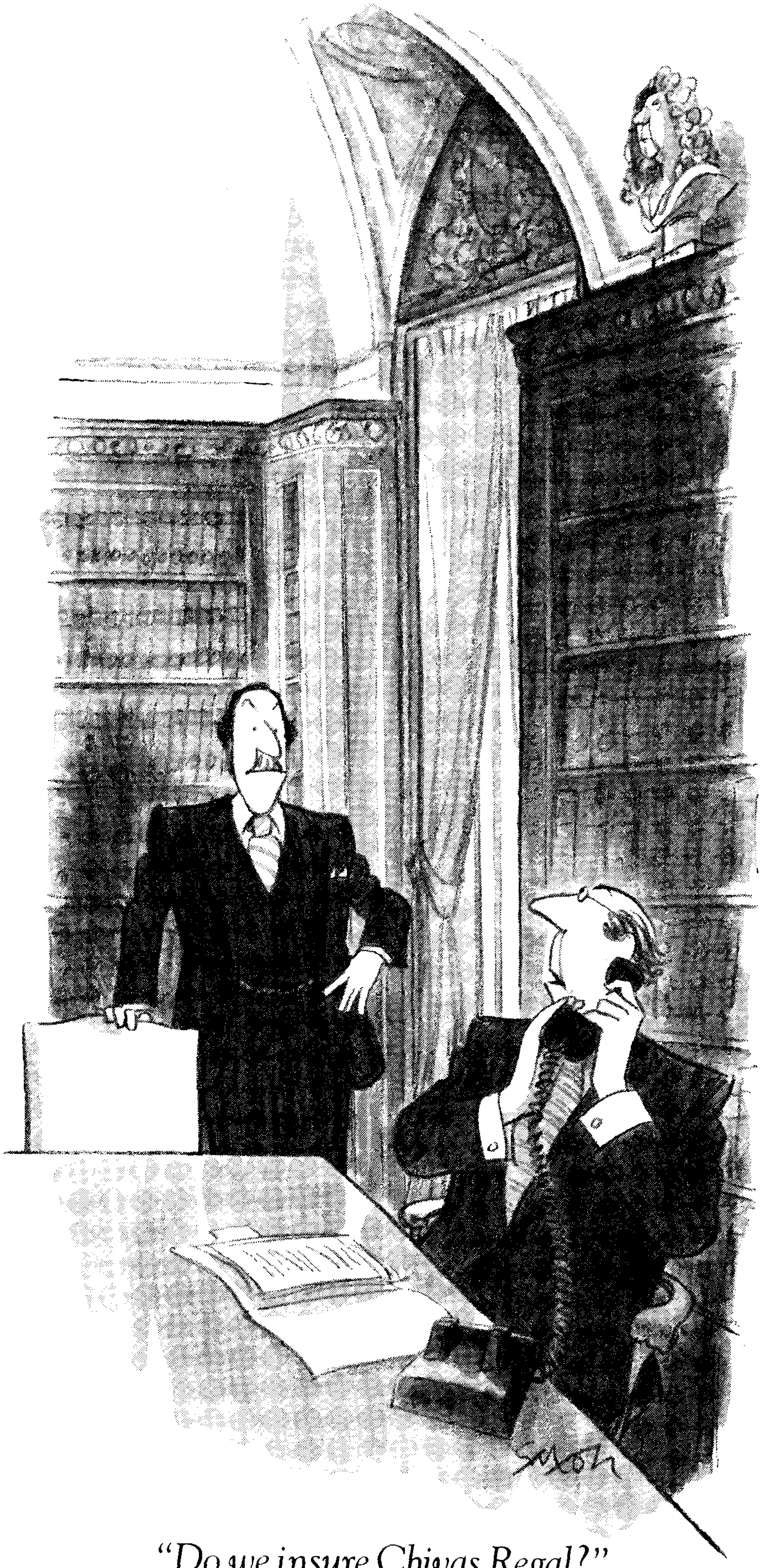

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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17	18	19	20	21	22	23

forming some inspired Latin jazz through Saturday, Aug. 16. (The room will then be closed for renovation.) Music from nine-thirty.

Star and Garter, 105 W. 13th St., near Sixth Ave. (242-3166)—Lots of mirrors, easy-to-sit-in bentwood chairs, and jazz duos. The duos: pianist **bob dorough** and bassist **bill takas** Wednesday, Aug. 13; Thursday through Saturday, Aug. 14-16, pianist **joanne brackeen** and bassist **eddie gomez**; and, from Tuesday, Aug. 19, for three weeks, pianist **junior mance** and his bassist. Music Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-thirty. Dining.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—Pianist **mal waldron's** trio performs on Wednesday, Aug. 13; Thursday through Saturday, Aug. 14-16, bassist **richard davis** will be working with drummer **billy hart** and pianist **jaki byard**; on Sunday, Aug. 17, a bebop vocal trio called Joyspring will perform with the **john hicks** trio; and on Tuesday, Aug. 19, pianist and composer **muhal richard abrams** will begin a week-long visit with his quartet. Music from about ten. Dining.

Syncopation, 15 Waverly Pl., at Mercer St. (228-8032)—A long, high-ceilinged jazz room that is modern and comfortable but spare; the atmosphere and the acoustics are reminiscent, *in spite of all the comfort, of the old* Five Spot. Drummer-proprietor **john lewis** guides his trio through Saturday, Aug. 16; Sundays are the property of drummer **louis hayes** and his animated hard-bop trio—bassist **clint houston** and pianist **harold mabern**; on Monday, Aug. 18, *guitarist* **chuck wayne** *will stop* by; and on Tuesday, Aug. 19, drummer **joe chambers** will move in with *his* trio. Music from nine-thirty.

Tin Palace, 325 Bowery, at 2nd St. (674-9115)—The audiences here are often as reverential as those at the Village Vanguard, and it's not surprising. Jazz of the highest order is usually presented every night but Monday after ten. **sonny fortune,** the driving, hard-edged alto saxophonist, heads his latest band through Sunday, Aug. 17. Dining.

Tramps, 125 E. 15th St., at Irving Pl. (777-5077)—Blues, reggae, ska, new-wave rock, and D. & B. (dissonance and blues). Chicago-blues saxophonist and singer **eddie shaw's** Wolf Gang Blues Band will be present Friday, Aug. 15, and R. & B. singer Carla Thomas will perform Wednesday, Aug. 20, and Friday through Sunday, Aug. 22-24. Dining and dancing.

Trax, 100 W. 72nd St., near Columbus Ave. (799-1448)—A comfortable—if you can find the front door—rock-showcase club that occasionally draws established musicians as well as unknown ones. The rock-and-roll schedule: Wednesday, Aug. 13, Nitecaps and Swimming Pool Q's; Thursday, Aug. 14, Neon and the Dishes; Friday, Aug. 15, Gina Harlow & the Cutthroats and Blotto; and Saturday, Aug. 16, Richard Lloyd and Joe Bidewell. Music every night but Sunday after eleven, usually. Dining and dancing.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—The spacious, collegiate-feeling downstairs *room is the domain of* **mongo santamaria's** Latin Jazz Band, and trumpeter **hugh masekela's** group right now. Show times are ten-thirty and twelve-thirty Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, and twelve-thirty and two-thirty on Saturdays. On Mondays a salsa band performs *at nine and eleven-thirty for* listening and dancing. Meanwhile out on the Terrace, jazz harpist **daphne hellman's** trio works on Tuesdays from nine.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—A hallowed basement of a jazz club. **arnett cobb,** who in the forties was billed as "The Wildest Tenorman in the World," is performing with the **junior mance** trio through Sunday, Aug. 17. Cobb, who works mostly out of Houston nowadays, plays breathy, looping, old-fashioned honking R. & B. saxophone, and one doesn't run across that kind of playing very often anymore. On Tuesday, Aug. 19, trumpeter and composer **woody shaw** will bring in his quintet. Mondays are **mel lewis** big-band nights. Music from ten.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (929-9645)—Devoted patrons have sought this place out for years, and it is perhaps the best jazz club in the meat-packing district. One attraction is the authentically prepared collard greens; another is the warm atmosphere. Esther Blue plays piano Mondays through Wednesdays; Sadik Hakim has the Thursday-through-Sunday shift. Music from eight until two.

West End, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Past the steam tables of piping hot student food, beyond the pinball machines, is a room full of mostly swing music. Blues and boogie-woogie pianist **sammy price** and his saxophone-heavy quintet, Two Tenor Boogie, work through Sunday, Aug. 17; and beginning Monday, Aug. 18, pianist Ram Ramirez will preside over an ongoing jam session. Music nightly from about nine.

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

Alice Cooper—With Billy Squier. (Palladium, 126 E. 14th St. Friday and Saturday, Aug. 15-16, at 8. For information about tickets, call 977-9020.)

Rossington Collins Band—With Toronto. (Palladium. Tuesday, Aug. 19, at 8.)

Roberta Flack/Peabo Bryson—Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Thursday, Aug. 21, at 7:30.

Jazz Forum—Jazz in a third-floor loft. Wednesday, Aug. 13: Jam session, featuring Jo Jones, Jr. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 14: Bobby Sanabria and Ascensión Band. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Aug. 15-16: Ted Nash Quartet. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 17: Mind Quest. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Aug. 20: Jam session, featuring Jo Jones, Jr. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Aug. 22-23: Bob Berg & Tom Harrell Quintet. (Jazz Forum, 50 Cooper Sq., at Astor Pl. 477-2655. The first set starts somewhere around 9.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 or 11 *to* between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

Maureen Connor—Constructions of starched white organdy, in shapes derived from the art of napkin-folding. Through Aug. 29. (Acquavella, 18 E. 79th St.)

Michael Heizer—Large slabs of raw granite set into niches tailored to fit them. Through Aug. 29. (Fourcade, 36 E. 75th St. Closed Mondays.)

Northwest Coast Indian Art—A display of a hundred imaginative masks, rattles, fetishes, and the like, made by coastal Indians of the Canadian Northwest—Tlingits, Haidas, Bella Coolas, Tsimshians, Kwakiutls, Bella Bellas. On loan from the Museum of Natural History. Through Sunday, Aug. 17. (Center for Inter-American Relations, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St. Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.)

Battery Park City—Sculptures out-of-doors by Alice Aycock, Michael Davis, Heide Fasnacht, Maren Hassinger, Andrew Leicester, Nancy Rubins, Ursula von Rydingsvard, and David Wells. Through Sept. 14. (Gate 19, Chambers and West Sts. Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 5.)

Group Shows—At the **aaron berman,** 50 W. 57th St.: Boulderlike floor sculptures by Grace Knowlton and colored-pencil drawings of fruits and vegetables by Po Kim are among works by nine artists. Through Sept. 19. . . . **crispo,** 41 E. 57th St.: Major paintings and sculpture by more than two dozen twentieth-century artists. Through Oct. 10. . . . ¶ In another room, Douglas Abdell's most recent welded-steel sculptures, accompanied by working drawings, are being shown. Through Sept. 30. (Open 11:30 to 4:30.) . . . **davis & long,** 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St.: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century American paintings and drawings, about thirty in all, by Theodore Robinson, Winslow Homer, Maurice Prendergast, and others. Through Friday, Aug. 22. . . . **freidus,** 158 Lafayette St., near Grand St.: Herbert George, Arthur Gibbons, and Joe Neill are some of the artists in a show devoted to sculptures by gallery regulars. Also working drawings. Through Friday, Aug. 22. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **frumkin,** 50 W. 57th St.: Two works each—one from the early sixties and one completed recently—by seven gallery artists: Jack Beal (self-portraits from the two periods), Robert Arneson, Joan Brown, Alfred Leslie, Philip Pearlstein, Peter Saul, and William Wiley. Through Friday, Aug. 15. . . . **hammer,** 33 W. 57th St.: Fifty works (paintings, mostly) by American and European artists—Cassatt, Marsh, Renoir, and Henri among them—of the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries. Through Aug. 29. . . . **spectrum,** 30 W. 57th St.: Works by contemporary artists depicting fifteen American Presidents, sometimes reverently, more often not. There is a life-size stained-glass likeness of Abraham Lincoln by Hy Bley; slapstick sculptures of him by William King; and a lithograph, "Sam's Art," by Saul Steinberg, which shows Lincoln sitting at an easel drawing images from the back of a dollar bill. Through Friday, Aug. 22. . . . **washburn,** 42 E. 57th St.: "Time and Space," an exhibition of paintings, drawings, collages, and reliefs by Ilya Bolotowsky, Burgoyne Diller, Fritz Glarner, Alice Trumbull Mason, and Leon Polk Smith. Through Aug. 29.

Many galleries are closed in the summer. Others pull from their stock and mount shows of works by gallery artists, or others, sometimes varying the content from week to week. Following is a purely arbitrary list of galleries that are open: **alonzo,** 30 W. 57th St. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **gimpel,** 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St. . . . **hoffman,** 429 West Broadway. . . . **jack,** 138 Prince St. (Opens daily, except Mondays, at noon.) . . . **kraushaar,** 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St. . . . **long,** 7 W. 57th St. . . . **midtown,** 11 E. 57th St. . . . **pace,** 32 E. 57th St. . . . **alex rosenberg,** 20 W. 57th St.

PHOTOGRAPHY

Lucien Aigner—Forty vintage prints from the thirties of Parisians celebrating Bastille Day. Through Friday, Aug. 15. (French Embassy, 972 Fifth Ave., at 78th St.)

Imogen Cunningham (1883-1976) / **Laura Gilpin** (1891-1979)—Sixty little-known prints selected by Judy Dater, and thirteen portraits of friends and associates of Imogen Cunningham taken by Ms. Dater. / Forty platinum prints from the gallery's collection. Through Friday, Aug. 22. (Witkin, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Group Shows—At the **international center of photography,** 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St.: Sixty mid-nineteenth-century photographs made on the grand tour of the Continent. Examples by Bisson Frères, Charles Marville, Robert MacPherson, and others. . . . ¶ Thirty-five black-and-white street photographs by Louis Lanzano. Both shows through Sept. 21. (Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 5, and Tuesday evenings until 8.) . . . **the new museum,** 65 Fifth Ave., at 14th St.: A group show of photographic works meant to shake up conventional ideas of what a camera is for. The artists include Ray Metzker; Barbara Crane; Andrea Kovács; and

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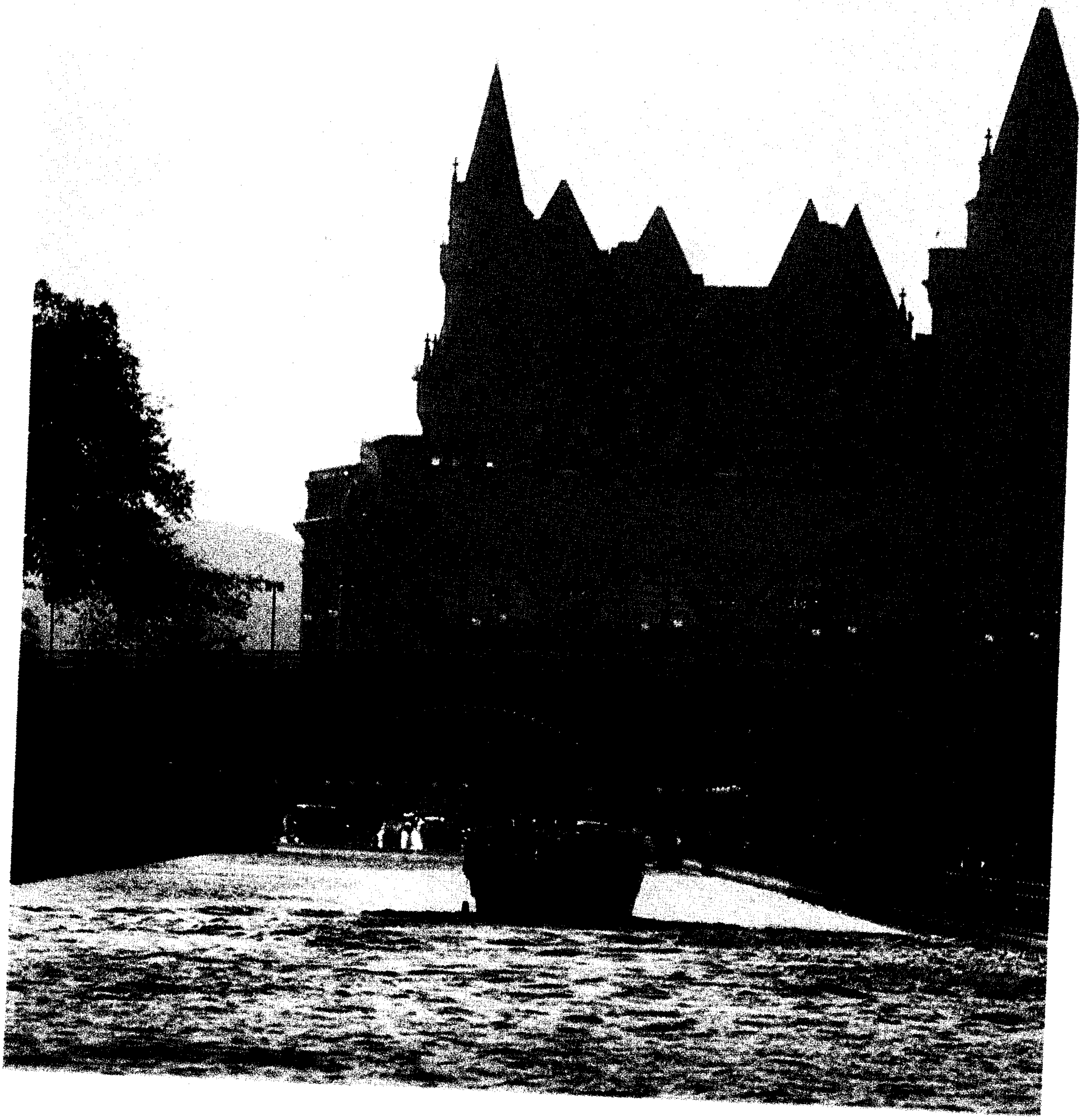

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Hass Murphy and Jerry Jones, who are known collectively as the Vision Stations. Through Sept. 18. (Open noon to 6, and Wednesday evenings until 8.) . . . **PRAKAPAS**, 19 E. 71st St.: Inanimate objects—masks, mannequins, dolls—in photographs from the twenties and thirties exploring the notions that "seeing is believing" and "the camera does not lie." Three signed Hans Bellmers and several Man Rays are included. Through Friday, Aug. 15. . . . **WOLF**, 30 W. 57th St.: About fifty contemporary photographs, by twenty-two invited artists. Through Friday, Aug. 15.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—A loan show from the Nigerian government: perhaps a hundred artifacts dating from 500 B.C. to the nineteenth century and representing seven cultures. (Most of them were unearthed only in the past forty years.) Highlights include ancient Nok terra-cotta heads; copper and bronze ceremonial vessels from Igbo-Ukwu; and bronze sculptures from the royal court of Benin. Starts Thursday, Aug. 14. . . . ¶ "The Horses of San Marco," an exhibition in which one of the bronze horses from the façade of the Basilica di San Marco presides over more than a hundred representations of horses—in paintings, sculptures, drawings, and photographs. Through Aug. 31. . . . ¶ "Fashions of the Hapsburg Era" is the Costume Institute's exhibit of uniforms, costumes, livery, saddlery, and related art objects and paintings dating from the seventeenth century through the First World War. Through Aug. 31. . . . ¶ Twenty-eight drawings by French artists of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries; from the Lehman Collection. Through Oct. 26. . . . ¶ About forty works on paper by the Belgian symbolist Leon Spilliaert (1881-1946). The exhibition has been organized by the Phillips Collection. Through Aug. 31. . . . ¶ Fifty-one paintings by European artists (three apiece by Klee, Léger, and Matisse), temporarily on loan from the otherwise occupied Museum of Modern Art. Through Oct. 12. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—The Pablo Picasso retrospective. Through Sept. 30. (Open daily—members only on Wednesdays—10 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Two hundred and fifty paintings, sculptures, and works on paper from the museum's collection of twentieth-century art. Through Nov. 2. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM OF AMERICAN ART, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Louise Nevelson: Seven environmental sculptures created between 1955 and 1977. Through Sept. 7. . . . ¶ An exhibition of twentieth-century figurative paintings and sculptures from the permanent collection—nearly two hundred works in all. Through Sept. 28. . . . ¶ Twenty works by Charles Burchfield, the majority of them landscapes in watercolor. Through Sunday, Aug. 17. . . . ¶ A show of gifts received by (or promised to) the museum in celebration of its fiftieth-anniversary year—"Achilles Heel," by Mark di Suvero, "Black Place Green," by Georgia O'Keeffe, and "A Woman in the Sun," by Edward Hopper. Through Aug. 31. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—"Indian Botanical Paintings," an exhibition of seventy-two watercolors from the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries which were commissioned by the East India Company. Through Sept. 1. . . . ¶ Some hundred and twenty paintings on loan from the Museum of Modern Art (bumped by Picasso) are on the fifth floor. Through Sept. 28. (Not all the galleries are open all the time during the summer, but in general the hours are Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5, and Sundays, noon to 5.)

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AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Park W. at 79th St.—A dissertation on the feather: its cultural and symbolic uses over the centuries, its decorative appearance in nature. Headdresses, baskets, and jewelry on the one hand; mounted bird specimens on the other. Through Sept. 1. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 4:45, and Wednesday evenings until 9; Saturdays and Sundays, 10 to 5.)

AMERICAN CRAFT MUSEUM, 44 W. 53rd St.—Felt sculptural works by eleven contemporary artists. Also, a group of twentieth-century traditional felt objects from the Mideast. Through Sept. 28. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

COOPER-HEWITT MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—A historical survey of hair styles and hair ornaments, and an exploration of hair as a symbol in literature and religion. Through Sunday, Aug. 17. . . . ¶ A survey of Chinese, European, and American wallcoverings, dating from the late seventeenth century to the early twentieth. Through Oct. 26. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

JAPAN HOUSE, 333 E. 47th St.—A show of about seventy-five traditional paper and bamboo Japanese kites made by contemporary craftsmen. Through Sunday, Aug. 17. (Open daily, 11 to 5, and Thursday evenings until 7:30.)

MUSEUM OF AMERICAN FOLK ART, 49 W. 53rd St.—Sixty-five English naïve paintings, mostly occupied with hunting and animal themes and dating from the eighteenth-century to the *twentieth, from a private collection.* Through Sunday, Aug. 17. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10:30 to 8, with no admission charge after 5:30; Wednesdays through Sundays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—A selection of books and manuscripts by twenty-five authors whose works have been added over the past twenty-five years to the illustrious Berg Collection of English and American Literature. Among the items are the papers of Muriel Rukeyser, H. G. Wells' letters to Lord Beaverbrook, and some early love letters that Eugene O'Neill wrote to Beatrice Ashe. Through Oct. 31. (Open daily, except Thursdays and Sundays, 10 to 6.)

STUDIO MUSEUM IN HARLEM, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—A show by artists-in-residence: paintings by Louis Delsarte; sculptures, paintings, and photographs by Candace Hill-Montgomery; graphics and handmade books by Jacqui Holmes. Through Sept. 21. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSIC

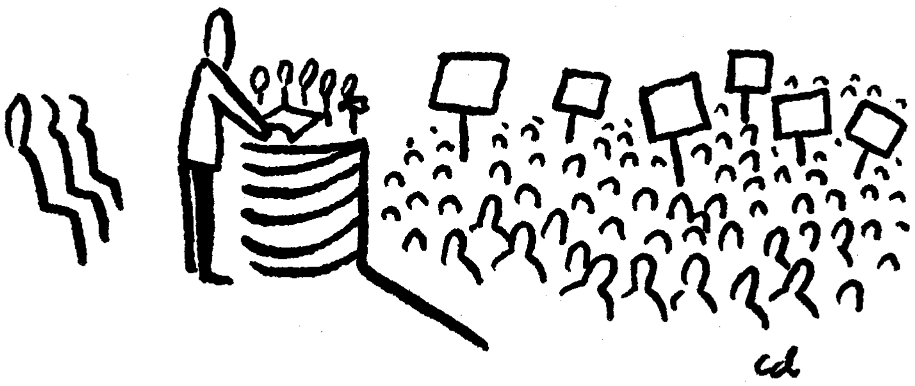
MOSTLY MOZART FESTIVAL—Final performances of a season of orchestral, chamber-music, and recital programs. All programs start at 8, with pre-concert recitals at 7. Wednesday, Aug. 13: Jean-Pierre Rampal conducting the Mostly Mozart Festival Orchestra and acting as flute soloist, with Ilana Vered, piano. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 14: The Borodin Trio, with Robert White, tenor. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Aug. 15-16: Calvin Simmons conducting the orchestra, with Elly Ameling, soprano; Garrick Ohlsson, piano; and Barry Tuckwell, horn. . . . ¶ Monday, Aug. 18, and Wednesday, Aug. 20: David Zinman conducting the orchestra, with Jean-Bernard Pommier, piano, and Mr. Tuckwell. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Aug. 19: The Cleveland Quartet, with the Messrs. Pommier and Tuckwell. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 21: The Beaux Arts Trio. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Aug. 22-23: David Zinman conducting the orchestra in an all-Mozart program, with Bella Davidovich, piano, and Stuart Canin, violin. (Avery Fisher Hall. 874-2424.)

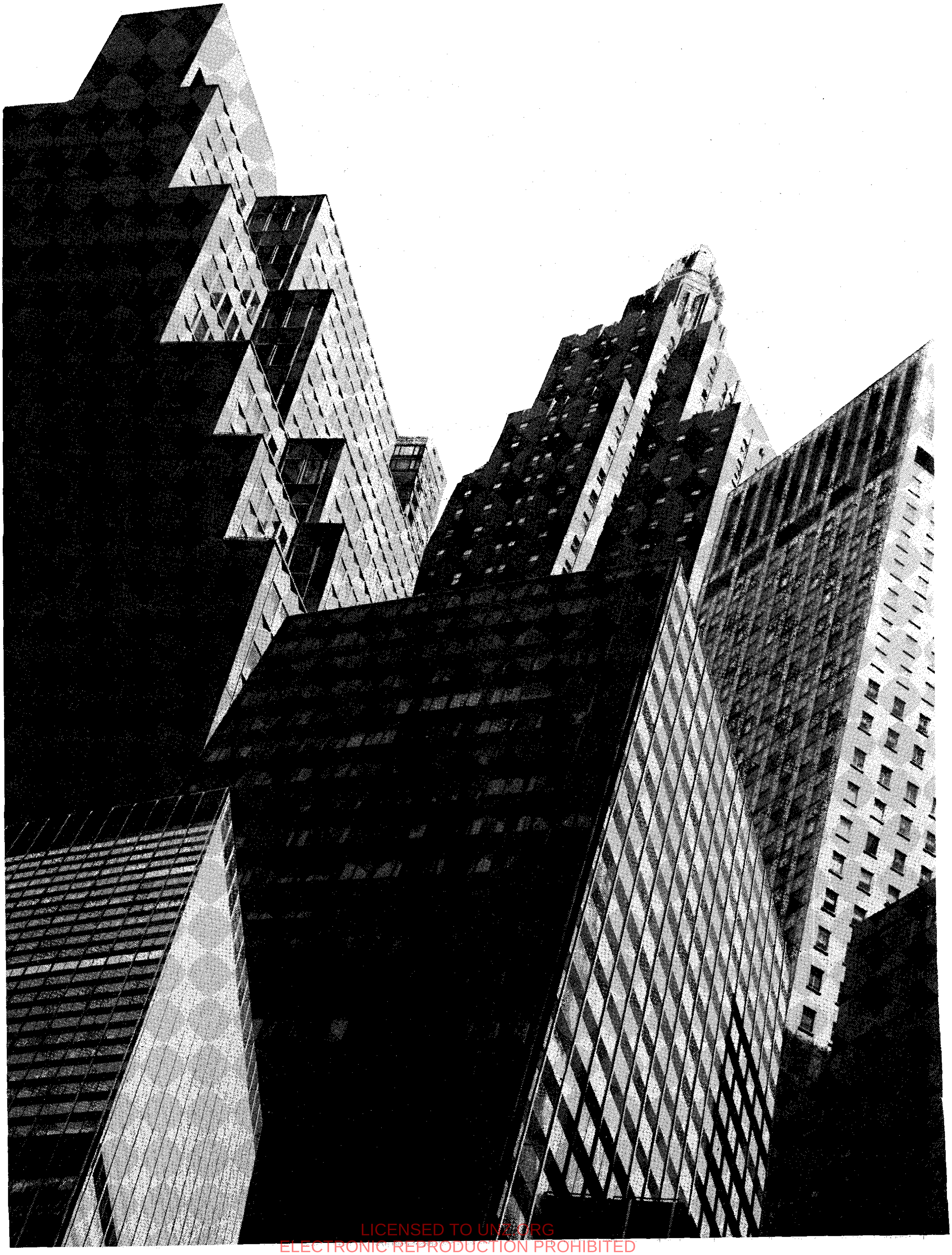
PEKING OPERA—A two-week engagement of traditional Chinese opera by a company of ninety singers, dancers, and musicians, appearing here for the first time—Wednesday, Aug. 13, and Friday and Saturday, Aug. 15-16, at 8; Sunday, Aug. 17, at 3; and Friday, Aug. 22, and Sunday, Aug. 24, at 8: "Three-Forked Crossroad," "The White Snake," and "Goddess of the Green Ripples." . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 14, at 8; Saturday, Aug. 16, at 2; and Sunday, Aug. 24, at 2: "Monkey King Fights the Eighteen Lo Hans," "The Jade Bracelet," and "Yen Deng Mountain." . . . ¶ Tuesday, Aug. 19; Thursday, Aug. 21; and Saturday, Aug. 23, at 8: "Monkey King Fights the Eighteen Lo Hans," "The Jade Bracelet," and "Princess Red Fish." . . . ¶ Wednesday, Aug. 20, at 8: "Fight in the Dark," "The White Snake," and "Goddess of the Green Ripples." (Metropolitan Opera House. 580-9830.)

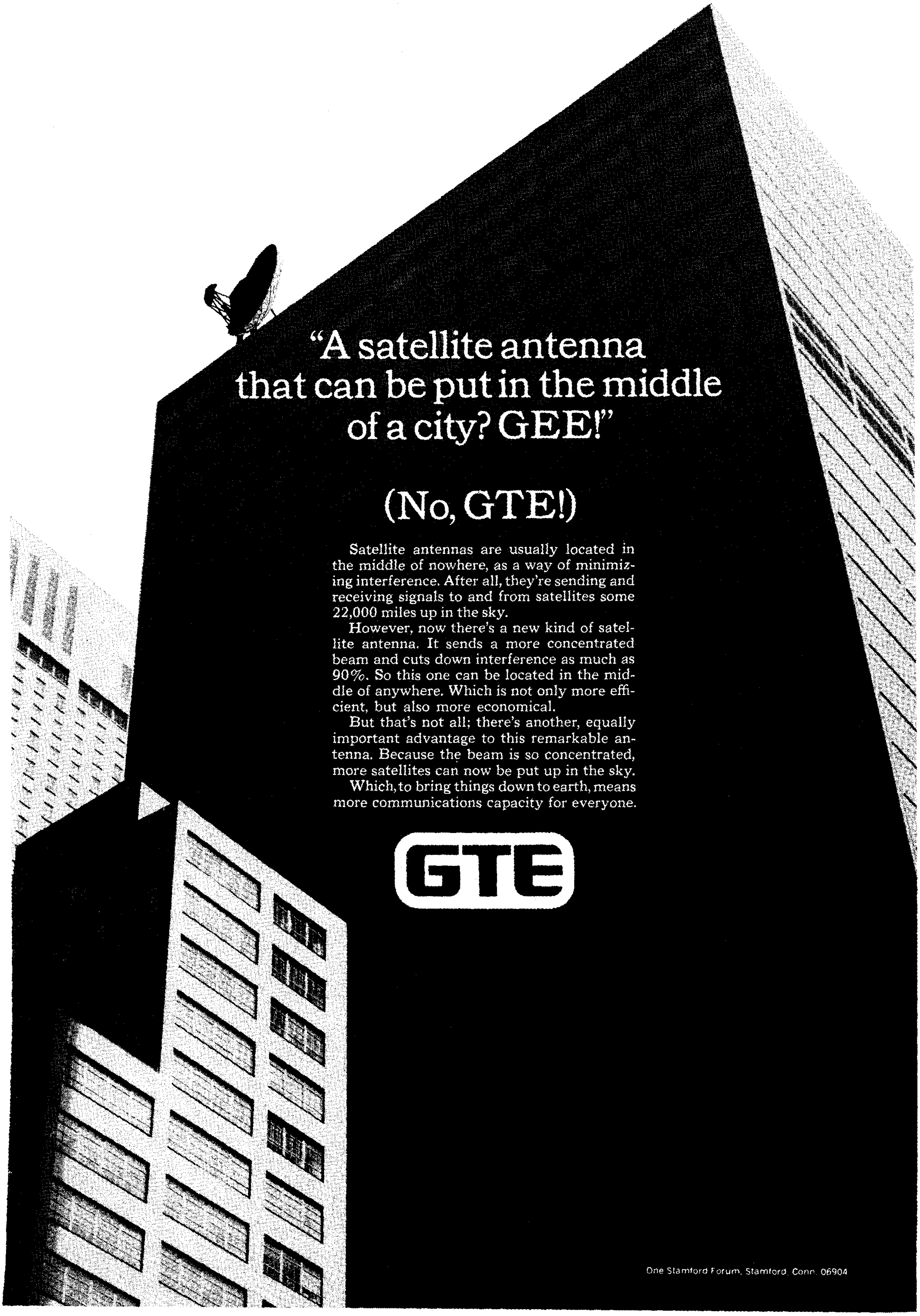
SANTA FE CHAMBER MUSIC FESTIVAL—The first in a six-day series of concerts, this one performed by Ani Kavafian, Ida Kavafian, James Buswell, *and Daniel Phillips*, violin; Alicia Schacter, piano; Walter Trampler and Heiichiro Ohyama, viola; and Timothy Eddy, cello. (Alice Tully Hall. 362-1911. Saturday, Aug. 23, at 8, with a pre-concert recital at 7.)

IN THE COUNTRY

TANGLEWOOD FESTIVAL—Final performances of the season—Thursday, Aug. 14, at 8:30: Richard Pittman directing the Boston Musica Viva in a performance of two fully-staged chamber operas—Stravinsky's "A Soldier's Tale" and Harbison's "Full Moon in March." . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 15, at 7: Alexis Weissenberg, piano, in a program of Beethoven sonatas. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 15, at 9: Seiji Ozawa conducting the Boston Symphony in an all-Beethoven program, with Joseph Silverstein, violin. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 16, at 8:30: Seiji Ozawa conducting a Rachmaninoff-Perle-Janáček program, with Mr. Weissenberg. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 17, at 2:30: Hang Zhong-Jie and Seiji Ozawa conducting the Boston Symphony, with soloists from the People's Republic of China performing on Chinese instruments. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 21, at 8:30: Elly Ameling, soprano. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 22, at 2: The annual "Tanglewood-on-Parade" program, including offerings by the student departments of the Berkshire Music Center







“A satellite antenna that can be put in the middle of a city? GEE!”

(No, GTE!)

Satellite antennas are usually located in the middle of nowhere, as a way of minimizing interference. After all, they're sending and receiving signals to and from satellites some 22,000 miles up in the sky.

However, now there's a new kind of satellite antenna. It sends a more concentrated beam and cuts down interference as much as 90%. So this one can be located in the middle of anywhere. Which is not only more efficient, but also more economical.

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and the Boston University Tanglewood Institute, as well as a concert (at 9) by the Boston Symphony and the orchestras of the above two organizations, conducted by Seiji Ozawa, Gunther Schuller, and John Williams, respectively. The soloist for the concert will be Sherrill Milnes, baritone. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 23, at 8:30: Herbert Blomstedt conducting the Boston Symphony, with Rudolf Firkusny, piano. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 24, at 2:30: Seiji Ozawa directing the Boston Symphony in a performance of Mendelssohn's oratorio "Elijah," with Miss Ameling; Jan DeGaetani, mezzo-soprano; Neil Shicoff, tenor; Mr. Milnes; the Tanglewood Festival Chorus; and the Boston Boy Choir. (Lenox, Mass. For information about tickets, call 977-9020, in New York.)

Saratoga Performing Arts Center—The Philadelphia Orchestra in a three-week season that ends Saturday, Aug. 23—Wednesday, Aug. 13: James Conlon conducting an all-Brahms program, with the Saratoga-Potsdam Chorus. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 14: Aldo Ceccato directing a program of opera music by Verdi, with Sherrill Milnes, baritone, and the Saratoga-Potsdam Chorus. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 15: Michael Tilson Thomas conducting a program that includes the première of Ezra Laderman's "Summer Solstice," with Jean-Pierre Rampal, flute. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 16: Henry Mancini conducting a program of popular music. . . . [**Note:** A special concert will be given by Johnny Cash on Sunday, Aug. 17.] . . . ¶ Wednesday, Aug. 20: William Smith conducting a program of popular music and jazz, with the Dave Brubeck Quartet. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 21: Leonard Slatkin conducting, with John Browning, piano. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 22: Eugene Ormandy conducting, with soloists from the orchestra. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 23: Eugene Ormandy conducting an all-Beethoven program, with Benita Valente, soprano; Katherine Ciesinski, mezzo-soprano; Jerold Norman, tenor; John Cheek, bass-baritone; and the Saratoga-Potsdam Chorus. (Saratoga Springs. Evenings at 8:15. Through Thursday, Sept. 4. For information about tickets, call 977-9020, in New York.)

Caramoor Festival—A recital by Elly Ameling, soprano, will close the season. (Katonah, N. Y. Sunday, Aug. 17, at 5:30. For information about tickets, call 914 232-4206.)

Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival—Final performances of a season of ballet and modern and ethnic dancing. Through Saturday, Aug. 16: The Lar Lubovitch Dance Company. . . . ¶ Tuesday through Saturday, Aug. 19-23: The Boston Repertory Ballet, Eleanor D'Antuono & Danilo Radojevic, and the Jacob's Pillow Dancers. (Lee, Mass. Tuesdays at 7:30 and Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 3; special one-hour matinée Wednesday, Aug. 20, at 3, primarily for children. For information about tickets, call 413 243-0745.)

SPORTS

Baseball—**yankees** at Yankee Stadium: Vs. Chicago, Wednesday, Aug. 13, at 8. . . . **mets** at Shea Stadium: Vs. Philadelphia, Thursday and Friday, Aug. 14-15, at 8:05; Saturday, Aug. 16, at 2:05; and Sunday, Aug. 17, at 1:05 (doubleheader). . . . ¶ San Francisco, Tuesday and Wednesday, Aug. 19-20, at 8:05, and Thursday, Aug. 21, at 2:05. . . . ¶ Los Angeles, Friday, Aug. 22, at 8:05, and Saturday, Aug. 23, at about 4 (the annual Old-Timers Day festivities will start at 1:30, and will include a couple of innings involving Sandy Amoros, Billy Loes, Clem Labine, Whitey Ford, Bill Skowron, and other Dodger and Yankee players who participated in the 1955 World Series).

Professional Football—Giants vs. Denver Broncos, in an exhibition game. (Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands. Saturday, Aug. 16, at 8.)

Golf—Westchester Classic. (Westchester Country Club, Harrison. Thursday through Sunday, Aug. 14-17.)

Racing—At **saratoga:** Daily, except Tuesdays, at 1:30; through Monday, Aug. 25. The Travers, Saturday, Aug. 16; the Diana Handicap, Sunday, Aug. 17; and the Hopeful, Saturday, Aug. 23. . . . **monmouth park,** Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 1:30; through Monday, Sept. 1. The Amory L. Haskell Handicap, Saturday, Aug. 16, and the Longfellow Handicap, Saturday, Aug. 23. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track Saturdays at 11:15.) . . . **atlantic city,** Mays Landing, N.J.: Weeknights, except Tuesdays, at 7:30; through Saturday, Sept. 13.

Soccer—Cosmos vs. Washington. (Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands. Sunday, Aug. 17, at 7:30. For information about tickets, call 265-8600.)

Trotting—At **roosevelt raceway,** Westbury: Weeknights at 8; through Wednesday, Oct. 29. . . . **saratoga raceway,** Saratoga Springs: Weeknights at 8:15; through Saturday, Nov. 22.

Yachting—Australia, France, Great Britain, and Sweden in the second of three elimination series for the right to challenge the United States in the America's Cup races. (Newport. Thursday, Aug. 14, through Monday, Aug. 25.) . . . ¶ America's Cup final trials, American yachts. (Newport. Tuesday, Aug. 19, through Friday, Sept. 12.) . . . ¶ Manhasset Bay Yacht Club Race Week. (Port Washington. Wednesday through Sunday, Aug. 20-24.)

ET ALIA

Democratic National Convention—Continues at Madison Square Garden, through Thursday, Aug. 14.

Auctions—At Sotheby Parke Bernet, 980 Madison Ave. at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5, and Tuesday evenings until 7:30.)—Wednesday, Aug. 13, at 10:15 and 2: Jewelry. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 14, at 10:15 and 2: Oriental works of art.

THE GREAT OUTDOORS

New York Shakespeare Festival—The Festival has put Shakespeare aside this year in favor of Gilbert and Sullivan's **the pirates of penzance.** Arthur Sullivan's music is well served in the beautiful singing of Linda Ronstadt (Mabel) and of Kevin Kline and Rex Smith (Pirate King and Frederic) and in the spirited playing of the orchestra, but aside from the performance of George Rose—surely a better Major-General ne'er trod the boards—the wit and humor of W. S. Gilbert are often undermined by blurred diction and campy fooling. Wilford Leach directed. Patricia McGourty's costumes are delightful. Free performances are being presented through Sunday, Aug. 24. (Delacorte Theatre, Central Park near W. 81st St. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. For information about tickets, call 535-5630.)

New York Philharmonic—Zubin Mehta conducting the final three programs in the concerts-in-the-parks series. **central park's great lawn,** Monday, Aug. 18, at 8. . . . **crocheron park,** Queens, Tuesday, Aug. 19, at 8. . . . **van cortlandt park,** Bronx, Wednesday, Aug. 20, at 8.

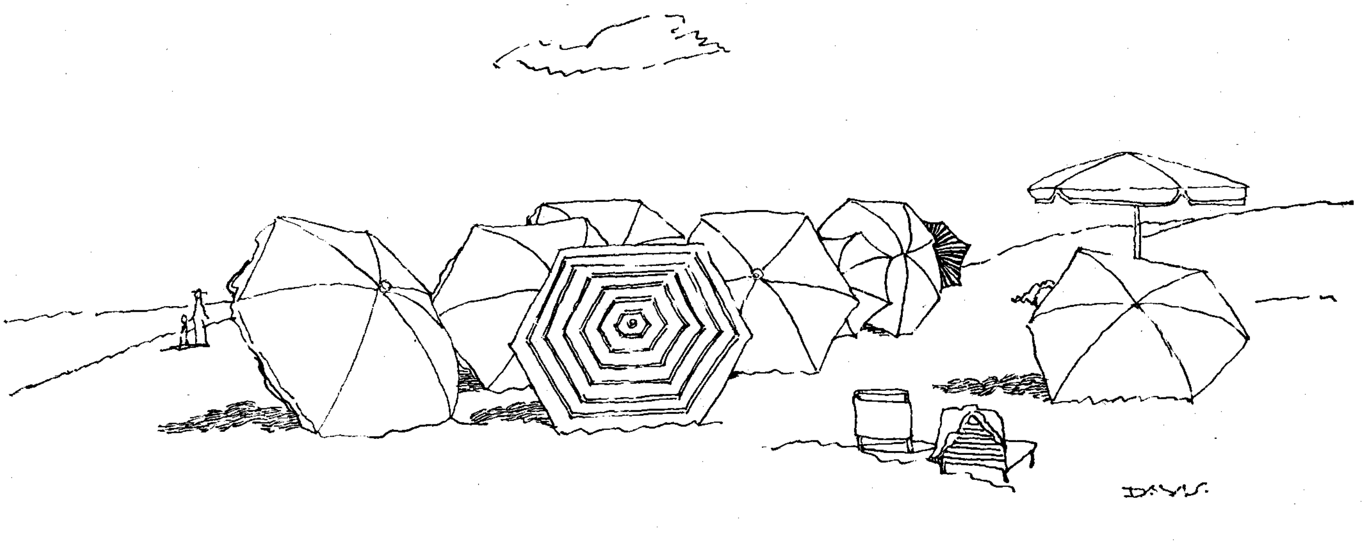
South Street Seaport Museum—Free concerts on Pier 16. Friday, Aug. 15: The Blue Sparks from Hell. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 16: Hellman's Angels. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 22: Julie Holtzman. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 23: The Rod Rodgers Dance Company. (East River at Fulton St. Evenings at 8.)

Wollman Rink—Wednesday, Aug. 13: Melissa Manchester. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 15: Al DiMeola. . . . ¶ Monday, Aug. 18: Bonnie Raitt. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Aug. 20: Rita Coolidge and Booker T. Jones. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 22: The David Bromberg Band. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 23: Daryl Hall and John Oates. (Evenings at 6:30. For information about tickets, call 249-8870.)

Lincoln Center Out-of-Doors—A three-week festival that includes jazz (as well as country and bluegrass music), dance, musical comedy, children's theatre, cabaret, Hispanic specials, and street theatre. **lincoln center plaza:** Jazz at Noon, Wednesday, Aug. 13, at noon. . . . ¶ The Brooklyn Philharmonia Chamber Orchestra, Wednesday, Aug. 13, at 6. . . . ¶ Caribbean Expressions, Sunday, Aug. 17, at 1. . . . ¶ Nuestra Musica Latina IV, Sunday, Aug. 17, at 4:30. . . . ¶ The Mitchell Korn Ensemble, Monday, Aug. 18, at noon. . . . ¶ Opening program for the Community/Street Theatre Festival, Tuesday, Aug. 19, at 2:30. . . . ¶ Andrew deGroat and Dancers, Tuesday, Aug. 19, at 5. . . . ¶ Jazz at Noon, Thursday, Aug. 21, at noon. . . . **damrosch park:** Country Song and Dance, Thursday, Aug. 14, at 8. . . . ¶ Bluegrass Festival, Friday, Aug. 15, at noon, 6 and 8. . . . ¶ The American Symphony Orchestra, Saturday, Aug. 16, at 8. . . . ¶ Marco Rizo's Latin American Percussion Ensemble and Singers, Sunday, Aug. 17, at 8:15. . . . ¶ Bottom of the Bucket, But . . ., Tuesday, Aug. 19, at 8. . . . ¶ Dinizulu and His African Dancers, Singers, and Drummers, Thursday, Aug. 21, at 8. . . . ¶ "Tribute to Pavlova," Friday, Aug. 22, at 8. . . . ¶ José Limon Dance Company, Saturday, Aug. 23, at 8. (Closes Sunday, Aug. 31. For daily detailed information, call 877-5224.)

Jones Beach Theatre—A revival of **the sound of music,** with Constance Towers, Earl Wrightson, and Lois Hunt, is this summer's production. (Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Closes Sunday, Aug. 31. For tickets, call 516 221-1000.)

Deep Breathing—The roadways in Central Park are given over to joggers, roller skaters, skateboarders, and strollers daily except for workday rush hours. The Park closes at ten at night Mondays through Thursdays.



GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

EAST SIDE

Little Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
"Ludwig." (No performances on Monday, Aug. 18.)

Art, 36 E. 8th. (473-7014)
Through Aug. 19: "A Pain in the A . ."
From Aug. 20: "Scum."

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Through Aug. 14: "The Blue Lagoon" and "Small Change."
Aug. 15-21: "The Blues Brothers" and "The Nude Bomb."
From Aug. 22: To be announced.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
"Close Encounters of the Third Kind."

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"The Hunter."

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"The Empire Strikes Back."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Airplane!"

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
Through Aug. 14: "The Final Countdown."
From Aug. 15: "Smokey and the Bandit II."

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
"Battle Beyond the Stars."

Penthouse East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"Caligula."

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"Xanadu."

Manhattan I, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
"Cheech and Chong's Next Movie."

Manhattan 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
"My Bodyguard."

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Through Aug. 14: "Airplane!"
From Aug. 15: "Willie & Phil."

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"The Getting of Wisdom."

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"My Brilliant Career."

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022)
"No Nukes."

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-0774)
"The Tin Drum."

Gemini I, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Through Aug. 14: "Fame."
From Aug. 15: "The Kidnapping of the President."

Gemini 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
"Twinkle, Twinkle, 'Killer' Kane."

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"Dressed to Kill."

Loews New York I, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Through Aug. 14: "Caddyshack."
From Aug. 15: "Airplane!"

Loews New York 2, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
"Close Encounters of the Third Kind."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"La Cage aux Folles."

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"The Fiendish Plot of Dr. Fu Manchu."

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (288-9304)
Through Aug. 14: "Urban Cowboy."
From Aug. 15: To be announced.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (288-3180)
"Xanadu."

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through Aug. 14: "Don't Answer the Phone."
From Aug. 15: "Smokey and the Bandit II."

Loews Orpheum I, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
"The Empire Strikes Back."

Loews Orpheum 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
"The Hunter."

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"The Final Countdown."

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: "The Blues Brothers."
Theatre 2: "Cheech and Chong's Next Movie."

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
To be announced.

Greenwich Playhouse I, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
"Fame."

THE MOVIE HOUSES

MAJESTIC THEATRE
NEW MIDNIGHT SHOW

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ALL FILMS PLAYING AT EAST SIDE AND WEST SIDE NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSES ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN A SECTION STARTING ON PAGE 17. FILMS PLAYING IN THE TIMES SQUARE AREA AND AT REVIVAL HOUSES ARE SO DESCRIBED ONLY IF A DAGGER ACCOMPANIES THE THEATRE LISTING.

Greenwich Playhouse 2, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Through Aug. 14: "My Bodyguard."
From Aug. 15: "Smokey and the Bandit II."

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "The Tin Drum."
Theatre 2: "My Brilliant Career."
Theatre 3: "Dressed to Kill."
Theatre 4: "Dressed to Kill."

Harold Clurman, 412 W. 42nd. (594-2370; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Through Aug. 14: "Dark Star."
A Brian De Palma Festival:
Aug. 15: "Home Movies."
Aug. 16: "Sisters."
Aug. 17: "Phantom of the Paradise."
Aug. 18-19: "Greetings" and "Hi, Mom!"
Aug. 20-21: "Obsession" and "Get to Know Your Rabbit."
Aug. 22-23: "Carrie."

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
"The Great Santini."

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Raise the Titanic."

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
Through Aug. 14: "Rough Cut."
From Aug. 15: To be announced.

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
"Dressed to Kill."

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
Aug. 13: "Come Have Coffee with Us."
Aug. 14: Theatre closed.
From Aug. 15: "Willie & Phil."

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Practice Makes Perfect."

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"The Arabian Nights."

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Battle Beyond the Stars."

Cinema Studio I, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
A Paul Mazursky Festival:
Aug. 13: "Blume in Love."
Aug. 14: "Harry & Tonto."
Aug. 15: "Next Stop, Greenwich Village."
Aug. 16: "An Unmarried Woman."
Aug. 17: Six Mazursky films, shown consecutively, starting at noon.
From Aug. 18: "Jun."

Cinema Studio 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
"The Marriage of Maria Braun."

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
Through Aug. 14: "Caddyshack."
From Aug. 15: "Come Have Coffee with Us."

Loews 83rd Quad, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: "Close Encounters of the Third Kind."
Theatre 2: "My Bodyguard."
Theatre 3: "Dressed to Kill."
Theatre 4: "The Fiendish Plot of Dr. Fu Manchu."

New Yorker I, B'way at 88th. (580-7900)
"The Tin Drum."

New Yorker 2, B'way at 88th. (580-7900)
"Fame."

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through Aug. 14: "The Blue Lagoon" and "The Electric Horseman."
Aug. 15-21: "The Blues Brothers" and "Animal House."
From Aug. 22: "Cheech and Chong's Next Movie" and another feature, to be announced.

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Center, B'way at 44th. (582-1795)
Theatre 1: Through Aug. 21: "Xanadu." (†) From Aug. 22 (tentative): "No Nukes." (†)
Theatre 2: "The Blue Lagoon." (†)
Theatre 3: Through Aug. 21: "Twinkle, Twinkle, 'Killer' Kane." (†) From Aug. 22: "The Blues Brothers." (†)
Theatre 4: "Twinkle, Twinkle, 'Killer' Kane." (†)
Theatre 5: "Fame." (†)

Embassy I, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
"Close Encounters of the Third Kind." (†)

Embassy, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: Through Aug. 14: "My Bodyguard." (†) From Aug. 15: "The Kidnapping of the President." (†)
Theatre 3: Through Aug. 14: "Brubaker." From Aug. 15: "My Bodyguard." (†)
Theatre 4: "Brubaker."

Embassy 5, B'way at 46th. (354-5636)
"Dressed to Kill." (†)

Forum, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
"Airplane!" (†)

Loews Astor Plaza, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)
"The Empire Strikes Back." (†)

Loews State I, B'way at 45th. (582-5060)
"The Hunter." (†)

Loews State 2, B'way at 45th. (582-5070)
Through Aug. 14: "Caddyshack." (†)
From Aug. 15: "Prom Night."

National, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
"Cheech and Chong's Next Movie." (†)

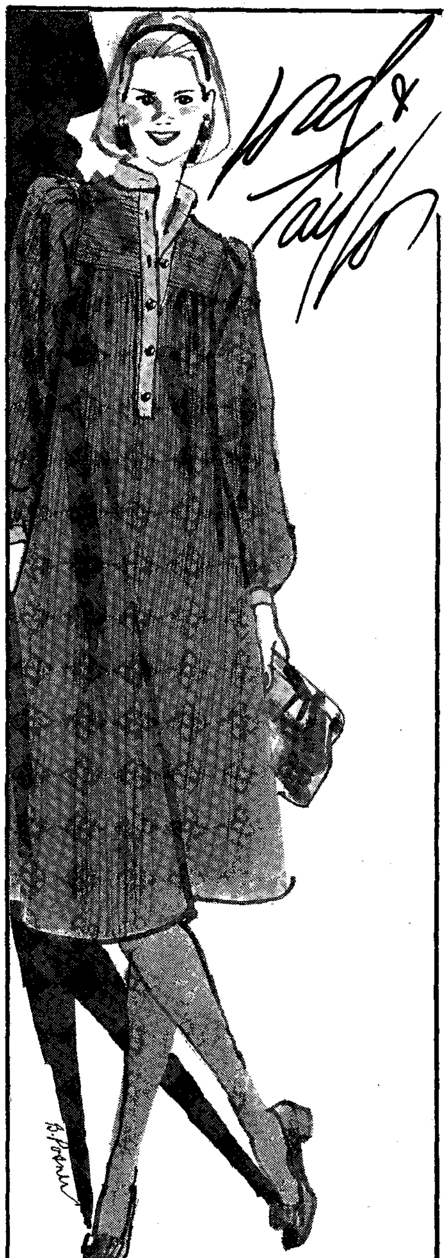
Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
Through Aug. 14: "Don't Answer the Phone." (†)
From Aug. 15: "Smokey and the Bandit II." (†)

R.K.O. Cinerama I, B'way at 47th. (975-8366)
"The Final Countdown." (†)

R.K.O. Cinerama 2, B'way at 47th. (975-8369)
"The Fiendish Plot of Dr. Fu Manchu." (†)

REVIVAL HOUSES

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Aug. 13: "Spellbound" (1945), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Ingrid Bergman, Gregory Peck, Michael Chekhov, John Emery, and Leo G. Carroll; and "Rebecca" (1940), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Joan Fontaine, Laurence Olivier, Judith Anderson, George Sanders, and Florence Bates.
Aug. 14: "Animal House" (†); and "Animal Farm" (1954), an animated film.
Aug. 15: "Lolita" (1962), directed by Stanley Kubrick, with Sue Lyon, James Mason, Peter Sellers, and Shelley Winters.
Aug. 16: "Murmur of the Heart" (1971), in French, directed by Louis Malle, with Lea Massari.
Aug. 17-18: "The Innocent" (1976), in Italian, directed by Luchino Visconti, with Giancarlo Giannini, Laura Antonelli, and Jennifer O'Neill.
Aug. 19: "Sanjuro" (1963), in Japanese, directed by Akira Kurosawa, with Toshiro Mifune; and "Sanshiro Sugata" (1943), in Japanese, directed by Akira Kurosawa, with Susumu Fujita.
Aug. 20: "The Searchers" (1956), directed by John Ford, with John Wayne, Natalie Wood, Jeffrey Hunter, Vera Miles, and Ward Bond.
Aug. 21: "It Came from Outer Space" (1953), directed by Jack Arnold, with Richard Carlson and Barbara Rush; and "The Creature from the Black Lagoon" (1954), directed by Jack Arnold, with



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Richard Carlson and Julia Adams. Both films in 3-D.

Aug. 22: "The Conformist" (1970), in Italian, directed by Bernardo Bertolucci, with Jean-Louis Trintignant, Stefania Sandrelli, and Dominique Sanda.

Aug. 23: "The Deer Hunter" (1978), directed by Michael Cimino, with Robert De Niro.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)

Aug. 13: "La Strada" (1954), in Italian, directed by Federico Fellini, with Anthony Quinn, Richard Basehart, and Giulietta Masina; and "Nights of Cabiria" (1957), in Italian, directed by Federico Fellini, with Giulietta Masina.

Aug. 14: "The Duellists" (1978), directed by Ridley Scott, with Keith Carradine, Harvey Keitel, Cristina Raines, and Albert Finney; and "Joseph Andrews" (1978), directed by Tony Richardson, with Ann-Margret and Peter Firth.

Aug. 15: "The Harder They Come" (1973), directed by Perry Henzell, with Jimmy Cliff; and "The Lords of Flatbush" (1974), directed by Stephen F. Verona and Martin Davidson, with Sylvester Stallone.

Aug. 16: "The Damned" (1969), directed by Luchino Visconti, with Dirk Bogarde, Ingrid Thulin, and Helmut Berger.

Aug. 17: "The Lady Vanishes" (1938), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Dame May Whitty, Margaret Lockwood, Michael Redgrave, Paul Lukas, and Cecil Parker; and "The 39 Steps" (1935), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Madeleine Carroll, Robert Donat, Godfrey Tearle, Peggy Ashcroft, and John Laurie.

Aug. 18: "Black Orpheus" (1959), in Portuguese, directed by Marcel Camus, with Marpessa Dawn.

Aug. 19: "A Clockwork Orange." (†)

Aug. 20: "All About Eve." (†)

Aug. 21: "The Thief of Bagdad" (1940), directed by Ludwig Berger, Michael Powell, and Tim Whelan, with Sabu, Conrad Veidt, June Duprez, and Rex Ingram; and "Four Feathers" (1939), directed by Zoltán Korda, with Ralph Richardson, John Clements, and C. Aubrey Smith.

Aug. 22: "North by Northwest" (1959), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Cary Grant, Eva Marie Saint, James Mason, Leo G. Carroll, and Martin Landau.

Aug. 23: "The Fearless Vampire Killers" (1967), directed by Roman Polanski, with Polanski, Jack MacGowran, and Sharon Tate.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)

Through Aug. 14: "The Way We Were" (1973), directed by Sydney Pollack, with Barbra Streisand and Robert Redford; and "A Star Is Born" (1976), directed by Frank Pierson, with Barbra Streisand and Kris Kristofferson.

Aug. 15-16: "Ladies and Gentlemen, The Rolling Stones" (1974), a concert film; and "Gimme Shelter" (1970), directed by the Maysles brothers and Charlotte Zwerin, about the Rolling Stones concert at Altamont.

Aug. 17-18: "Serial" (1980), directed by Bill Persky, with Martin Mull and Tuesday Weld; and "Shampoo" (1975), directed by Hal Ashby, with Warren Beatty, Julie Christie, and Goldie Hawn.

Aug. 19: "Grey Gardens" (1976), directed by the Maysles brothers, about Edith Bouvier Beale and her daughter Edie in their decaying East Hampton mansion; and "Salesman" (1969), a documentary film, directed by the Maysles brothers and Charlotte Zwerin.

Aug. 20-21: "The Boys in the Band" (1970), directed by William Friedkin, with Frederick Combs; and "Something for Everyone." (†)

Aug. 22-23: "Amarcord" (1974), in Italian, directed by Federico Fellini, with Bruno Zanin; and "The Clowns" (1971), in Italian, directed by Federico Fellini.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

Through Aug. 14: "Rude Boy" (1980), with the Clash.

From Aug. 15: "Rockers" (1980), a Jamaican film, in Jamaican patois, directed by Theodoros Bafaloukos, with Leroy Wallace.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

Aug. 13: "Sergeant York" (1941), directed by Howard Hawks, with Gary Cooper, Walter Brennan, Joan Leslie, George Tobias, and Ward Bond; and "Gentleman Jim" (1942), directed by Raoul Walsh, with Errol Flynn, Alexis Smith, Alan Hale, and Ward Bond.

Aug. 14-16: "The Big Sleep" (1946) and "To Have and Have Not" (1944), both films directed by Howard Hawks, with Humphrey Bogart and Lauren Bacall.

Aug. 17-18: "Rhapsody in Blue" (1945), directed by Irving Rapper, with Joan Leslie, Robert Alda, and Alexis Smith; and "Humoresque." (†)

Aug. 19-20: "Objective, Burma!" (1945), directed by Raoul Walsh, with Errol Flynn, William Prince, and George Tobias; and "Air Force." (†)

Aug. 21-23: "Old Acquaintance" (†) and "Mildred Pierce." (†)

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)

Aug. 13: "The Gold Rush" (1925), a silent film, directed by Charlie Chaplin, with Chaplin, Mack Swain, and Georgia Hale; and three Chaplin short films—"The Rink," "The Pawnshop," and "Behind the Screen," all made in 1916.

Aug. 14: "The Seven Samurai" (1954), in Japanese, directed by Akira Kurosawa.

Aug. 15-16: "Cousin, Cousine" (1976), in French, directed by Jean-Charles Tacchella, with Marie-Christine Barrault, Victor Lanoux, and Marie-France Pisier; and "Murmur of the Heart" (1971), in French, directed by Louis Malle, with Lea Massari.

Aug. 17: "The Shout" (†); and "The Last Wave" (1978), directed by Peter Weir, with Richard Chamberlain, Gulpilil, Nandjiwarra Amagula, and Olivia Hamnett.

Aug. 18: "Allegro Non Troppo" (1977), in Italian, a six-episode animated and live-action musical, directed by Bruno Bozzetto; and "Animal Farm" (1954), an animated film.

Aug. 19: "The Red Menace" (1949), directed by R. G. Springsteen, with Robert Rockwell; and "The Front" (1976), directed by Martin Ritt, with Woody Allen, Zero Mostel, and Herschel Bernardi.

Aug. 20: "Jules and Jim" (†) and "The Man Who Loved Women." (†)

Aug. 21: "Samurai, Parts I and II" (1954-56), in Japanese, directed by Hiroshi Inagaki, with Toshiro Mifune.

Aug. 22-23: "The Maltese Falcon" (1941), directed by John Huston, with Mary Astor, Humphrey Bogart, Sydney Greenstreet, Elisha Cook, Jr., and Peter Lorre; and "The Big Sleep" (1946), directed by Howard Hawks, with Humphrey Bogart, Lauren Bacall, and Martha Vickers.

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

Aug. 13: "A Streetcar Named Desire" (1951), directed by Elia Kazan, with Vivien Leigh, Marlon Brando, Kim Hunter, and Karl Malden; and "The Fugitive Kind" (1960), directed by Sidney Lumet, with Marlon Brando, Anna Magnani, and Joanne Woodward.

Aug. 14: "Murder, He Says" (1945), directed by George Marshall, with Fred MacMurray, Helen Walker, and Marjorie Main; and "The Gracie Allen Murder Case" (1939), directed by Alfred E. Green, with Gracie Allen and Warren William.

Aug. 15-16: "Casablanca" (1942), directed by Michael Curtiz, with Humphrey Bogart, Ingrid Bergman, and Claude Rains; and "The Maltese Falcon" (1941), directed by John Huston, with Mary Astor, Humphrey Bogart, Sydney Greenstreet, Elisha Cook, Jr., and Peter Lorre.

Aug. 17: "Salome, Where She Danced" (1945), directed by Charles Lamont, with Yvonne De Carlo, Rod Cameron, Albert Dekker, and Walter Slezak; and "Slave Girl" (1947), directed by Charles Lamont, with Yvonne De Carlo, George Brent, Albert Dekker, and Broderick Crawford.

Aug. 18: "The Goose and the Gander" (1935), directed by Alfred E. Green, with Kay Francis, George Brent, and Genevieve Tobin; and "Stranded" (1935), directed by Frank Borzage, with Kay Francis, George Brent, Patricia Ellis, and Donald Woods.

Aug. 19: "I'm No Angel" (†) and "She Done Him Wrong." (†)

Aug. 20: "Terror by Night" (1946) and "The Woman in Green" (1945), two films in the Basil Rathbone-Nigel Bruce Holmes-Watson series, both directed by Roy William Neill.

Aug. 21: "Lover Come Back" (1946), directed by William A. Seiter, with Lucille Ball, George Brent, and Vera Zorina; and "Sorrowful Jones" (1949), directed by Sidney Lanfield, with Bob Hope, Lucille Ball, William Demarest, and Bruce Cabot.

Aug. 22-23: "Nothing Sacred" (1937), directed by William Wellman, with Carole Lombard, Fredric March, Walter Connolly, and Charles Winninger; and "My Man Godfrey" (1936), directed by Gregory La Cava, with Carole Lombard, William Powell, Mischa Auer, and Alice Brady.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Auditorium, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—Aug. 13 at 6: "Dillinger Is Dead" (1969), directed by Marco Ferreri, with Anita Pallenberg. . . . ¶ Aug. 13 at 8:30: "Ghost Poems, Part One" (1969), directed by Andrew Noren; "69" (1969), directed by Robert Breer; "Cosmos" (1969), directed by Jordan Belson; and "Tops" (1969), directed by Charles and Ray Eames. . . . ¶ Aug. 15 at 6: "Distant Shores" (1937), in German, directed by Douglas Sirk, with Zarah Leander; English subtitles. . . . ¶ Aug. 15 at 8:30: "La Habañera" (1937), in German, directed by Douglas Sirk; English subtitles. . . . ¶ Aug. 16 at 6: "Final Chord" (1936), in German, directed by Douglas Sirk, with Lil Dagover; English subtitles. . . . ¶ Aug. 16 at 8:30: "Pillars of Society" (1935), in German, directed by Douglas Sirk, with Heinrich George; English subtitles. . . . ¶ Aug. 17 at 6: "La Habañera". . . ¶ Aug. 17 at 8:30: "Distant Shores". . . ¶ Aug. 18 at 6: "Pillars of Society". . . ¶ Aug. 18 at 8:30: "Final Chord." . . . ¶ Aug. 19 at 6: "Chastity" (1969), directed by Alessio de Paolo, with Cher. . . . ¶ Aug. 19 at 8:30: "The Mudlark" (1950), directed by Jean Negulesco, with Irene Dunne and Alec Guinness. . . . ¶ Aug. 20 at 6: "Paris Vu Par . . ." (1965), in French, directed by six directors; English subtitles. . . . ¶ Aug. 20 at 8:30: "Une Femme Douce" (1969), in French, directed by Robert Bresson, with Dominique Sanda; English subtitles. . . . ¶ Aug. 22 at 6: "Fidel" (1969), a documentary, directed by Saul Landau. . . . ¶ Aug. 22 at 8:30: "Black Girl" (1965), a Senegalese film, in French, directed by Ousmane Sembène; English subtitles. . . . ¶ Aug. 23 at 6: "Salesman" (1969), a documentary film, directed by the Maysles brothers and Charlotte Zwerin. . . . ¶ Aug. 23 at 8:30: "Who's That Knocking at My Door?" (1969), directed by Martin Scorsese, with Harvey Keitel. (A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the museum after 10 on the day of the showing.)

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

Air Force (1943)—One of the "contribution-to-the-war-effort" specials: the biography of a Flying Fortress—a Boeing B-17 nicknamed Mary Ann—that heads out into the Pacific on the eve of Pearl Harbor and goes on to Wake Island and then takes part in the Coral Sea battle and, at the last, is about to participate in a raid on Tokyo. The film is one crisis after another, and the director, Howard Hawks, stages the air battles handsomely, but for the rest it helps if you're interested in the factors involved in getting a bomber somewhere and back. This is one of the most impersonal of the Hawks films; it seems manufactured rather than made. The script, by Dudley Nichols, with dialogue by William Faulkner, provided what is meant to be a microcosm of democracy in motion—a melting-pot crew. On board are John Garfield as aerial gunner Winocki, George Tobias as assistant crew chief Weinberg, Gig Young as co-pilot Williams, John Ridgely as Captain Quincannon, Arthur Kennedy as bombardier McMartin, Harry Carey as crew chief White, Charles Drake as the navigator, and James Brown as Rader, who replaces the pilot. Stereotypes all, though acted with professional conviction. The cast includes Edward S. Brophy, Faye Emerson, Dorothy Peterson, Addison Richards, Ann Doran, Stanley Ridges, Willard Robertson, and Moroni Olsen. Cinematography by James Wong Howe. (Regency; Aug. 19-20.)

Airplane!—With Robert Hays, Julie Hagerty, Robert Stack, and Lloyd Bridges; directed by Jerry and David Zucker and Jim Abrahams. (34th St. East, and Forum. . . . ¶ Baronet; through Aug. 14. . . . ¶ Loews New York 1; starting Aug. 15.)

All About Eve (1950)—Ersatz art of a very high grade, and one of the most enjoyable movies ever made. A young aspiring actress, Eve Harrington (Anne Baxter), intrigues to take the place of an aging star, Margo Channing (Bette Davis), on stage and in bed, and the battle is fought with tooth, claw, and a battery of epigrams. The ersatz has qualities of its own—glib, overexplicit, self-important, the you're-sneaky-and-corrupt-but-so-am-I-we-belong-to-each-other-darling style of writing. The bad taste, exhibited with verve, of the scriptwriter-director, Joseph L. Mankiewicz, is more fun than any careful, mousy, dehydrated good taste. His nonsense about "theatre" is saved by one performance that is the real thing: Bette Davis, at her most instinctive and assured. Her actress—vain, scared, a woman who goes too far in her reactions and emotions—makes the whole thing come alive (though it's hard to believe that Anne Baxter could ever be a threat to Bette Davis). With George Sanders (as the critic Addison De Witt), Celeste Holm, Gary Merrill, Thelma Ritter, Gregory Ratoff, Hugh Marlowe, Barbara Bates, Walter Hampden, and Marilyn Monroe, who has one of her best early roles. Based on a short story and radio play by Mary Orr. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 20.)

Animal House (1978)—A beery piece that has its amiably funny flashes about the American college system, but more often consists of what is called undergraduate humor. Directed by John Landis. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Aug. 14. . . . ¶ Olympia; Aug. 15-21.)

The Arabian Nights (1973)—Directed by Pier Paolo Pasolini. In Italian; X-rated. (Cinema 3.)

Battle Beyond the Stars—With Richard Thomas and Robert Vaughn, directed by Jimmy T. Murakami. (Sutton, and Paramount.)

The Blue Lagoon—The central and virtually the only characters are two little cousins; shipwrecked, they grow up alone together on a South Seas island, and turn into Brooke Shields and Christopher Atkins. The film has an inevitable, built-in prurience. The director, Randal Kleiser, and his scenarist, Douglas Day Stewart, have made the two clean and innocent by emptying them of any dramatic interest. Watching them is about as exciting as looking into a fishbowl waiting for guppies to mate. (Reviewed in our issue of 7/21/80.) (Criterion Center. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema, and Olympia; through Aug. 14.)

The Blues Brothers—A musical slapstick farce, set in Chicago and starring Dan Aykroyd and John Belushi as deadpan hipster musicians—characters they first used in skits on the television show "Saturday Night Live." But their taciturn style doesn't allow them to reveal enough personality for this full-length movie. The director, John Landis, has a lot of comic invention and isn't afraid of silliness, but in terms of slapstick craft he's still an amateur. The film, however, brings Aretha Franklin to the screen, and she transcends the film's incompetence. With Carrie Fisher, Henry Gibson, Ray Charles, Cab Calloway, James Brown, and many other celebrated musicians. Written by Aykroyd and Landis. (7/7/80) (R.K.O. 86th St. . . . ¶ St. Mark's Cinema, and Olympia; Aug. 15-21. . . . ¶ Criterion Center; starting Aug. 22.)

Blume in Love (1973)—Susan Anspach, looking frail and beautiful, as the divorced wife of a lawyer (George Segal), in a clodhopping story of unkillable love. The film is set mostly in Los Angeles, with tourist-dream sorties to Venice, where a cure-everything baby is had, apparently in the Doges' Palace. Paul Mazursky directed. (Cinema Studio 1; Aug. 13.)

Caddyshack—With Chevy Chase, Rodney Dangerfield, Ted Knight, and Michael O'Keefe; directed by Harold Ramis. (Loews New York 1, Embassy 72nd St., and Loews State 2; through Aug. 14.)

La Cage aux Folles (1979)—A brilliant comedy about a pair of aging homosexuals, one of whom has had a son; the son is eager to marry, his fiancée is extremely conventional, and her family wishes to make the acquaintance of his family. Trouble in paradise, here known as Saint-Tropez. Edouard Molinaro directed, with Michel Serrault and Ugo Tognazzi. In French. (5/28/79) (68th St. Playhouse.)

Caligula—With Malcolm McDowell. (Penthouse East.)

Carrie (1976)—The best scary-funny movie since "Jaws"—a teasing, terrifying, lyrical shocker, directed by Brian De Palma, who has the wickedest baroque sensibility at large in American movies. Pale, gravel-voiced Sissy Spacek gives a classic chameleon performance as a repressed high-school senior whose energy is released only telekinetically, and Piper Laurie plays her deep-voiced, sexy fundamentalist mother. With John Travolta, Nancy Allen, Amy Irving, and William Katt. (Harold Clurman; Aug. 22-23.)

Cheech and Chong's Next Movie—Directed by Thomas Chong. (Manhattan 1, R.K.O. 86th St., and National. . . . ¶ Olympia; starting Aug. 22.)

A Clockwork Orange (1971)—This Stanley Kubrick film might be the work of a strict and exacting German professor who set out to make a porno-violent sci-fi comedy. The movie is adapted from Anthony Burgess's 1962 novel, which is set in a vaguely socialist future of the late seventies or early eighties—a dreary, routinized England that roving gangs of teen-age thugs terrorize at night. In this dehumanizing society, there seems to be no way for the boys to release their energies except in vandalism and crime. The protagonist, Alex (Malcolm McDowell), is the leader of one of these gangs; he's a conscienceless schoolboy sadist who enjoys stealing, stomping, raping, and destroying, until he kills a woman and is sent to prison. There he is conditioned into a moral robot who becomes nauseated at thoughts of sex and violence. Burgess wrote an ironic fable about a future in which men lose their capacity for moral choice. Kubrick, however, gives us an Alex who is more alive than anybody else in the movie, and younger and more attractive, and McDowell plays him exuberantly, with power and slyness. So at the end, when Alex's bold, aggressive, punk's nature is restored to him, it seems not a joke on all of us (as it does in the book) but, rather, a victory in which we share, and Kubrick takes an exultant tone. Along the way, Alex has been set apart as the hero by making his victims less human than he; the picture plays with violence in an intellectually seductive way—Alex's victims are twisted and incapable of suffering. Kubrick carefully estranges us from these victims so that we can *enjoy* the rapes and beatings. Alex alone suffers. And how he suffers! He's a male Little Nell—screaming in a strait-jacket during the brainwashing; sweet and helpless when rejected by his parents; alone, weeping, on a bridge; beaten, bleeding, lost in a rainstorm; pounding his head on a floor and crying for death. Kubrick pours on the hearts and flowers; what is done to Alex is far worse than what Alex has done, so society itself can be felt to justify Alex's hoodlumism. With Patrick Magee and Adrienne Corri; score by Walter Carlos. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 19.)

Close Encounters of the Third Kind (1977)—Steven Spielberg's celebration of the wonders up there in the skies is the best-humored of the technological-marvel fantasies. It has visionary magic, along with a love of surprises and a skeptical, let's-try-it-on spirit. The version playing now is called "the Special Edition;" it has been cut, altered, and added to. (Gramercy, Loews New York 2, Loews 83rd Quad, and Embassy 1.)

Come Have Coffee with Us (1970)—With Ugo Tognazzi, directed by Alberto Lattuada. In

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Italian. (Little Carnegie; Aug. 13.... ¶ Embassy 72nd St.; starting Aug. 15.)

Dark Star (1974)—With Brian Narelle, directed by John Carpenter. (Harold Clurman; through Aug. 14.)

Don't Answer the Phone—With James Westmoreland, directed by Robert Hammer. (U. A. East, and Rivoli; through Aug. 14.)

Dressed to Kill—One of the most sheerly enjoyable films of recent years, this sophisticated horror comedy, written and directed by Brian De Palma, is permeated with the distilled essence of impure thoughts. Set in Manhattan, it's about sex and fear; De Palma presents extreme fantasies and pulls the audience into them with such apparent ease that the pleasure of the suspense becomes aphrodisiacal. Angie Dickinson shows a much warmer expressive range than might be expected as a beautiful, aging, golden blonde, married yet frustrated, and longing to be made love to; Michael Caine brings fine, precise shadings of ambiguity to the role of her analyst; the breezy comedienne Nancy Allen is a pretty investment-minded hooker, who witnesses a murder; Keith Gordon is Dickinson's teen-age prodigy son, who builds computers; and Dennis Franz is a brash police detective. The music is by Pino Donaggio, the cinematography is by Ralf Bode, and the editing is by Jerry Greenberg. (8/4/80) (Beekman, Quad Cinema, 57th St. Playhouse, Loews 83rd Quad, and Embassy 5.)

The Electric Horseman—Robert Redford as a contemporary retired five-time All-Round World Champion cowboy out to save a famous race horse from the same heartless conglomerate that is exploiting him, and Jane Fonda as a city-slicker TV reporter out to get the story of his doomed venture. Boy and girl (and horse) fall in love out under the big Utah sky, just as we knew they would, but it's all so cheerfully mindless that it's hard not to have a good time as we watch the big stars and eat up the malarkey. With Valerie Perrine, Willie Nelson, and John Saxon. (12/31/79) (Olympia; through Aug. 14.)

The Empire Strikes Back—Darth Vader rallies his Star Ships, Probe Droids, and heavy-breathing malevolence to make more trouble for Han Solo, Princess Leia, C-3PO, R2-D2, and Chewbacca, while Luke Skywalker is detained on the planet Dagobah by his Force seminars with a two-foot-tall, eight-hundred-year-old Jedi master named Yoda. This second installment of the "Star Wars" saga is slightly encumbered by some mythic and neo-Sophoclean overtones, but its inventiveness, humor, and special effects are scarcely less inspired than those of its phenomenally successful predecessor, which is great news for kids and for us all. Directed by Irvin Kershner, produced by George Lucas. With Mark Hamill, Carrie Fisher, Harrison Ford, Frank Oz (as the voice of the manikin Yoda), and Sir Alec Guinness (as the shade of the fallen Obi-Wan Kenobi). (5/26/80) (Murray Hill, Loews Orpheum 1, and Loews Astor Plaza.)

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Fame—A perfectly good idea for a movie musical—to follow a fictional class of talented young dancers, actors, and musicians through their four years at New York's unfictional School of Performing Arts—is just about ruined by the lugubrious, inch-deep platitudes of the plot of what turns out to be still another implacably confessional backstage drama: a "Chorus Line" of adolescents. Directed by Alan Parker; with Maureen Teefy, Gene Anthony Ray, Paul McCrane, Anne Meara, and Jim Moody. The music is by Michael Gore. (5/26/80) (Greenwich Playhouse 1, New Yorker 2, and Criterion Center.... ¶ Gemini 1; through Aug. 14.)

The Fiendish Plot of Dr. Fu Manchu—With Peter Sellers, directed by Piers Haggard. (Loews Tower East, Loews 83rd Quad, and R.K.O. Cinerama 2.)

The Final Countdown—With Kirk Douglas, Martin Sheen, Katharine Ross, and James Farentino; directed by Don Taylor. (86th St. East, and R.K.O. Cinerama 1.... ¶ Eastside Cinema; through Aug. 14.)

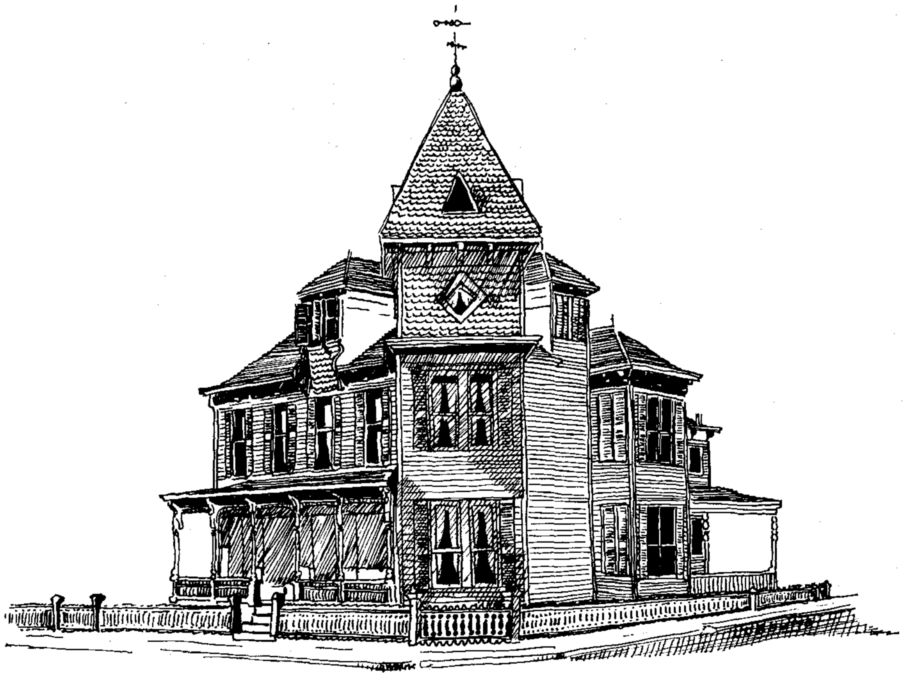
The Getting of Wisdom—An Australian film, with Susannah Fowle and Hilary Ryan, directed by Bruce Beresford. (Coronet.)

Get to Know Your Rabbit (1973)—With Tom Smothers and John Astin, directed by Brian De Palma. (Harold Clurman; Aug. 20-21.)

The Great Santini—With Robert Duvall and Blythe Danner, directed by Lewis John Carlino. (Guild.)

Greetings (1968)—A pleasantly tawdry mixture of an underground film, a skin-flick, and a college revue, with a draft-evader hero and good-humored, casually obscene performances from a whole gallery of talented actors, including Robert De Niro, Gerrit Graham, and Allen Garfield. Directed by Brian De Palma, who made the whole thing on a shoestring of less than forty thousand dollars. (Harold Clurman; Aug. 18-19.)

Harry & Tonto (1974)—Directed by Paul Mazursky and written by him with Josh Greenfeld. Harry (Art Carney) is a limping old man with a buoyant spirit who buys cheap food for himself and good liver for his cat, a heavyset marmalade companion called Tonto. The old Lear has three disappointing children strung across the country, and after visiting them he decides that they represent a rope on his liberty. The narrative sounds sentimental, but the film isn't. (Cinema Studio 1; Aug. 14.)



Hi, Mom! (1970)—With Robert De Niro, directed by Brian De Palma. (Harold Clurman; Aug. 18-19.)

Home Movies—Brian De Palma (who directed "Carrie" and several other vigorous, hyperbolic films) has enrolled some of his students at a Sarah Lawrence College film workshop in the making of this dopey cut-rate farce about sex, ugly parents, and filmmaking—which may account for its air of self-congratulatory amateurism and its fitful but mostly just irritating charm. With Keith Gordon, Nancy Allen, Vincent Gardenia, and Kirk Douglas (hamming horribly as an egocentric, with-it professor). (5/19/80) (Harold Clurman; Aug. 15. Brian De Palma will be present at the 6 P.M. showing.)

Humoresque (1946)—In this second version of Fannie Hurst's hokey weeper, the heroine (Joan Crawford) is myopic, dipsomaniacal, dissatisfied with her husband (Paul Cavanaugh), older than her ghetto-born violinist lover (John Garfield), and given to brooding heavily about the futility of a life devoid of everything but sables, limousines, Napoleon brandy, town houses, seashore estates, and enough liquid assets to make a Morgan partner's eyes widen. She bears her burdens gallantly, and when she realizes that her career as a social butterfly has not prepared her adequately to be the helpmate of her violinist, she bravely wades out into the ocean and gurgles to her doom, wreathed in seaweed and clamshells. Clifford Odets worked on the update, and some of the dialogue is sharp-witted, but with frequent interruptions for big yeasty passages on the meaning of life and art. If Carol Burnett were to step in and take over, she'd hardly have to change a thing. Garfield saws away impressively while Isaac Stern is heard playing several violin concertos, and there are lines to treasure, such as Cavanaugh's remark about the music: "It has fire—rather like what you'd feel in a van Gogh painting." Jean Negulesco directed. As the hero's old neighborhood pal, Oscar Levant plays the piano and makes jokes; with J. Carrol Naish, Craig Stevens, Ruth Nelson, John Abbott, Fritz Leiber, and Robert (then Bobby) Blake. (Regency; Aug. 17-18.)

The Hunter—With Steve McQueen, Eli Wallach, Kathryn Harrold, and LeVar Burton; directed by Buzz Kulik. (Bay Cinema, Loews Orpheum 2, and Loews State 1.)

I'm No Angel (1933)—Mae West as a lion tamer, Cary Grant as a society lion, lots of adenoidal innuendo, and some good honky-tonk songs ("That Dallas Man," et al.). Arguably West's best film, certainly one of her funniest. When she isn't wiggling in her corsets and driving men wild, she's sashaying around and camping it up for her plump black maids (Hattie McDaniel, Libby Taylor). With Edward Arnold, Gregory Ratoff, Kent Taylor, Ralf Harolde, Gertrude Michael, Nat Pendleton, Dennis O'Keefe, Irving Pichel, and Dorothy Peterson. Directed by Wesley Ruggles; the story, screenplay, and dialogue are by Mae West, with continuity by Harlan Thompson. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Aug. 19.)

Jules and Jim (1962)—François Truffaut's celebration of bohemian life in France and Germany in the years of artistic ferment between the First World War and the Second. The Austrian, Jules (Oskar Werner), and the Frenchman, Jim (Henri Serre)—the sort of young artists who grow up into something else—have a peaceful friendship. But when they are with Catherine (Jeanne Moreau), they feel alive; anything may happen. She's the catalyst, the troublemaker, the source of despair as well as the source of joy, an enchantress; she's also a fanatic, an absolutist, and a little crazy. Determined to live as fully as a man, she claims equality while using every feminine wile to increase her power position. She's the independent, intellectual modern woman satirized by Strindberg (who also adored her). Catherine marries Jules, who can't hold her, and, in despair, he encourages Jim's interest in her—"that way, she'll still be *ours*." She insists on her freedom to leave men, but if they leave her (as Jim does) she is as devastated and as helpless as any clinging vine (perhaps *more* devastated—she can't even ask for sympathy). Elliptical, full of wit and radiance, this is the best movie ever made about what most of us think of as the Scott Fitzgerald period (though the film begins much earlier); Truffaut doesn't linger—nothing is held too long, nothing is overstated, or even *stated*. He explores the medium and plays with it. He overlaps scenes; uses fast cutting (in the manner of "Breathless") and leaping continuity (in the manner of "Zero for Conduct"); changes the size and shape of the images (as Griffith did); pauses for Jeanne Moreau to sing a song (Boris Bassiak's "Le Tourbillon"). Throughout, Georges Delerue's music is part of the atmosphere. Adapted by Truffaut and Jean Gruault from Henri-Pierre Roché's autobiographical novel; cinematography by Raoul Coutard. With Marie Dubois as Thérèse, who smokes like a steam engine, and Bassiak, as Albert. In French. (Thalia; Aug. 20.)

Jun—With Jun Eto and Mayumi Asaka; directed by Hiroto Yokoyama. In Japanese. (Cinema Studio 1; starting Aug. 18.)

The Kidnapping of the President—With William Shatner, Hal Holbrook, Van Johnson, and Ava Gardner; directed by George Mendeluk. (Gemini 1, and Embassy; starting Aug. 15.)

Ludwig—Hans-Jürgen Syberberg's film about King Ludwig II of Bavaria. With Harry Baer and Balthasar Thomass. In German. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre. No performances on Monday, Aug. 18.)

The Man Who Loved Women (1977)—The dedicated skirt-chaser of Truffaut's film is meant to be irresistibly charming, but his compulsion looks to be about as exciting as building a two-foot replica of the Pentagon with toothpicks. In its gross flippancy, this film resembles Truffaut's "Such a Gorgeous Kid Like Me"—it may be even worse, because of the mixture of evasiveness and obviousness. With Charles Denner, Nelly Borgeaud, Brigitte Fossey, and Leslie Caron. In French. (Thalia; Aug. 20.)

The Marriage of Maria Braun—Directed by Rainer Werner Fassbinder. A personification, in a woman (Hanna Schygulla) who has been married for a day and thereafter does whatever is required to survive, of Germany in the last days of the war and throughout the economic miracle. It has its arbitrary sequences and longueurs, but there is also some good work, particularly in the persons of minor characters. In German. (10/29/79) (Cinema Studio 2.)

Mildred Pierce (1945)—Joan Crawford rises from poverty to affluence and then suffers glamorously in beach house, roadhouse, and mansion from the nasty semi-incestuous goings on of her cad husband (Zachary Scott) and her spoiled daughter (Ann Blyth). Miss Crawford's heavy breathing was certified as acting when she won an Academy Award for her performance here. Michael Curtiz directed this glossy adaptation of the James M. Cain novel. (Regency; Aug. 21-23.)

My Bodyguard—With Chris Makepeace, Ruth Gordon, Matt Dillon, John Houseman, and Martin Mull; directed by Tony Bill. (Manhattan 2, Loews 83rd Quad, and Embassy. . . . ¶ Greenwich Playhouse 2; through Aug. 14.)

My Brilliant Career—This strong, consistently rewarding Australian film about the coming of age of a spirited, overintelligent young woman living on a New South Wales cattle station at the turn of the century looks and feels and moves along like a first-class old-fashioned novel, which isn't surprising, since it closely follows an autobiographical tale by a celebrated Down Under bluestocking named Miles Franklin. The heroine, Sybylla Melvyn, is beautifully played by the resourceful and striking Judy Davis. The director, Gillian Armstrong, never permits this small, piercing story to appear more impassioned or contemporary than one wants it to be. With Sam Neill, Pat Kennedy, Peter Whitford, Wendy Hughes, and Aileen Brittain. (2/4/80) (D. W. Griffith, and Quad Cinema.)

Next Stop, Greenwich Village (1976)—Paul Mazursky's wonderful autobiographical lyric satire about a young comedian's life in the Village in the early fifties. With a tip-top cast headed by Lenny Baker, Ellen Greene, Christopher Walken, and Antonio Fargas, and with Shelley Winters giving perhaps her best performance—as the comedian's mother, whose unused brains and talent have turned her into a morose, irrepressible, howling freak. (Cinema Studio 1; Aug. 15.)

No Nukes—Filmed at the September, 1979, rock concerts in Madison Square Garden, featuring such performers as Jackson Browne,

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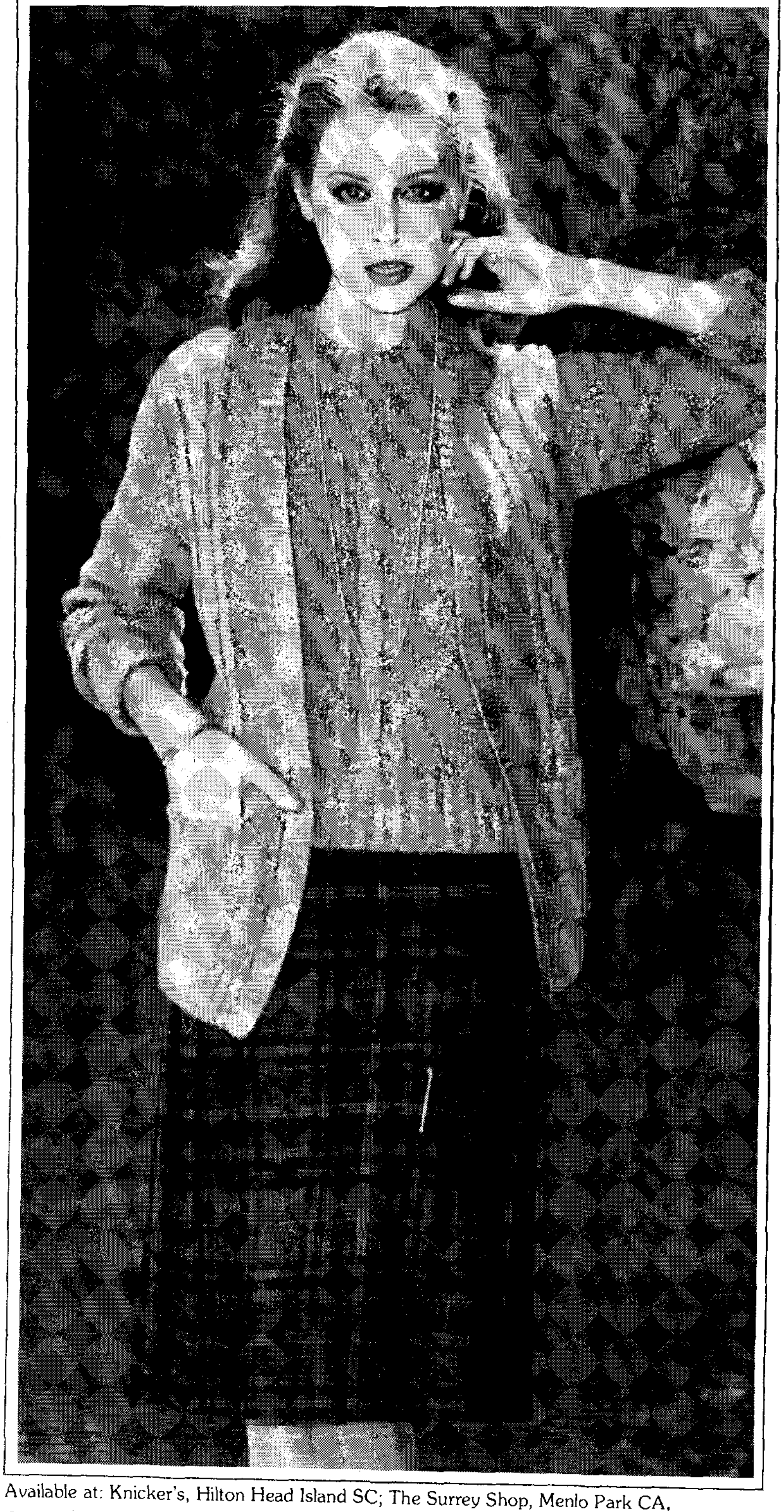

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Crosby, Stills & Nash, Bonnie Raitt, Bruce Springsteen, and James Taylor. (Cinema I. . . . ¶ Criterion Center; starting Aug. 22, tentative.)

The Nude Bomb—Don Adams as Maxwell Smart, Secret Agent 86. Directed by Clive Donner. (St. Marks Cinema; Aug. 15-21.)

Obsession (1976)—An *hommage* to Hitchcock, made by Brian De Palma. The inspiring original is Hitchcock's "Vertigo," in which James Stewart is an ex-dick confused over whether Kim Novak is a suicide (as he thought) or is beguilingly alive in a new identity. "Obsession," which believes in mystery rather than in Hitchcock's surprises, is about a rich New Orleans businessman (Cliff Robertson), who suffers the kidnapping of his wife (Geneviève Bujold) and his nine-year-old daughter (Wanda Blackman). Years later, gray-haired, he falls in love, in Italy, with a girl restoring a painting in the church where he first fell in love with his wife. The girl is played, of course, by Geneviève Bujold. Who is *she*? A hallucination? The question leaves us cold, because it lacks Hitchcock's scrupulous matter-of-factness. (Harold Clurman; Aug. 20-21.)

Old Acquaintance (1943)—Trashy fun, on an unusually literate level. One of the rare dry-eyed "women's pictures," it features bitchery and keeps its passages of self-sacrifice fairly tart. Bette Davis is an admirably tough-minded, no-nonsense serious writer, and Miriam Hopkins is her flouncy, butterfly-brained friend, who, out of envy, becomes the author of slovenly big best-sellers. Adapted from John Van Druten's play, it spans eighteen years of their love-hate friendship, including a glorious scene in which Davis shakes the catty, hysterical Hopkins. John Loder is Hopkins' husband, who wants to leave her for Davis; Dolores Moran is Hopkins' rebellious daughter; Phillip Reed is a playboy seducer; and Gig Young is the young man who falls in love with the middle-aged Davis. With Esther Dale, Anne Revere, and Roscoe Karns. Directed by Vincent Sherman. (Regency; Aug. 21-23.)

A Pain in the A . . (1975)—Fairly funny French farce about a would-be suicide (Jacques Brel) and a gun-assembler (Lino Ventura) who occupy adjoining hotel rooms as they try to carry out their respective purposes. The topic of hotels is the most interesting one to think about here, because of its value to French farce; the film allows one time to muse, though it is comic enough, especially in the lugubriousness of Lino Ventura about the tenacious friendship of Jacques Brel. In French. (Art; through Aug. 19.)

Phantom of the Paradise (1974)—This satire of horror movies is also a rock musical comedy. The writer-director, Brian De Palma, has an original comic temperament; he's drawn to rabid visual exaggeration and to sophisticated slapstick comedy. William Finley is the idealistic young composer who is robbed of his music, busted for drugs, and sent to Sing Sing, all at the instigation of Swan (creepy Paul Williams), the entrepreneur of Death Records, who has made a pact with the Devil for eternal youth. The composer escapes from prison, is maimed by a record-pressing machine, and becomes the Phantom, who haunts Swan's new rock palace, the Paradise, where the girl he loves (Jessica Harper) becomes a star. This mixture of "The Phantom of the Opera" and "Faust" isn't enough for De Palma. He heaps on layers of acid-rock satire and parodies of "The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari," "The Hunchback of Notre Dame," "Psycho," and "The Picture of Dorian Gray"—and the impacted plots actually function for him. The film is a one-of-a-kind entertainment, with a kinetic, breakneck wit. The cinematographer, Larry Pizer, keeps the images full to overflowing, and the set designer, Jack Fisk, supplies striking takeoffs of the frenzied décor of German silent films. The singer, Beef, is played by Gerrit Graham, who gives the single funniest performance; Harold Oblong, Jeffrey Comanor, and Archie Hahn turn up as three different groups—the Juicy Fruits, the Beach Bums, and, with black-and-white expressionistic faces, the Undeads. (Harold Clurman; Aug. 17.)

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Practice Makes Perfect—With Jean Rochefort, Danielle Darrieux, and Annie Girardot; directed by Philippe de Broca. In French. (Paris.)

Raise the Titanic—With Jason Robards, Richard Jordan, David Selby, Anne Archer, and Alec Guinness; directed by Jerry Jameson. (Ziegfeld.)

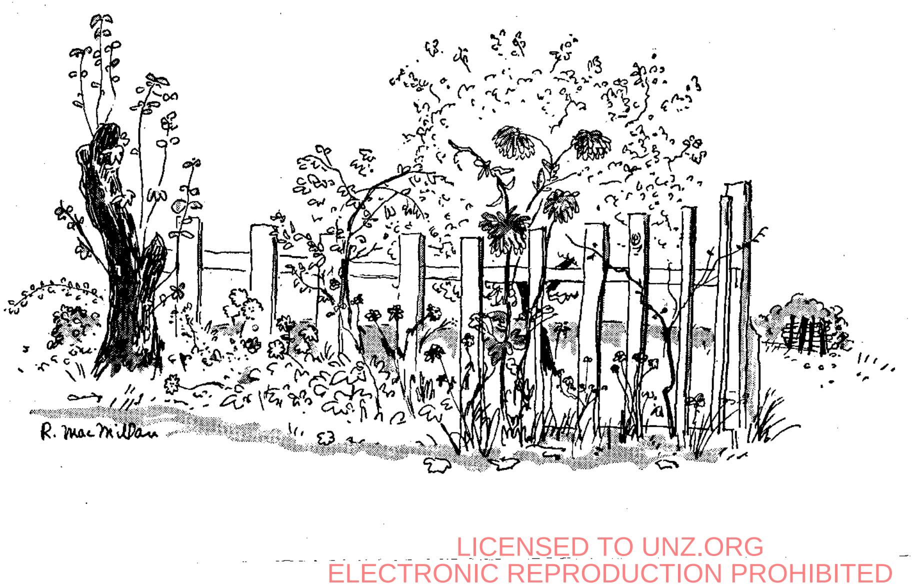
Rough Cut—With Burt Reynolds, Lesley-Anne Down, and David Niven; directed by Don Siegel. (Festival; through Aug. 14.)

Scum—With Ray Winstone, directed by Alan Clarke. (Art; starting Aug. 20.)

She Done Him Wrong (1933)—Mae West, wiggling and singing "Easy Rider" and seducing virtuous young Cary Grant. A classic comedy and a classic seduction. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Aug. 19.)

The Shout—A poorly acted, incoherent, and unendurably loud film, entirely played at peak volume. Directed by Jerzy Skolimowski, it stars Alan Bates as an occultist psychopath whose shout can kill. (11/19/79) (Thalia; Aug. 17.)

Sisters (1973)—Brian De Palma's low-budget horror movie about a psychotic ex-Siamese twin doesn't have the dream-slapstick style he was to bring to his later thrillers, "Carrie" and "The Fury," but it has its share of flaked-out humor (as in the TV game-show parody at the beginning). He achieves some virtuoso stunts, though he lurches his way through the picture, and he can't seem to get two people talking to make a simple expository point without its sounding like the drabbest Republic picture of 1938. The facetious dialogue is a wet blanket, and De Palma isn't quite up to his apparent intention—to provide cheap thrills that are also a parody of old corn. He manages the thrills, though (there are some demented knife slashings), and audiences seem to be happily freaked by Bernard Herrmann's score, with its old radio-play throb and zing. With Margot Kidder, who knows how to turn on sexiness with a witch's precision; Jennifer Salt, who gives a feeble performance as a nitwit girl reporter; and Charles Durning, Bill Finley, and Barnard Hughes. Shakily written by De Palma and Louisa Rose. (Harold Clurman; Aug. 16.)



Small Change (1976)—Truffaut's series of sketches on the general theme of the resilience of children turns out to be that rarity—a poetic comedy that's really funny. Truffaut's deadpan, disjointed style is quicker and surer than ever before; the kids seem to be photographed in the act of inventing slapstick. There's a serious side (the story of a mistreated boy) that's a failure, and Truffaut's view of childhood innocence has elements of middle-class preciousness, but the jokes make the film worth seeing. In French. (St. Marks Cinema; through Aug. 14.)

Smokey and the Bandit II—The further adventures of Smokey, Bandit, and all the others. With Burt Reynolds, Jackie Gleason, Jerry Reed, Sally Field, Pat McCormick, and Paul Williams. Hal Needham is again the director. (Eastside Cinema, U. A. East, Greenwich Playhouse 2, and Rivoli; starting Aug. 15.)

Something for Everyone (1970)—Nothing much for anyone, actually, in this film about the omnisexuality of a footman hero (Michael York), who sidles up to an Austrian countess (Angela Lansbury), and also to her son and everyone else in sight. Miss Lansbury does try as best she can for high comedy. Directed by Harold Prince. (Cinema Village; Aug. 20-21.)

The Tin Drum—A very accomplished adaptation of Günter Grass's celebrated novel. The director, Volker Schlöndorff, also helped to prepare the screenplay. The terrifying young hero is well played by David Bennent. In German. (4/21/80) (Cinema II, Quad Cinema, and New Yorker 1.)

Twinkle, Twinkle, 'Killer' Kane—With Stacy Keach, Scott Wilson, Jason Miller, and Ed Flanders; directed by William Peter Blatty. Based on a novel by Blatty entitled "The Ninth Configuration." (Gemini 2, and Criterion Center.)

An Unmarried Woman (1978)—Paul Mazursky wrote and directed this buoyant, enormously friendly comedy about Erica (Jill Clayburgh) and her attempt to get back into "the stream of life" after her marriage of sixteen years breaks up. It's a tenderhearted feminist picture. What may be disappointing to those who love Mazursky's earlier work is that in trying to identify with Erica and tell the story from a woman's point of view, he shies away from having her look foolish; in crucial parts, he suppresses his sense of satire, and the picture becomes virtuous. With Michael Murphy, Lisa Lucas, Pat Quinn, Kelly Bishop, Linda Miller, Cliff Gorman, Mazursky himself as Hal, and Alan Bates, whose fine comic, expansive performance as Saul Kaplan, a famous painter, overpowers the movie. Saul is such a rich, loamy Father Earth figure that when Erica resists him in order to satisfy her yearnings for independence she seems puny and a bit of an idiot. (Cinema Studio 1; Aug. 16.)

Urban Cowboy—The headquarters of the young hardhats who work in the petrochemical plants around Houston is a vast honky-tonk, Gilley's, which features a mechanical bull that they try to ride. The film, directed by James Bridges, tries to reactivate the cowboy mythology. It dredges up an ex-convict villain (Scott Glenn) out of an ancient Western, so the rootless young hero, Bud (John Travolta), can defeat him on the bucking machine and beat him up in a fistfight as well. The picture is scrappily edited, and the director seems willing to do almost anything for an immediate effect. In the best moments, satire and sultriness work together; in the worst moments, the sentimentality is so gross it makes us feel contemptuous of the moviemakers' shamelessness. With Debra Winger, who gives a steamy and very appealing performance as the girl Bud marries, Madolyn Smith as a slumming rich bitch, and Brooke Alderson and Barry Corbin as Bud's aunt and uncle. The country music doesn't supply much excitement. (7/21/80) (72nd Street East; through Aug. 14.)

Willie & Phil—With Michael Ontkean, Margot Kidder, and Ray Sharkey; directed by Paul Mazursky. (Baronet, and Little Carnegie; starting Aug. 15.)

Xanadu—A musical, with Olivia Newton-John, Gene Kelly, and Michael Beck, directed by Robert Greenwald. (Plaza, and Trans-Lux 85th St. . . . ¶ Criterion Center; through Aug. 21.)

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

OUR acquaintance whose daughter spent the winter in a trailer on top of a mountain in the Caribbean has passed on a short note from the daughter's friend Jim:

We are back on Cape Cod. Our bungalow is still standing, but the guy who was supposed to rent it during the winter never showed up, so all the pipes froze and burst. The place is pretty dry now, except under the rugs. The bad news here is they are bulldozing the woods next to us to build condos. The good news is our neighbor got cable TV. We tapped into his line, so we have it, too, except ours is free. I have a job on a fishing boat, hauling nets. We're catching around twelve thousand pounds of squid a day. The season only lasts about a month; then the blues chase the squid away. After that, we'll catch blues, bonito, and scup. Scup are all bones, and the bones get stuck in your hands like splinters. The squid gets shipped to Spain, Japan, and China. I tried it one day. We butterflied a squid and cooked it on the muffler of the boat's engine. I thought it was leathery.

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Walk

WHEN we heard that Paul Goldberger, the *Times*' architecture critic, was going to lead a walking tour on the upper East Side, we hastened to Books & Co., on Madison Avenue in the Seventies, where the tour was scheduled to start. We like tours organized by opinionated walkers, but, oddly, a year ago Mr. Goldberger himself prefaced his book "The City Observed: New York" with the observation "I have always hated organized walking tours—I always wanted to go off and look at something else that had caught my eye." Mr. Goldberger turned out to be a man of medium critical height, sparse hair, and an architectonic outlook. At 5 P.M., he huddled with about twenty-five people outside Books & Co., and said that our walk would cover only a few nearby blocks—a neighborhood "so rich architecturally that even a short loop should take forty-five minutes." He promised that he would "agree with what's in my book" (a borrowed copy of which he tucked under his arm) but "not necessarily duplicate what's in it," and that he would deal mostly with "urbanistic relationships—both good and bad."

On the corner of Seventy-fifth and Madison, within whispering distance of the Whitney, Mr. Goldberger said that the museum "raises several of the issues." The Whitney, Mr. Goldberger contended, is a building "not fully responsive" to the whole of which it is part. In fact, it is "self-consciously trying to display its virtuosity as a structure, saying, 'Wowie! Look at me!' " he said. "It shows the architect's desire to do a cartwheel in front of us."

We proceeded to Seventy-sixth and Madison, where Mr. Goldberger waved a hand toward the stolid mass of Sotheby Parke Bernet, on the west side of Madison—"a rather banal, very cold poured-concrete building," he called it. He went on to say, "It follows all the rules. This building is *terribly* respectful, and *very* boring." He turned for relief to the Carlyle, across the street, and put us through its architectural changes: "Jazz Gothic top, watered-down classicism at the bottom, sort of Georgian in between." (And Marian McPartland in the evening.) In The Book, he says it brings "a sense of life to a skyline too much defined by white-brick boxes."

He warmed to the variegated block of Seventy-sixth between Madison and Park—especially the mid-nineteenth-century apartment house at No. 55. "On the cusp of several different styles—néo-grecque, Italianate," he said. "A wonderfully disciplined building. The fire escape *enhances* the façade." Alas, the street ended with the sight of Lenox Hill Hospital. Mr. Goldberger urged us to behold "a pastiche." He then said, "The architects wanted more than anything else to design a Miami Beach hotel," and added that they came close with the flamingo-pink structure, which he considers an affront to "the sense of dignified mass that is Park Avenue."

Hard to believe, but "Park Avenue

was initially developed with *middle-class* houses," Mr. Goldberger explained. "It all began to change when the railroad tracks were covered and the rich began to accept the notion of multiple dwellings." According to The Book, "Park Avenue was a product created for (and largely by) a social class that did not value imagination. . . . The ambience is dignified and classy." He remarked now that the fairly subdued ornamentation derived from the fact that "none of the rich of Park Avenue would want to be caught dead looking like the Grand Concourse."

Another favorite area of Mr. Goldberger's lies around Seventy-eighth and Madison, which has "a reasonably dignified McKim, Mead & White building on the corner, a nice Georgian neighborhood bank, and a black-and-white sidewalk designed by Alexander Calder." Mr. Goldberger talks about buildings with great sympathy, as if they were people. After mentioning the "mix-and-match" methods of old-time architects, he brought us to a halt before the French neoclassical palace of James B. Duke, opposite Central Park at Seventy-eighth. "It feels awkward and out of place here on Fifth Avenue," he said. "It's a house that by its nature seems to want to be by itself, off alone in the country. The scale is absolutely awesome." Six modern high-rise stories would squeeze into Mr. Duke's two grandiose French stories.

The last building to catch Mr. Goldberger's eye was the Harkness House, on Fifth at Seventy-fifth. "Just about as big as the Duke House but more clearly designed for an urban site," he said. According to The Book, "The more responsible building urbanistically . . . this building wants to be on a tight city site, and for all its richness . . . it wants to defer to what is around it." After pointing out its "more skillful composition," he stated that "the comparison is more interesting than either of the houses alone."

We then strolled back to Books & Co. on the bouncing heels of Mr. Goldberger, who freely admits to a prejudice in favor of the walker. "New York is a city meant to be seen on foot," he said. "A city in which having the right pair of shoes is the equivalent of having the right kind of car in Los Angeles."

Amid the books, the co. chatted over wine and cheese and pressed for further Goldbergerian outings. With a smile but without a promise, the *Times'* critic, who seemed to relate urbanistically and well to both people and buildings, delivered his final opinion of the day: "Central Park West is the best street of big buildings in New York City."

The Early Horse

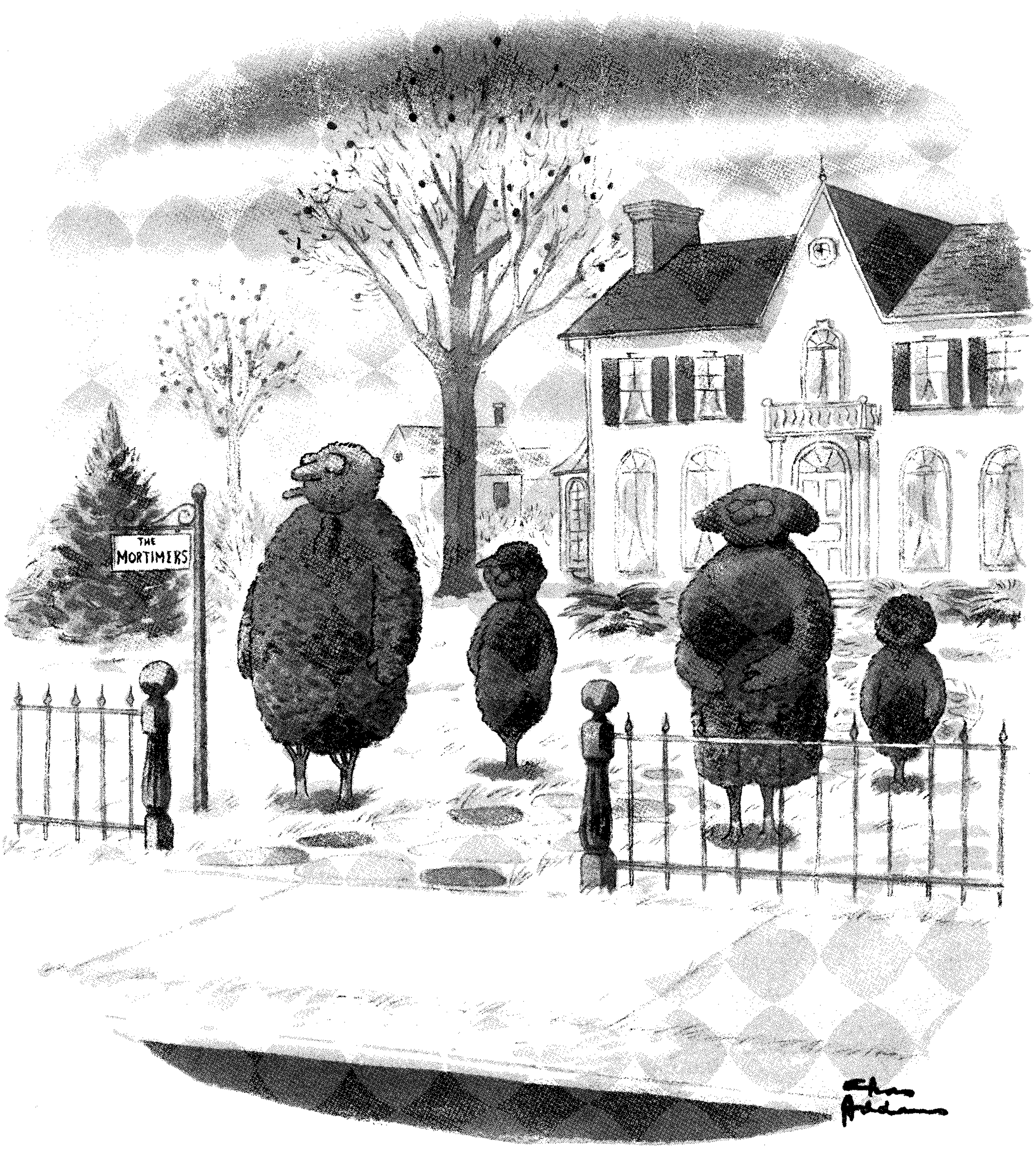
WE would like to offer a few facts about man's early association with the horse. They come from Mrs. Mary Aiken Littauer, of Syosset, Long Island. "She knows more about ancient horses and their trappings than anyone else I know," Dr. Mary Moore, a Hunter College professor of ancient art, told us a while back. At the time, we were engaged in conversation with Dr. Moore in the Metropolitan Museum's Department of Greek and Roman Art over some abstruse point connected with hippic figures on classical Attic vases. The information about Mrs. Littauer we filed away for use at a later moment, which is this one.

The other day, then, we called on Mrs. Littauer at her estate on the North Shore, where she lives with her husband, Vladimir, who was a professional cavalry officer in the army of Czar Nicholas II, and with four large, lively, and engaging dogs. Mrs. Littauer's interest in horses dates from childhood ownership of a cow pony in Nevada, where she went with her family each summer during the twenties. The interest was understandably strengthened by the background of her husband—he is the author of eight books on techniques of riding and training horses—who, moreover, encouraged her study in the field of her choice: the horse in ancient times. French and German, supplied by her education under a tutor and at a private secondary school, have been augmented, with her husband's aid, by some Russian, and this linguistic facility enables her to cope with most of the contents of a number of learned periodicals to which she subscribes. She is also in contact with a network of archeozoologists and allied scholars, here and abroad (including some in Eastern Europe), who keep one another informed of relevant discoveries and research. All these sources of information cause Mrs. Littauer to feel that few developments in her field have escaped her since she started her studies, some twenty years ago.

Marisabina

Our talk took place in Mrs. Littauer's study, whose furniture, including a fourposter bed, was in large part covered with illustrations and printed material about the early horse, the periodicals bearing such titles as *Antiquity* and *The Proceedings of the Prehistoric Society*. "In marked contrast to the situation that prevailed when I began," said Mrs. Littauer, an amiable, urbane woman with a crisp delivery, "we feel we can now pinpoint the place where the domestication of the horse first occurred. This was in the Ukraine, south of Kiev, near the lower Dnieper River, in a small settlement of pastoralists named Dereivka. It belongs to the Sredni Stog culture, a term that translates—charmingly, I think—into Middle Haystack. The name comes from another settlement, where the culture was first discovered. Over sixty per cent of the faunal remains at Dereivka are of the horse. The evidence is that the herds were kept as meat animals. I might add in passing that the horse was the last animal to be domesticated, the dog, the sheep or goat, cattle, and the pig having preceded it by millennia. The date of the finds at Dereivka is the second half of the fourth millennium B.C. That is fifty-five hundred years ago."

Mrs. Littauer continued, "Ancestors of these horses evolved from prototypes that originated long before, in the western regions of our own country. In time, they spread over most of the Northern Hemisphere—eventually, for some as yet unknown reason, disappearing completely from North America. Skeletal evidence shows that the Dereivka animals were domesticated. Measurements of the face, jaw, and braincase of a seven- or eight-year-old stallion found there are much closer to those of the horse of today than to those of a wild horse of that time. Also, remains of primitive bits



have been found—cheekpieces of the toggle variety, typical of this early gear. Rope or gut passed through holes in the cheekpieces and lay on what is called the bars—the convenient space between the incisors and molars on the horse's lower jaw. This arrangement would provide guidance and enable a man to ride and control the horse more easily. We believe that such riding occurred at Dereivka. Sometimes an even simpler system than this was employed by the American Indians when the horse was introduced here. Riding bareback, they controlled their mounts by using merely a rawhide thong, leg pressure, and body weight. Imitation of the horse's domestication at Dereivka spread, of course, to surrounding areas, in the well-known ripple effect. With this development, the horse became the partner of man."

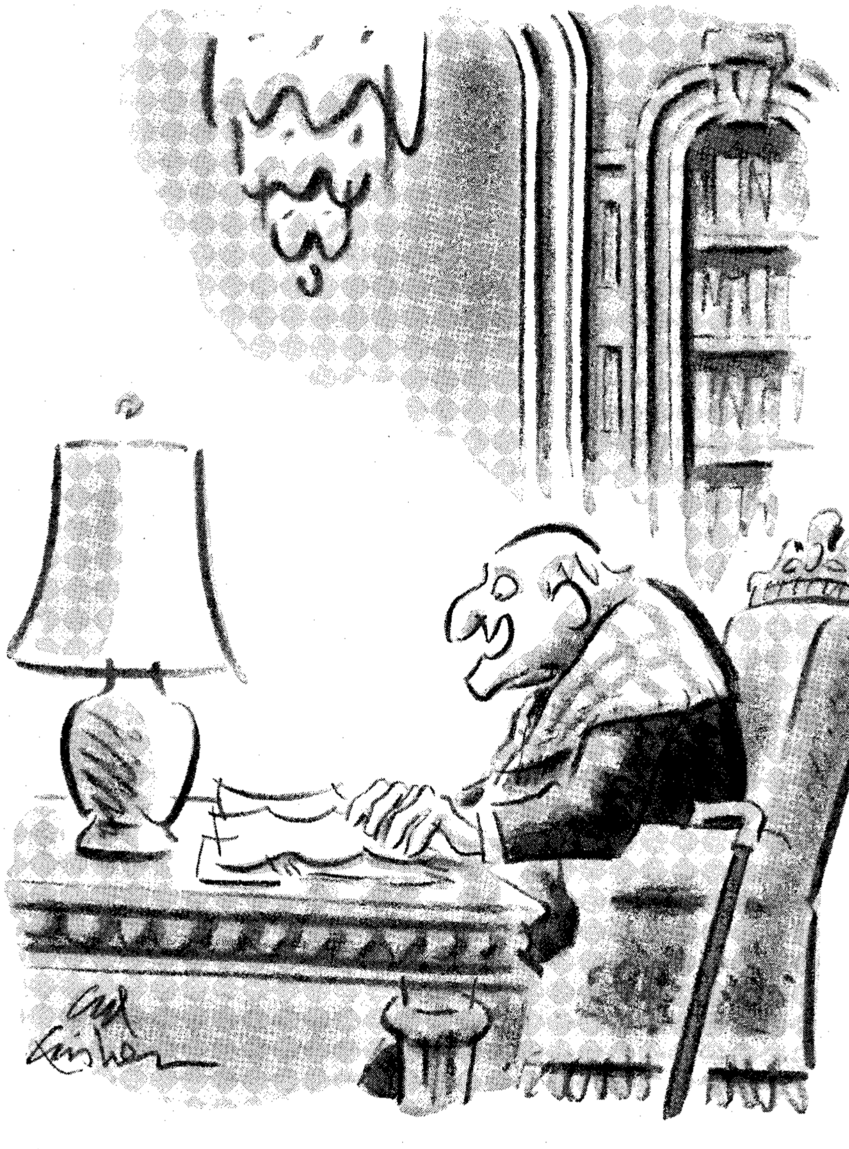
Writing started just before 3000 B.C., in Mesopotamia. A few centuries later, Mrs. Littauer told us, the horse was mentioned in the cuneiform characters. The horse, she believes, was brought there in trade from the north, following several hundred years of domestication. All horse traction up to Roman times, Mrs. Littauer said, was by paired teams under yoke, standing on either side of the draft pole, in imitation of the system used for oxen pulling a plow—an agrarian advance that began in Mesopotamia in the fifth millennium B.C., the rigid pole allowing the plowshare to run straight.

At this point, we were interrupted by four noisy and jubilant dogs—an Airedale, a Scottish deerhound, a German shepherd, and a mutt—which bounded into the study. Mrs. Littauer immediately scolded them and ejected them, and went on to say that horseback riding in Mesopotamia was first recorded on a small cylinder seal from the Akkadian dynasty of Babylonia, toward the end of the third millennium B.C. It showed a man perched on the rear of the horse's back—in distinct contrast to the seat of today's jockeys, at the base of the neck. "The ignorance existing only a few decades ago concerning the range of the early horse at that period is well illustrated by this story," Mrs. Littauer said. "A mold for a plaque which was made in Babylonia about 1900 B.C. and is now in the British Museum portrays a small horse with flowing mane, full tail, and small ears, carrying a rider. The authority who first described it, in 1930, said it showed a boy riding a large greyhound. It was thought at the time that there were no horses then in Babylonia."

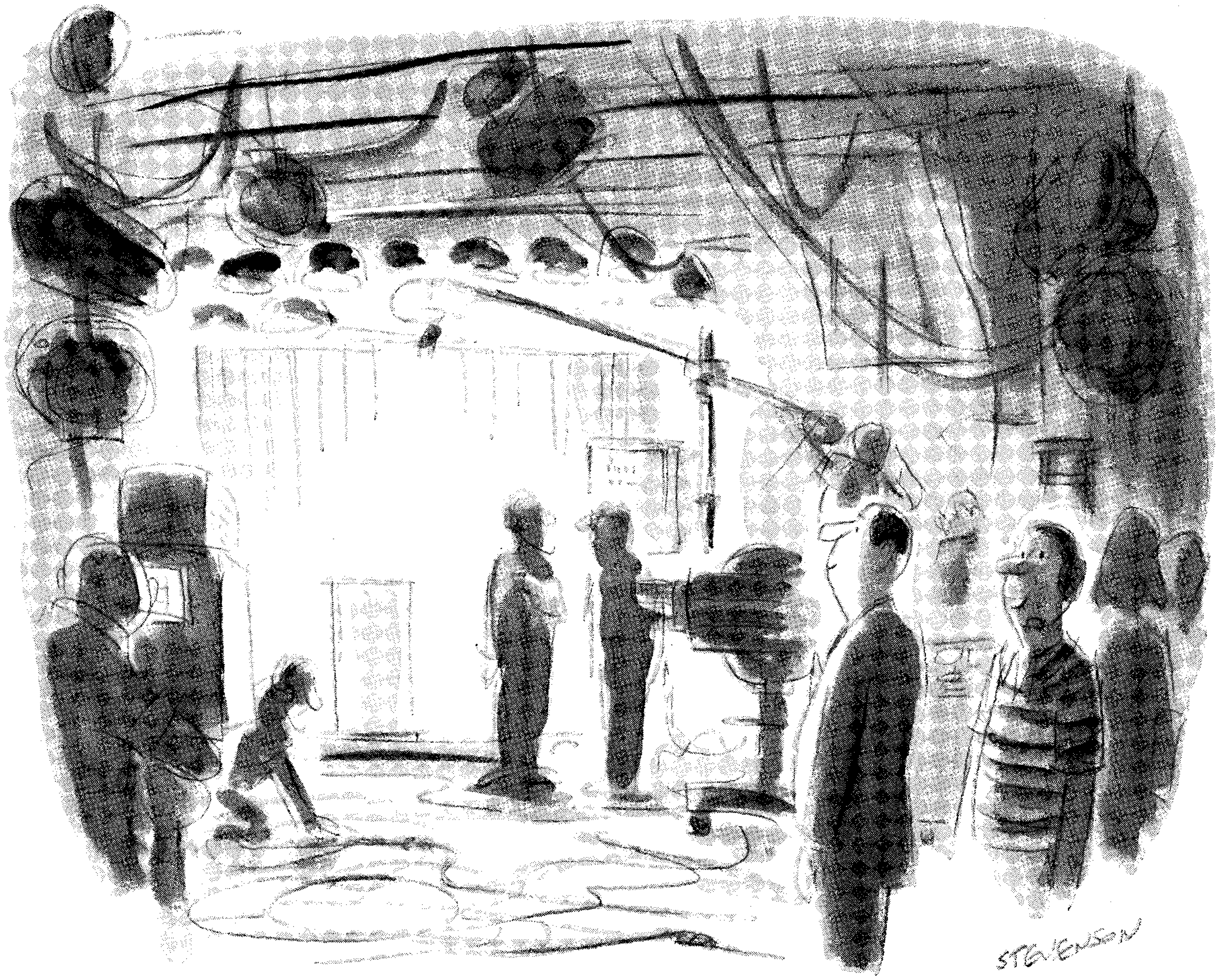
A two-wheeled chariot inscribed on a small scarab of the sixteenth century B.C. provides the first representation of the horse in Egypt. The engraving shows a pharaoh of the post-Hyksos period standing in the horse-drawn vehicle. Evidence of riders in this area comes approximately two centuries later, and they are shown with bow and arrows—probably acting as battlefield messengers during the conflict at Kadesh in the early thirteenth century B.C. The likenesses are engraved in low relief on Egyptian temple walls. Dating from about the same time are other low reliefs of riders and also some of fugitive charioteers, who are apparently escaping from battle. Because charioteers wore tight, ankle-length tunics of mail, they could not sit astride a horse; they are shown riding with both legs on one side of the animal, again far to the rear. The first depiction of riders using the normal mid-back seat of the equestrian of today shows up much later—in the eighth century B.C., in Assyrian palace reliefs representing the mounted troops of Sargon II, the Assyrian king. The troops are seated on pads, the forerunners of saddles.

In ancient Greece, which, according to Mrs. Littauer, was not good horse country, because it was arid, steep, and rocky, the earliest evidence of the animal is once again associated with chariots, the proof being crudely cut into three stone stelae of Grave Circle B at Mycenae, from the middle of the sixteenth century B.C. A badly damaged little terra-cotta figurine of a mounted man, also from Mycenae, and made around 1300 B.C., is, Mrs. Littauer thinks, the first known depiction of a Greek equestrian. He was riding, as was normal for the period, well to the back of his mount.

More than twenty articles on the early horse and its accoutrements bear Mrs. Littauer's name. Last year, she collaborated on a book, "Wheeled Vehicles and Ridden Animals in the Ancient Near East," with J. H. Crouwel, a faculty member of the University of Amsterdam, in the Netherlands. The two are at present doing research for another volume, tentatively scheduled for publication next year and to be entitled "The Chariots," for the Oxford University Press Tutankhamun Tomb Series. The six chariots found in Tutankhamun's tomb represent almost all the extant examples from ancient Egypt. (Only two other complete Egyptian chariots and one Egyptian chariot body are known.) The vehicles are in relatively excellent condition. Mrs. Littauer has examined them in the Egyptian Museum, in Cairo, and has read the material on them left by Howard Carter, the professional archeologist with Lord Carnarvon's expedition, which uncovered the tomb. Carter's copious notes, scale drawings, and photographs of the tomb contents fill an entire room of the Ashmolean Museum, at Oxford. An interesting point, Mrs. Littauer observed, is the unique and very complex construction of the chariot wheels. Wood was heat-bent into chevron form, and each of the spokes—there were six—was composed of two half spokes glued back-to-back lengthwise. The hub was formed by the heads of the chevrons, which had been cut out in slightly concave shapes. The whole was held together by glue and by rawhide, which was put on wet and shrank in drying to form a very tight binding material. The wheel received added strength from a rawhide tire, also put on when wet. "Mechanical engineers have told me that this construction allows formation of a



"Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything. But a fifty-one-per-cent controlling interest!"



"All ready to get up on the stump, Senator?"

• •

light, safe, durable wheel with a minimum number of spokes," Mrs. Littauer said. "Mr. Crouwel and I hope to find out if this is so."

Lunch Hour at the Battery

IN summer, a popular thing among the people who work for the big banks, law firms, and brokerage houses at the lower end of Manhattan is having lunch at the Battery. They buy a lo-cal plate at The Grocery Store on Broad Street or a sandwich at the Warehouse Deli nearby and stroll down to the water. Young women stroll along in pairs and trios. They take seats on a bench, smooth out their skirts, spread a napkin on their laps, lay a sandwich on top of it, and trade minor complaints. "I'm *supposed* to work for Celia, Kirk, Leland, Ruth, and Steve," we heard one of them say, "but all of a sudden I work for Hugh and Lyle, and this new guy, too."

Young, serious-looking, and well-groomed men, with picture-card identification badges clipped to their vests, talk sport.

"What about Sifton?" one asked his companion.

"Backhand good, forehand excellent, serve good, overhead strong, great reach. Could be tough."

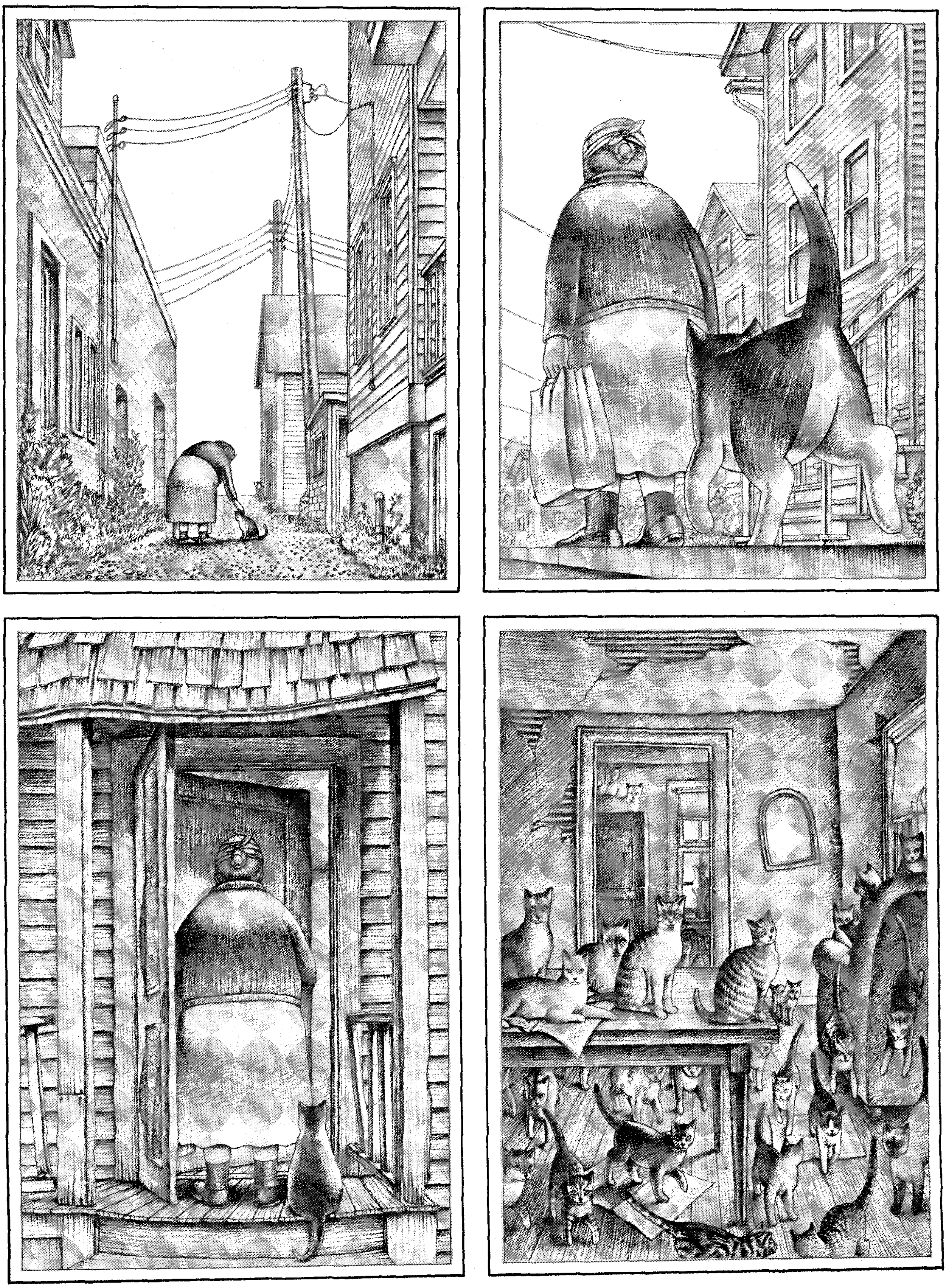
"Who's a dynamite player among the executives? Curran?"

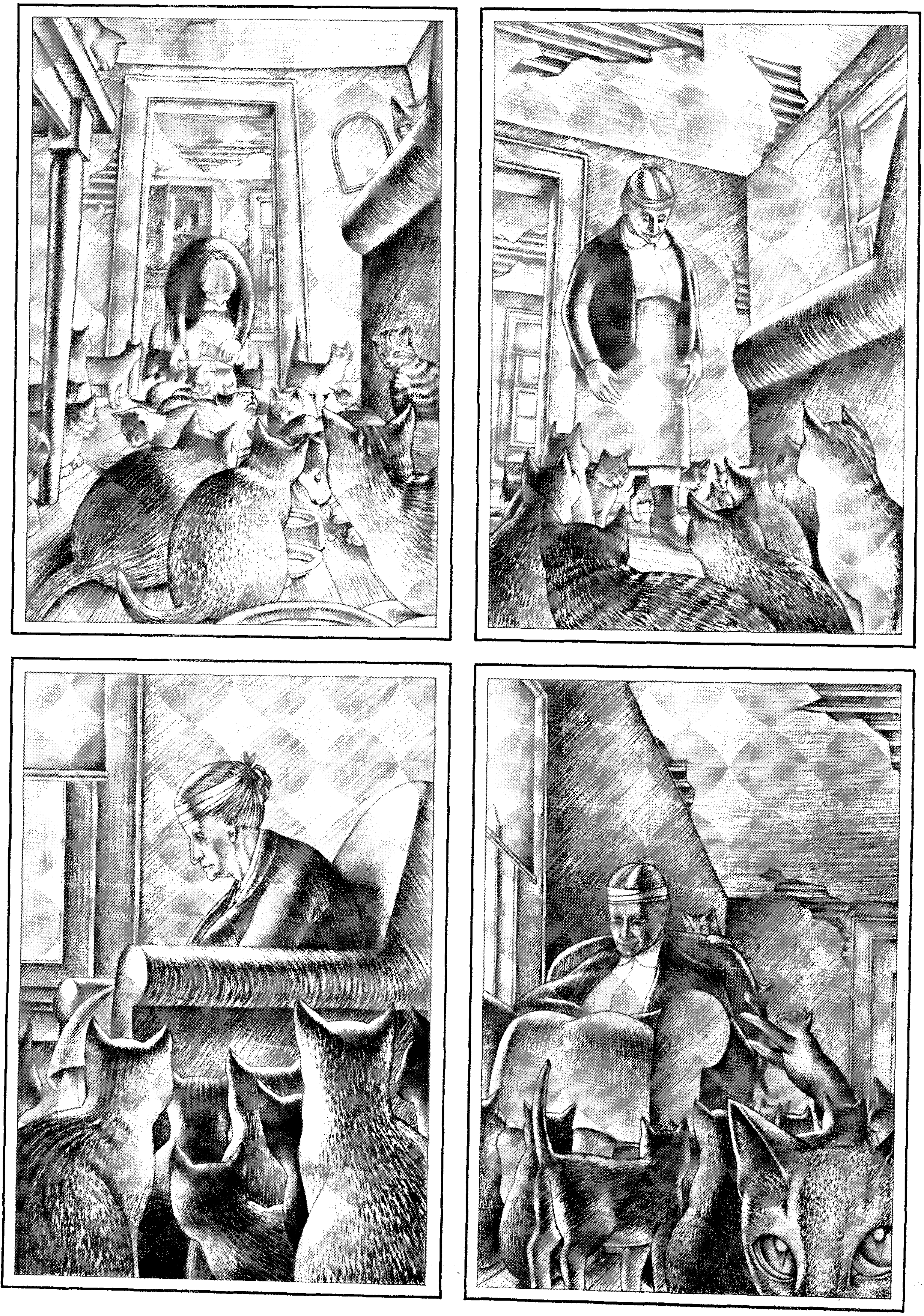
"Good, but not dynamite. Cosman, over at the Bank of America, is pretty good."

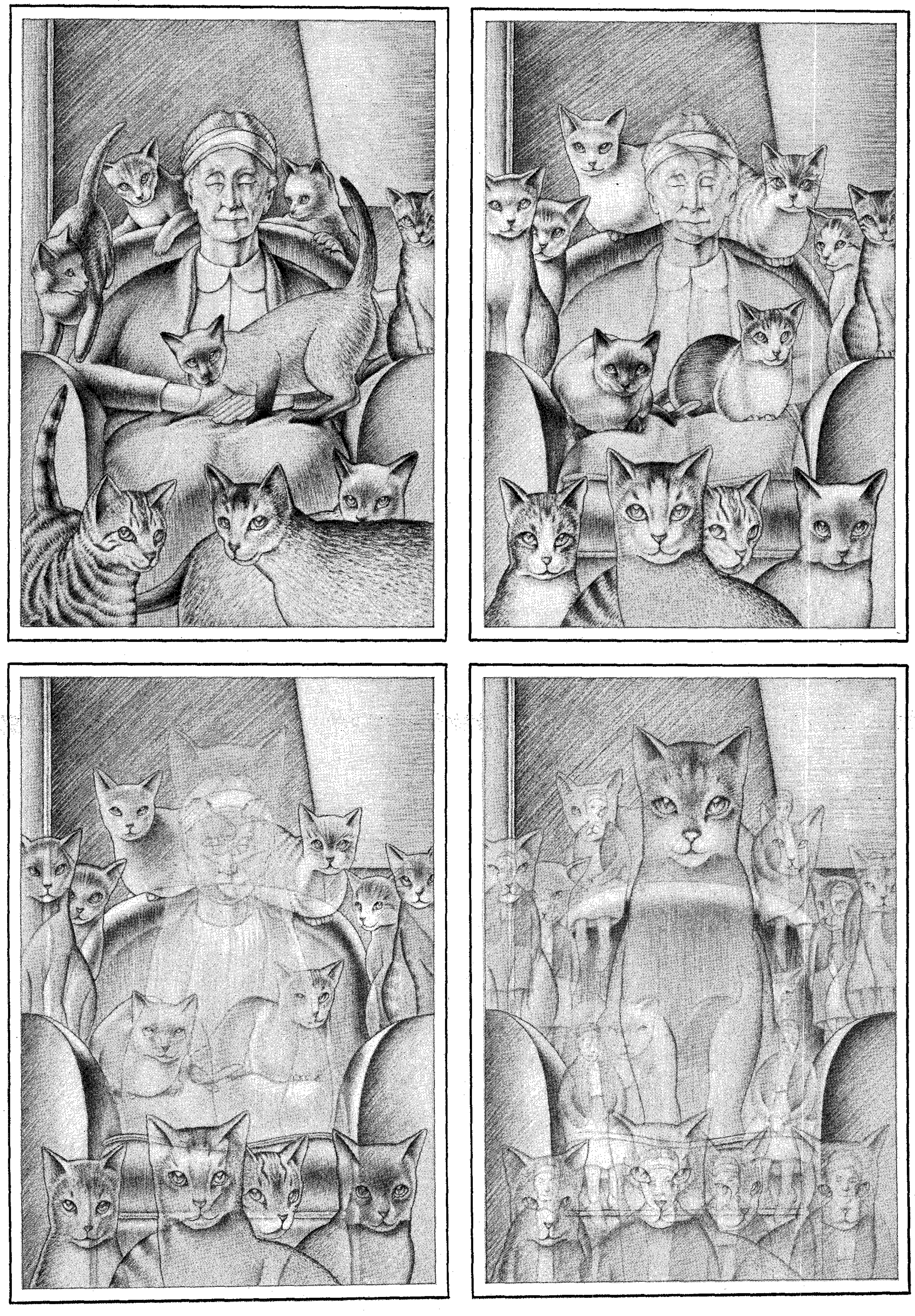
A lot of courting goes on. As it usually happens, a young man (who might be enrolled in a training program at one of the banks, or maybe has a minor but promising position with a law firm) has lunch with a girl he knows from work. Despite the crowd and the lack of privacy, these lunches often become intimate, and sometimes they take on a confessional tone. We heard one world-weary young banker in a tropical-weight pinstripe say, "I was down and out in San Francisco, living in some five-dollar-a-night hotel. I used to be on the stage, and all that."

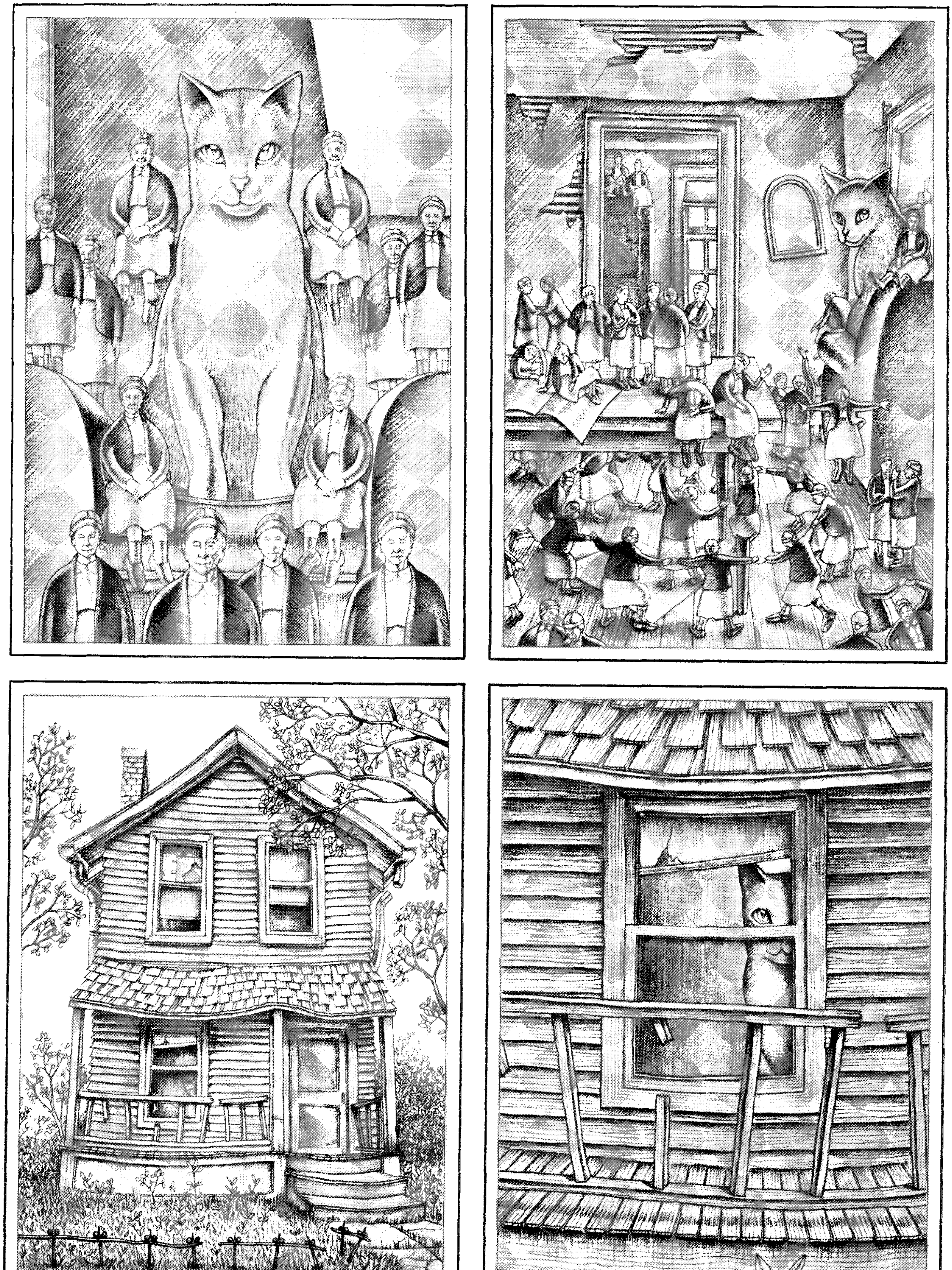
There is ordinarily a great deal of activity in the park, so just watching the crowd gives people eating alone something to do. We saw a man sitting with a handkerchief on top of his head to keep the sun off and a hand on the handkerchief to keep it from blowing away. An old man standing nearby, with one finger on his lip, stared contemplatively at the Staten Island Ferry, as if doubting, despite the evidence, that the whole idea of travel on water was possible. A clerky-looking young man walked by, his eyes narrowed and a someday-I'll-own-all-this expression on his face. A young woman in a red dress sat on a bench talking to a friend and leaning her head back from time to time to catch the sun. They seemed glad to be outside, and not in any hurry to get back to the office. When a young man they knew passed by and asked if they were ready to leave, the young woman in red declared, "Give our regards. We're not going back," and she and her friend both giggled.

THE CAT LADY








Anthony

THE ANGELS

“Rhinoceros” is a play by Eugene Ionesco during which people obsessed by a desire to be identical to one another gradually turn into rhinoceroses. Gabrielle and Michelle, two American girls, were doing an analysis of the play as part of a summer-school course for foreigners in a small town on the Riviera. They were the pets of Madame Raphael, their teacher, because they always kept their eyes on her and carefully wrote down her every word. She had given the two of them a special assignment: an oral report on the play for the next class meeting.

“I’m not so sure I understand what all those people turning into rhinoceroses is supposed to mean,” said Gabrielle.

“Think of it as a symbol,” Michelle told her.

“True,” said Gabrielle. “Literature is a system of signs.”

“And the rhinoceros is first and foremost a sign,” said Michelle.

“Yes, but even if we accept the fact that they turn into signs instead of rhinoceroses, how do they choose what signs to turn into?”

“Yes, well, that’s a problem,” said Michelle sadly. They were on their way back to the dormitory and walked awhile in silence.

Finally Gabrielle spoke up. “Do you think it could be a phallic symbol?”

“What?” asked Michelle.

“The horn,” answered Gabrielle.

“True,” said Michelle, but then she hesitated. “Only why do they *all* turn into phallic symbols—men *and* women?”

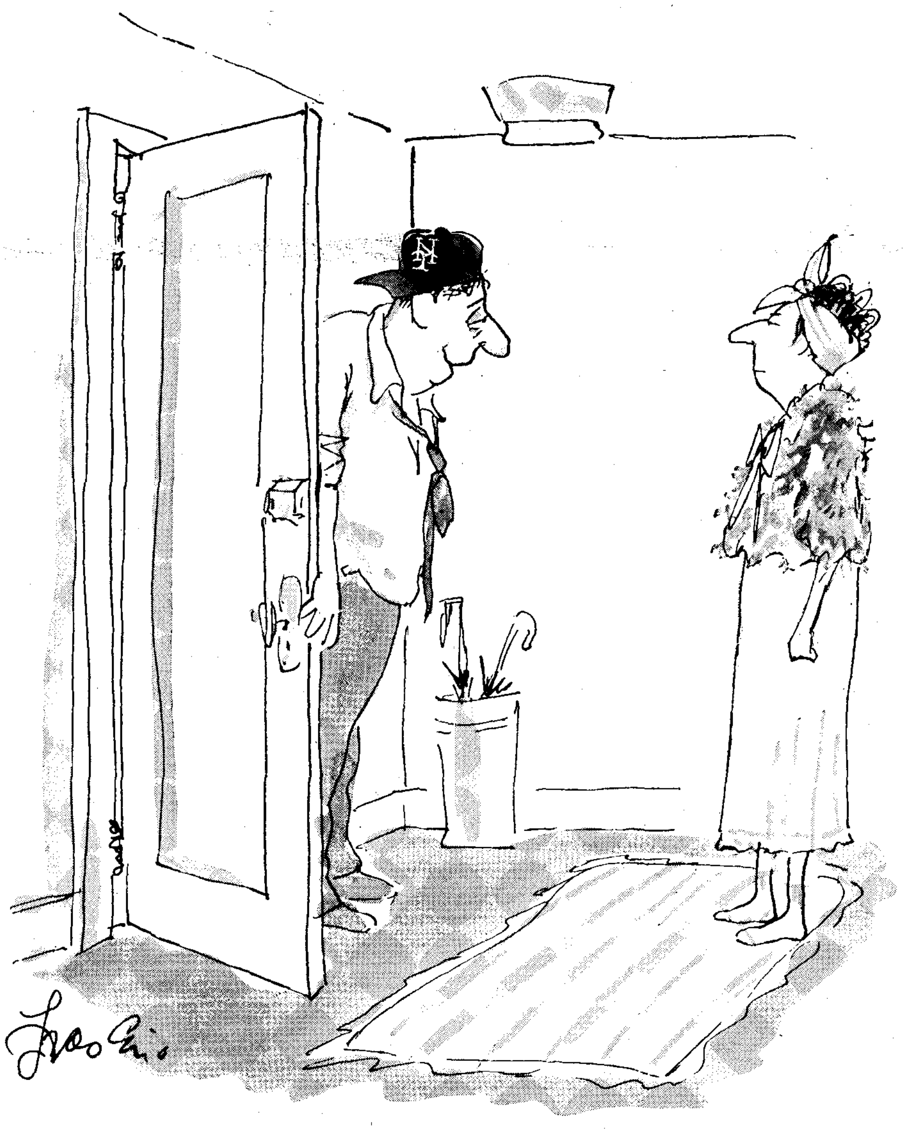
Again they trotted along in silence for a while.

“Something just occurred to me,” Michelle said suddenly.

“What?” asked Gabrielle, curious.

“Madame Raphael even hinted at it,” said Michelle, to pique Gabrielle’s curiosity even further.

“Well, what is it?” asked Gabrielle impatiently.



“Mets magic.”

“The author meant to create a comic effect!”

Gabrielle was so taken by her friend’s idea, so involved in what was going on in her friend’s head, that without realizing it she was walking more and more slowly. The two girls had nearly come to a halt.

“You mean the symbol of the rhinoceros is meant to create a comic effect?” she asked.

“Yes,” answered Michelle, smiling the proud smile of revelation.

The two girls looked at each other, enthralled by their own daring, and the corners of their mouths started twitching with pride. Then suddenly they let out short, shrill, breathy sounds very difficult to describe in words.

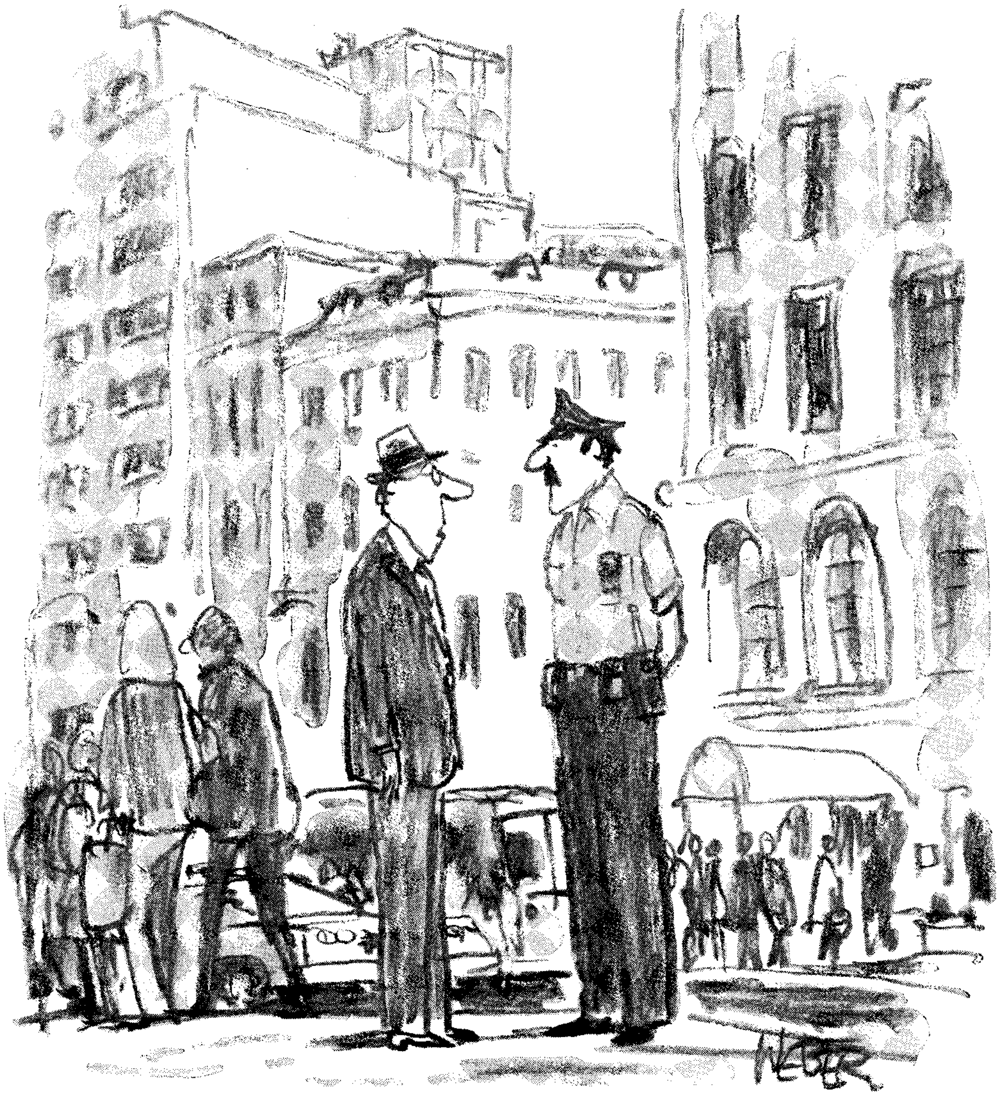
LAUGHTER? *Does anyone ever care about laughter? I mean real laughter—beyond joking, jeering, ridicule. Laughter—delight unbounded, delight delectable, delight of delights . . .*

I said to my sister or she said to me, Come, let’s play laughter together. We stretched out side by side on the bed and started in. At first we just made believe, of course. Forced laughs. Laughable laughs. Laughs so laughable they made us laugh. Then it came—real laughter, total laughter—sweeping us off in unbounded effusion. Bursts of laughter, laughter rehashed, jostled laughter, laughter unchained, magnificent laughter, sumptuous and wild. . . . And we laughed to the infinity of the laughter of our laughs. . . . O laughter! Laughter of delight, delight of laughter. Laughing deeply is living deeply.

I cite this text from a book called “Woman’s Word.” It was written in 1974 by one of those passionate feminists who have made their mark on our times. It is a mystical manifesto of joy. After denigrating sexual desire in the male, which, dependent on the transitory nature of the erection, is fatally betrothed to violence, annihilation, and doom, the author extolls its positive antipode: female joy, pleasure, delight (as expressed by the French word *jouissance*), which is soothing, ubiquitous, and uninterrupted. A woman who has managed to remain true to her inner self takes pleasure in everything: *eating, drinking, urinating, defecating, touching, hearing, or just plain being.* This enumeration of sensual delights runs through the book like a litany. *Living is happiness. Seeing, hearing, touching, drinking, eating, urinating, defecating, diving into water and watching the sky, laughing and crying.* And if intercourse is beautiful, it is beautiful because it is the sum of all the individual sensual delights: *touch, sight, hearing, speech, and smell, as well as drinking, eating, defecating, meeting, and dancing.* Suckling is a delight, giving birth a delight, menstruating a delight, that *mild, almost sweet flow of blood, that tepid saliva of the stomach, that mysterious milk, that pain with the burning taste of happiness.*

Only an imbecile could make fun of this manifesto of delight. Mysticism and exaggeration go together. A mystic must not fear ridicule if he is to push all the way to the limits of humility or the limits of delight. St. Theresa smiled through her agony, and St. Annie Leclerc (for that is the name of the author whose book I have been quoting) claims that death is an integral part of joy which only men are afraid of, miserably dependent as they are on *their petty egos and petty power.*

The sound of laughter is like the vaulted dome of a temple of happiness, *that delectable trance of happiness, that ultimate peak of delight. Laughter of delight, delight of laughter.* There is no doubt: this laughter goes *beyond joking, jeering, ridicule.* The two sisters stretched out on their bed are not laughing at anything concrete. Their laughter has no object; it is an expression of being rejoicing at being. Just as by moaning a man chains himself to the immediate present of his suffering body (and lies completely outside past and future), so in this ecstatic laughter man loses all memory, all desire, cries out to the immediate present of the world, and needs no other knowledge.



"Did you happen to see a largish woman in a pink flowered dress with a look of disgust on her face pass by?"

You are no doubt familiar with the scene in B movies in which a boy and a girl are running through a spring (or summer) landscape holding hands. Running, running, running, and laughing. By laughing, the lovers are telling the whole world, all movie audiences everywhere, "See how happy we are, how glad to be alive, how perfectly attuned to the great chain of being!" It is a silly scene, a kitschy scene, but it does contain one of the most basic human situations: *real laughter—beyond joking.*

All churches, all underwear manufacturers, all generals, all political parties have that laughter in common; they all use the image of those two laughing lovers in the publicity for their religion, their product, their ideology, their nation, their sex, their dishwashing detergent.

And that is the laugh Michelle and Gabrielle are laughing as they emerge from a stationery store holding hands and swinging little packages of colored paper, glue, and rubber bands in their free hands.

"Madame Raphael will love it," says Gabrielle. "Just you wait." And she lets out a shrill, breathy sound. Michelle expresses agreement and responds with same.

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SOON after the Russians occupied my country in 1968, I (like thousands and thousands of other Czechs) lost the privilege of working. No one was allowed to hire me. At about that time some young friends started paying me regular visits. They were so young that the Russians did not have them on their lists yet and they could remain in editorial offices, schools, and film studios. These fine young friends, whom I will never betray, suggested I use their names as a cover for writing radio and television scripts, plays, articles, columns, film treatments—anything to earn a living. I accepted a few of their offers, but most I turned down. I couldn't have got to them all, for one thing, and then, too, it was dangerous. Not for me—for them. The secret police wanted to starve us out, cut off all means of support, force us to capitulate and make public confessions. They kept their eyes out for every pitiful escape route we used to avoid encirclement, and they would mete out severe punishments to the friends who gave me their names.

One of those generous donors was a girl by the name of R. (In her case, everything has since come out into the open, so I have nothing to hide.) Shy, delicate, and intelligent, she was an editor of an illustrated weekly for young people, with a huge circulation. Since at that time the magazine was obliged to print an incredible amount of undigested political claptrap glorifying our brothers the Russians, the editors were constantly looking for something to attract the attention of the crowd. Finally they decided to make an exception and violate the purity of Marxist ideology with an astrology column.

During those years of excommunication I wrote several hundred horoscopes. If the great Jaroslav Hašek could be a dog merchant (he sold many stolen dogs and charged top pedigree prices for many mutts), I might as well be an astrologer. Parisian friends had once given me a whole series of books by the French astrologer André Barbault, whose name on the front pages was adorned by the proud title Vice-Président du Centre International d'Astrologie. Right underneath, disguising my handwriting, I wrote, "*À Milan Kundera avec admiration, André Barbault*," and, leaving the books thus dedicated lying around unobtrusively on my desk, I would tell my wide-eyed Prague clientele by way of explanation that I had once served as Barbault's assistant for several months in Paris.

When R. asked me to do an astrology column for her magazine under a pseudonym, I was delighted, of course, and I instructed her to explain to the editorial board that the texts would be written by an important nuclear physicist who had requested her not to divulge his name for fear his colleagues would laugh at him. That seemed to give our undertaking a double cover: a nonexistent scientist and his pseudonym.

Which is how, under an assumed name, I came to write a fine, long introductory article on astrology and short, rather silly monthly texts for individual signs, accompanying the latter with my own drawings of Taurus, Aries, Virgo, Pisces. The pay was miserable, the job itself not particularly amusing or remarkable. The only amusing part of it was my existence, the existence of a man erased from history, literary reference books, even the telephone book—a corpse brought back to life in the amazing reincarnation of a preacher sermonizing hundreds of thousands of young socialists on the great truths of astrology.

One day R. announced to me that the editor-in-chief was all excited about his astrologer and wanted a personal horoscope from him. That fascinated me. The editor-in-chief owed his job at the magazine entirely to the Russians. He had spent half his life taking Marxism-Leninism courses in Prague and Moscow both!

"He was a little ashamed to tell me," said R., laughing. "He certainly wouldn't want it to get around that he believed in medieval superstitions or anything. He just can't help himself."

SUMMER AFTERNOONS AND HYPNOSIS

Lulled by stream-murmur and the afternoon's hypnosis
Of summer, guarded by willow shade while the sun
Westward inclines, you lie. The far world's only voice is
The muted music of sheep bells, one by one,

Threading the infinite distance of sunlight and languor.
Yes, lulled thus, your life achieves its honesty,
In which love, hate, lust, courage, cowardice, and anger,
With truth at last from lies torn, emerge from the shadowy

Mist of Time and sequence to seek in Timelessness
Each its lonely and naked reality, and your heart,
Bemused as though in a mirror's icy duress,
Seems to suspend its stroke, and your dry lips part

In a whisper of slow appallment to ask, "Was this
The life that all those years I lived, and did not know?"
Do you really think now the sun frozen motionless?
Do you really think the stream no longer can flow?

But the heart again strikes, and the world resumes its nature,
And Time swirls back in a tide more sousing than Fundy,
And what man has endured he can endure,
And the shadow of that tall pine names night, and by

The moment it touches that mossed stone yonder, you will have roused
Yourself to yourself, and set foot to the mile
That leads to the roof whereunder you find enhoused
The mystery of love's redeeming smile.

—Robert Penn Warren

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"Fine, fine," I said. I was happy. I knew the man well. Besides being R.'s boss, he was a member of the highest Party committee dealing with hiring and firing, and he had ruined the lives of many of my friends.

"He wants complete anonymity. All I'm supposed to give you is his date of birth. You have no idea who he is."

"Even better." That was just what I wanted to hear.

"He says he'll give you a hundred crowns."

"A hundred crowns?" I laughed. "Who does he take me for, the cheapskate!"

He sent me a thousand crowns. I filled ten pages with a description of his character and a chronicle of his past (about which I was quite well informed) and future. I spent a whole week on the opus and consulted regularly with R. After all, a horoscope can greatly influence, even dictate, the way people act. It can recommend that they do certain things, warn them against doing others, and bring them to their knees by hinting at future disasters.

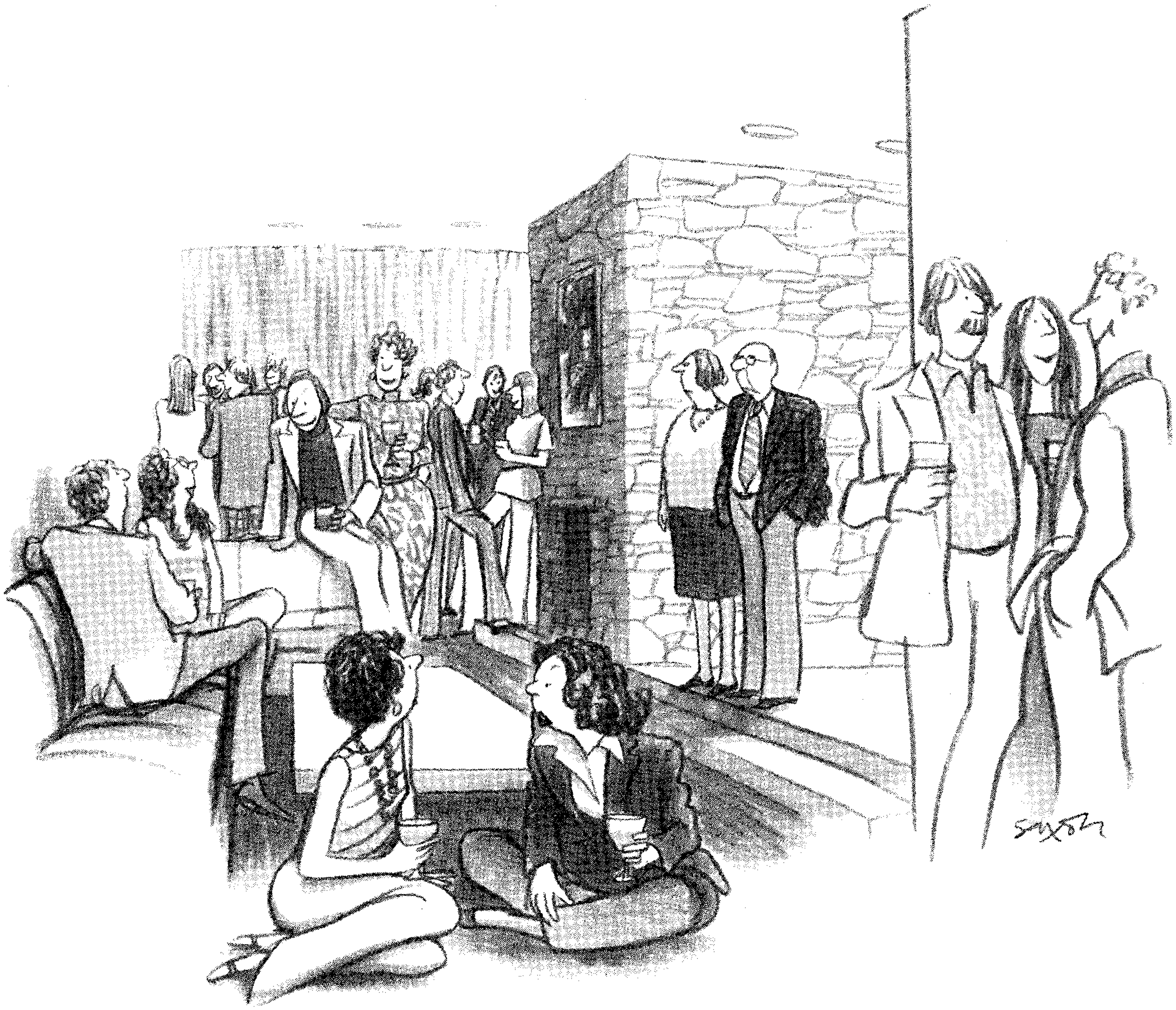
R. and I had a good laugh over it later. She claimed he had improved. He yelled less. He had begun to have qualms about his hardheadedness—his horoscope warned against it. He made as much as he could of the speck of kindness left in him, and staring out into nothingness, his eyes showed signs of sadness—the sadness of a man who has come to realize that the stars hold nothing in store for him but suffering.

On Two Kinds of Laughter

Those who consider the Devil a partisan of Evil and angels warriors for Good accept the demagogy of the angels. Things are clearly more complicated.

Angels are partisans not of Good but of divine creation. The Devil, on the other hand, denies all rational meaning to God's world.

World domination, as everyone



"Those are the Fletcher Braithwaites. They've been living here on Woods End Road for thirty-eight years. It's simply ***incredible*** *the way this town has changed in the last thirty-eight years. You wouldn't* ***believe*** *how beautiful and charming it used to be."*

• •

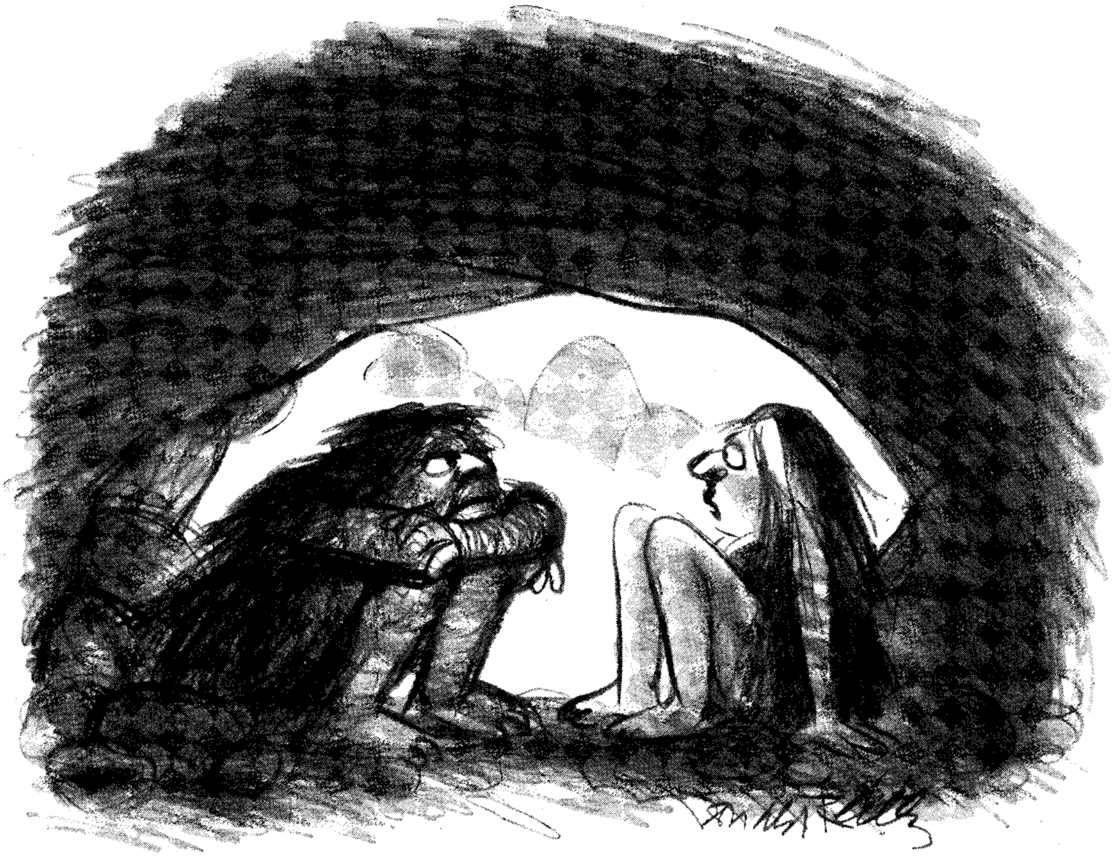
knows, is divided between demons and angels. But the good of the world does not require the latter to gain precedence over the former (as I thought when I was young); all it needs is a certain equilibrium of power. If there is too much uncontested meaning on earth (the reign of the angels), man collapses under the burden; if the world loses all its meaning (the reign of the demons), life is every bit as impossible.

Things deprived suddenly of their putative meaning, the place assigned them in the ostensible order of things (a Moscow-trained Marxist who believes in horoscopes), make us laugh. Initially, therefore, laughter is the province of the Devil. It has a certain malice to it (things have turned out differently from the way they tried to seem) but a certain beneficent relief as well (things are looser than they seemed, we have greater latitude in living with them, their gravity does not oppress us).

The first time an angel heard the Devil's laughter, he was horrified. It was in the middle of a feast, with a lot of people around, and one after the other they joined in the Devil's laughter. It was terribly contagious. The angel was all too aware that the laughter was aimed against God and the wonder of His works. He knew he had to act fast, but felt weak and defenseless. And, unable to fabricate anything of his own, he simply turned his enemy's tactics against him. He opened his mouth and let out a wobbly, breathy sound in the upper reaches of his vocal register (much like the sound Gabrielle and Michelle produced in the streets of the little town on the Riviera) and endowed it with the opposite meaning. Whereas the Devil's laughter pointed up the meaninglessness of things, the angel's shout rejoiced in how rationally organized, well conceived, beautiful, good, and sensible everything on earth was.

There they stood, Devil and angel, face to face, mouths open, both making more or less the same sound but each expressing himself in a unique timbre—absolute opposites. And seeing the laughing angel, the Devil laughed all the harder, all the louder, all the more openly, because the laughing angel was infinitely laughable.

Laughable laughter is cataclysmic. Even so, the angels have gained something by it. They have tricked us all with their semantic hoax. Their imitation laughter and its original (the Devil's) have the same name. People



"I'm sick of earth tones."

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nowadays do not even realize that one and the same external phenomenon embraces two completely contradictory internal attitudes. There are two kinds of laughter, and we lack the words to distinguish them.

A WEEKLY news magazine once ran a picture of a row of uniformed men shouldering guns and sporting helmets with Plexiglas visors. They are looking in the direction of a group of young people wearing T-shirts and jeans and holding hands and dancing in a circle.

It is obviously the lull immediately preceding a clash with the police, who are guarding a nuclear power plant, a military training camp, the headquarters of a political party, or the windows of an embassy. The young people have taken advantage of this dead time to make a circle and take two steps in place, one step forward, lift first one leg, then the other—all to a simple folk melody.

I think I understand them. They feel that the circle they describe on the ground is a magic circle bonding them into a ring. Their hearts are overflowing with an intense feeling of innocence: they are not united by a *march*, like soldiers or Fascist commandos; they are united by a *dance*, like children. And they can't wait to spit their innocence in the cops' faces.

That is the way the photographer saw them, too, and he highlighted his view with eloquent contrasts: on the one side the police in the false (imposed, decreed) unity of their ranks, on the other side the young people in the real (sincere, organic) unity of their circle; on the one side the police in the *gloom* of their ambush, on the other the young people in the *joy* of their play.

Circle dancing is magic. It speaks to us through the millennia from the depths of human memory. Madame Raphael had cut the picture out of the magazine and would stare at it and dream. She, too, longed to dance in a ring. All her life she had looked for a group of people she could hold hands with and dance with in a ring. First she looked for them in the Methodist Church (her father was a religious fanatic), then in the Communist Party, then among the Trotskyites, then in the anti-abortion movement (A child has a right to life!), then in the pro-abortion movement (A woman has a right to her body!); she looked for them among the Marxists, the psychoanalysts, and the structuralists; she looked for them in Lenin, Zen Buddhism, Mao Tse-tung, yogis, the *nouveau roman*, Brechtian theatre, the theatre of panic; and finally she hoped she could at least become one with her students, which meant she always forced them to think and say exactly what she thought and said, and together they formed a single body and a single soul, a single ring and a single dance.

Her two American students were in their dormitory room poring over the text of Ionesco's "Rhinoceros." Michelle was reading aloud:

"LOGICIAN (*to the Old Man*): Take a sheet of paper and do the following problem. If we take six paws from two cats, how many paws does each cat have left? . . .

"OLD MAN (*to the Logician*): There are several possible solutions. . . . One cat may have four paws, the other two. . . . There may be one cat with five paws . . . and another with one. . . . If we take two paws away from eight . . . we may have one cat with six paws . . . and one without any paws at all."

"I don't see how anybody could cut off a cat's paws," said Michelle, interrupting her own reading. "Do you think *he* could?"

"Michelle!" Gabrielle said loudly.

"And how could one cat have six paws?"

"Michelle!" Gabrielle said again.

"What?" asked Michelle.

"Have you forgotten so soon? You're the one who said it!"

"What?" asked Michelle again.

"The dialogue is meant to create a comic effect."

"Oh, that's right," said Michelle, giving Gabrielle a happy look. The two girls looked into each other's eyes, then the corners of their mouths began twitching with pride, and finally they let out a short, breathy sound in the upper reaches of their vocal registers. And then another one of those sounds, and still another.

Forced laughs. Laughable laughs. Laughs so laughable they made them laugh. Then it came—real laughter, total laughter—sweeping them off in its unbounded effusion. Bursts of laughter, laughter rehashed, jostled laughter, laughter unchained, magnificent laughter, sumptuous and wild. . . .

And they laughed to the infinity of the laughter of their laughs. . . . O laughter! Laughter of delight, delight of laughter.

Meanwhile, Madame Raphael roamed the streets of that little town on the Riviera, utterly alone. Suddenly she raised her head, as if sensing a sliver of melody on the wings of a breeze, a fragrance from far-off lands. She stopped and in the depths of her soul heard the rebellious scream of a void yearning to be filled. She felt that somewhere nearby a flame of great laughter was flickering and perhaps somewhere not far off a group of people were holding hands and dancing in a ring.

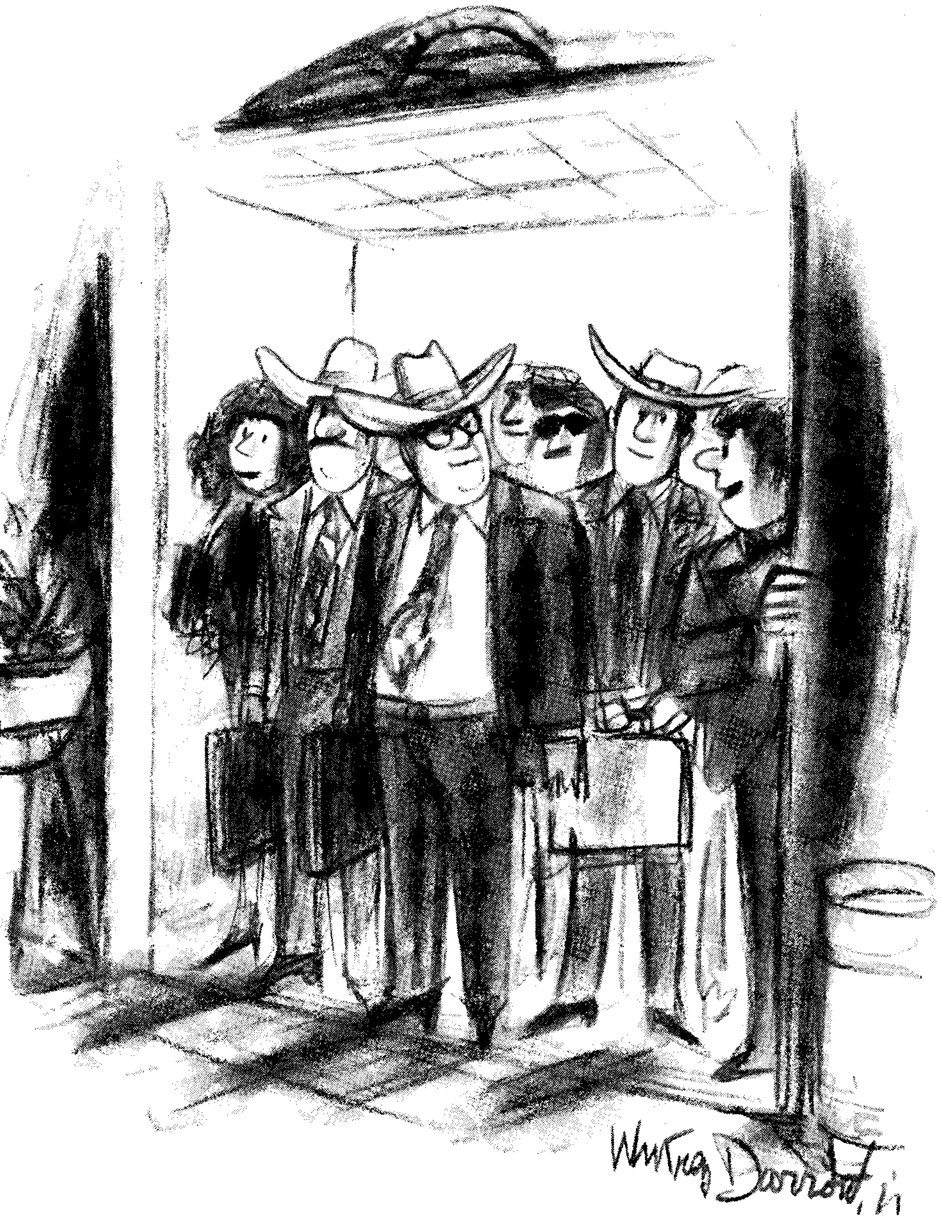
She stood there for a while, looking around nervously. Then the secret music suddenly disappeared (Michelle and Gabrielle had suddenly stopped laughing; all at once their faces fell at the thought of an empty night, without love), and Madame Raphael, strangely restless and on edge, made her way home through the warm streets of the small town on the Riviera.

I TOO once danced in a ring. It was in the spring of 1948. The Communists had just taken power in my country, Socialist and Christian Democrat ministers had fled abroad, and I took other Communist students by the hand, I put my arms around their shoulders, and we took two steps in place, one step forward, lifted first one leg, then the other, and we did it just about every month, there being always something to celebrate—an anniversary here, a special event there. Old wrongs were righted, new wrongs perpetrated, factories were nationalized, thousands of people went to jail, medical care became free of charge, small shopkeepers lost their shops, aged workers took their first vacations ever in confiscated country houses, and we smiled the smile of happiness. Then one day I said something I would better have left unsaid. I was expelled from the Party and had to leave the circle.

That is when I became aware of the magic qualities of the circle. Leave a row and you can always go back to it. The row is an open formation. But once a circle closes, there is no return. It is no accident that planets move in a circle and when a stone breaks loose from one of them it is drawn inexorably away by centrifugal force. Like a meteorite broken loose from a planet, I too fell from the circle, and have been falling ever since. Some people remain in the circle until they die, others smash to pieces at the end of a long fall. The latter (my group) always retain a muted nostalgia for the circle dance. After all, we are every one of us inhabitants of a universe where everything turns in circles.

At one or another of those anniversaries of God knows what, the streets of Prague were once again crowded with young people dancing in rings. I wandered from one to the next, stood up as close as I could to them, but I was forbidden entrance. It was June, 1950, the day after Milada Horáková was hanged. She had been a National Assembly representative of the Socialist Party, and a Communist court had charged her with plotting to overthrow the state. She was hanged, together with Záviš Kalandra, Czech Surrealist and friend to André Breton and Paul Éluard. And, knowing full well that the day before in their fair city one woman and one Surrealist had been hanged by the neck, the young Czechs went on dancing and dancing, and they danced all the more frantically because their dance was the manifestation of their innocence, the purity that shone forth so brilliantly against the black villainy of the two public enemies who had betrayed the people and its hopes.

André Breton did not believe that Kalandra had betrayed the people and its hopes, and called on Éluard (in an open letter written in Paris on June 13, 1950) to protest the absurd accusation and try to save their old Prague friend. But Éluard was too busy dancing in the gigantic ring encircling Paris, Moscow, Warsaw, Prague, Sofia, and Athens, encircling all the socialist countries and all the Communist parties of the world; too busy reciting his beautiful poems about joy and brotherhood. After reading Breton's letter, Éluard took two steps in place, one step forward, and shook his head, re-



"Ground floor, gentlemen. Happy trails."

fusing to stand up for a man who had betrayed the people (in the June 19, 1950, issue of the magazine *Action*), and instead recited in a metallic voice:

> *We shall fill innocence*
> *With the strength we have*
> *So long been lacking*
> *We shall never again be alone.*

And as I walked through the streets of Prague, passing rings of laughing, dancing Czechs, I knew I belonged to Kalandra, not to them; to Kalandra, who had also broken away from the circular trajectory and fallen, fallen, fallen right into a convict's coffin. But even though I did not belong to them, I could not help looking on with envy and nostalgia; I could not take my eyes off them. And that is when I saw him, right in front of me!

He had his arms around their shoulders and was singing those two or three simple notes and lifting first one leg, then the other. Yes, there was no doubt about it. The toast of Prague. Paul Éluard! And suddenly the people he was dancing with stopped singing and went on with their movements in absolute silence while he intoned one of his poems to the rhythm of their feet:

> *We shall flee rest we shall flee sleep*
> *We shall outstrip dawn and spring*
> *And we shall fashion days and seasons*
> *To the measure of our dreams.*

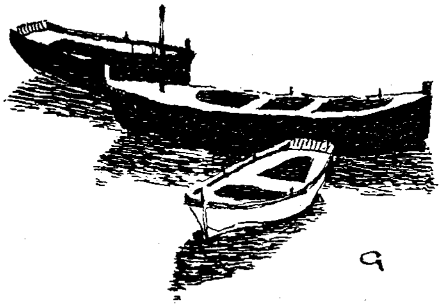
And then suddenly they were all singing the three or four simple notes again, speeding up the steps of their dance, fleeing rest and sleep, outstripping time, and filling their innocence with strength. Everyone was smiling, and Éluard leaned down to a girl he had his arm around and said,

> *A man possessed by peace never stops smiling.*

And she laughed and stamped the ground a little harder and rose a few inches above the pavement, pulling the others along with her, and before long not one of them was touching the ground, they were taking two steps in place and one step forward without touching the ground, yes, they were rising up over Wenceslaus Square, their ring the very image of a giant wreath taking flight, and down on the ground I ran off after them, I kept looking up at them, and they floated on, lifting first one leg, then the other, and down below—Prague with its cafés full of poets and its jails full of traitors, and in the crematorium they were just finishing off one Socialist representative and one Surrealist, and the smoke climbed to the heavens like a good omen, and I heard Éluard's metallic voice intoning,

> *Love is at work it is tireless.*

and I ran after that voice through the streets in the hope of keeping up with that wonderful wreath of bodies rising above the city, and I realized with anguish in my heart that they were flying like birds and I was falling like a stone, that they had wings and I would never have any.



EIGHTEEN years after his execution Kalandra was completely rehabilitated, but several months later Russian tanks invaded Bohemia, and right away there were tens of thousands of new people charged with betraying the people and its hopes, the minority was jailed, the majority thrown out of work, and two years later (in other words, exactly twenty years after Éluard rose up over Wenceslaus Square) one of the newly accused (myself) was writing an astrology column for an illustrated weekly aimed at Czech youth. A year after my article on Sagittarius (which sets the date at December, 1971) a young man I didn't know came to see me. He handed me an envelope without saying

---

THE FLOATING CANDLES

(For My Brother Mahlon)

You lit a firebrand:
old pine was best.
It lasted, the black
pitch fume cast odors
that—kindling a campfire
or such—today
can bring tears. You held
the torch to one dwarf
candle stub, then another,
and others, till each
greased cup filled up
and the stiff wicks stood.
Ten minutes a candle,
but you were young
and minutes seemed long
as the whole vacation.
We chafed and quarrelled.
The colors bled
like hues in jewels.
At last we carried
a tub of the things
down the path to the Swamp
Creek pond through seed-
heavy meadows where katydids
whined like wires
in mid-August air's
dense atmosphere.
An hour before bedtime:
reluctant grownups
would trail behind,
bearing downhill
the same dull patter
and cups brimful
of rye, which they balanced
with the same rapt care
that balanced our load.
The bullfrogs twanged
till you touched a wick
with the stick, still flaming,
then quieted. We heard them
plop in the shallows,
deferring to fire,
and heard in the muck
turtles coasting in flight.
The night brought on
a small breeze to clear
the day that all day
had oppressed us, to dry
the sweat that our purposeful
hour had made,
to spread the glims
like dreamboats of glory
in invisible current.
That slow tug drew
the glowing flotilla
south to the dam.
The bank brush—hung
with gemmy bugs—shone
and made great shadows
as the candles slipped by,
erasing the banal
fat stars from the surface.
This was, you could say,
an early glimpse
of a later aesthetic.
Nonsense. We know
it was cruder than that
and profounder, far.
It showed us the way
the splendid can flare
despite the flow
of the common. Now,
despite the persistence
of heat and quarrel,
the thickness of wives,
and children, and time,
such shinings on water
are fact. Or sublime.

—Sydney Lea

"Why don't you leave your worries behind you and have something from the bar?"

• •

a word. I tore it open and read the letter, but it took some time before I realized it was from R. Her handwriting was completely different. She must have been extremely upset when she wrote it. She had tried to formulate her sentences in such a way that only I could understand them, with the result that even I missed quite a bit. In fact, all I did understand was that now, a year later, my identity had been discovered.

At that time I had a one-room apartment in Prague on Bartolomejská—a short street but a famous one. All the buildings except two (one of which I lived in) belong to the police. Looking out from my large, fourth-floor window, I could see the towers of the Prague Castle up above the roofs and the police courtyards down below me: the glorious history of the Czech kings above, the history of glorious Czech prisoners below. They had all passed through those courtyards: Kalandra, Horáková, Clementis, and my friends Šabata and Hübl.

The young man (everything led me to believe he was R.'s fiancé) looked around nervously. He obviously suspected that the police had bugged my apartment. We nodded at one another—we still had not exchanged a word—and went out into the street. We walked awhile in silence. Not until we reached noisy Národní Avenue did he tell me that R. wished to see me. A friend of his, whom I did not know, was willing to lend us his apartment in a Prague suburb for a secret meeting.

So the next day I took a long tram ride to the outskirts of Prague. My hands were frozen, and the rows of identical apartment houses were totally deserted in the midmorning hours. Finally I found the right one, took the elevator to the third floor, looked through the names on the doors, and rang the bell. The apartment was silent. I rang again, but no one answered. I went back down to the street and walked around the building for an hour on the assumption that R. was late and I would spot her on the empty sidewalk coming up from the tram stop. But no one came. I took the elevator back up to the third floor and rang the bell again. Several seconds later I heard the sound of water flushing from inside the apartment. All at once I felt as though an ice cube of anxiety had been thrust into the pit of my stomach. Deep down in my own body I felt the fear of that girl unable to open the door because anxiety had upset her bowels.

She opened the door. She was pale but smiling, and she tried to be as nice as always. She made several awkward jokes on the order of Well, here we are, finally alone in an empty apartment. We sat down, and she told me she had recently been called in by the police. They had spent an entire day questioning her. The first two hours, they asked her about a lot of unimportant things, and she felt she was master of the situation. She joked with them and asked them flippantly if they thought she was going to skip lunch for such nonsense. That was when they asked her, Who writes your astrology articles? She blushed and tried to say something about the famous physicist whose name she was not at liberty to divulge. Do you know Milan Kundera, they asked. She said she did. Was there anything wrong with that? Nothing at all, they answered. But did you happen to know that Mr. Kundera is interested in astrology? No, she didn't. So you don't know anything about it, they said, and laughed. All Prague is talking about it and you don't know a thing? She went back to her nuclear physicist for a while, but then one of them began shouting at her to stop lying.

She told them the truth. They'd

"It's Ham Hocks Tuesday—a day that will live in infamy."

decided to do a good, readable astrology column, but didn't have anyone to write it, and since she knew me, she asked me to help them out. She was sure she hadn't broken any law. She was right, they told her. She hadn't broken any law. But she had infringed on in-house regulations prohibiting dealings with certain people who had proved themselves unworthy of the confidence of either Party or state. She pointed out that nothing terrible had happened: Mr. Kundera's name had remained hidden behind a pseudonym and couldn't possibly have offended anyone. As for the fees he received—well, they weren't even worth mentioning. Again they agreed with her: nothing serious *had* happened, and now all they were going to do was write it up and ask her to sign it, and she wouldn't have a thing to worry about.

She signed, and two days later the editor-in-chief called her in and told her she was fired, effective immediately. The same day, she went to Czechoslovak Radio, where she had friends who had long been trying to lure her over to them. They greeted her with open arms, but the next day, when she came back to take care of the formalities, the head of personnel, who liked her very much, met her with an unhappy look on his face. "How could you have done a thing like that? Your life is ruined. There's nothing I can do for you."

At first she was afraid to talk to me. The police had made her promise not to breathe a word about the interrogation to anyone. But when she got another summons from them (she was due there the next day), she decided she had to see me in secret so we could agree on a story and avoid contradicting each other if I happened to be called in too.

Please don't misunderstand. R. was no crybaby. She was simply young and not particularly knowledgeable about the ways of the world. This first blow had caught her unawares, and she would never forget it. I realized I had been chosen as a mailman to deliver warnings and punishments to people, and I began to feel afraid of myself.

"Do you think they know about the thousand crowns you got for that horoscope?"

"Don't worry. Nobody who spent three years studying Marxism-Leninism is going to admit to having horoscopes drawn up for himself."

She laughed, and even though the laugh lasted no more than half a second, I took it as a modest promise of salvation. It was just the kind of laughter I was yearning for when I wrote those stupid little articles about Pisces, Virgo, and Aries, just the kind of laughter I saw as my reward, and it never came. In the meantime, all the critical posts in the world, all the general staffs, had been occupied by angels; they had taken over the left and the right, Arab and Jew, Russian general and Russian dissident. They looked down on us from all sides, with their icy stares stripping us of the motleys we wear for happy-go-lucky mystification, reducing us to common cheats who work at magazines for socialist youth even though we have no faith in either youth or socialism, who write horoscopes for editors-in-chief even though we consider both editor-in-chief and horoscope to be ridiculous, who waste our time on trivialities when everyone else (the left and the right, Arab and Jew, Russian general and Russian dissident) is fighting for the future of mankind. We felt the weight of their stares turning us into insects to be crushed underfoot.

I mastered my anxiety and tried to come up with the most rational plan

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for R. to follow the next day with the police. Several times during our talk she got up and went to the bathroom. Each time, she came back accompanied by the sound of water flushing and a look of embarrassed panic. That brave girl was ashamed of her fear. That graceful woman was ashamed of her insides acting up before the eyes of a stranger.

TWENTY-FIVE or so students of various nationalities sat at their desks looking up bemusedly at a very excited Michelle and Gabrielle. Standing before the podium, where Madame Raphael sat, they each held several sheets of paper—the text of their report—and an odd cardboard object with a rubber band hanging from it.

"We are going to talk about 'Rhinoceros,' by Ionesco," said Michelle, and bent her head down to slip the cardboard cone decorated with bits and pieces of colored paper over her nose and fasten it around the back of her head with the rubber band. Gabrielle followed suit. Then the girls turned and looked at each other and began letting out short, shrill, breathy sounds.

The class had no trouble figuring out that the girls had two points to make: (1) that a rhinoceros has a horn over its nose, and (2) that Ionesco's play is meant to be funny. They had decided to make both points using not only words but their bodies as well. The long cones bounced up and down on their faces as they talked, and the class froze into a sort of sympathetic embarrassment—as if a man had stood up in front of the class and shown off his amputated arm.

The only enthusiastic response to the idea came from Madame Raphael, who answered her pets' shrill, breathy sounds with her own version.

The girls nodded their long noses happily, and Michelle launched into her part of the report.

One of the students was a young Israeli girl named Sarah. Several days before, she had asked the two Americans if they would let her look at their notes (everyone knew they took down every word Madame Raphael said), but they had refused: "Don't cut class to go to the beach." Ever since, she had detested them, and she was glad to see them making fools of themselves.

Michelle and Gabrielle took turns reading their analysis of "Rhinoceros," their long cardboard cones sticking out like vain prayers. Sarah realized what a shame it would be to let this kind of opportunity go by. During a short pause, when Michelle had turned to

Gabrielle to indicate she was on, Sarah left her seat and started walking toward the two girls. Instead of saying her part, Gabrielle trained the orifice of her astonished cardboard nose on Sarah. Sarah went up to them, walked around in back of them (the extra noses seemed to have weighed down their heads to such an extent that they were unable to turn and watch what was going on behind their backs), took aim, kicked Michelle in the behind, took aim again, and kicked Gabrielle. Whereupon she returned to her seat with great calm—no, great dignity.

For a moment there was absolute silence.

Then tears started rolling down Michelle's cheeks and, a split second later, down Gabrielle's.

Then the class broke into unrestrained laughter.

Then Sarah sat down again.

Then Madame Raphael, who had at first been surprised and shocked, caught on: Sarah's little misdemeanor had been a prearranged part of a carefully prepared student joke in the interest of getting closer to the work (in teaching works of art, we must move beyond older, theoretical approaches and embrace such modern methodologies as practical applications, nonverbal analysis, classroom happenings!), and since she could not see her darlings' tears (they were facing the class and so had their backs to her), she threw her head back and burst into a laughter of joyous acquiescence.

Hearing their beloved teacher laughing behind their backs, Michelle and Gabrielle felt betrayed. Teardrops fell from their eyes like water from a faucet. The feeling of humiliation was so painful they began writhing as if overcome with stomach cramps.

Madame Raphael took her darlings' writhing for a dance, and all at once a force more powerful than her professorial dignity ejected her from her chair. She laughed so hard she cried, and her body began twitching. With her arms wide open she swung her head back and forth on her neck like an upside-down bell in the hands of a sexton ringing an urgent call to Mass. She went up to the writhing girls and took Michelle by the hand. Now all three of them were standing in front of the classroom writhing, the tears streaming down their cheeks. Madame Raphael took the requisite steps and lifted first one leg, then the other. Still crying, the girls made a timid attempt at following her. By now their cardboard noses were dripping wet, but they twisted and turned and hopped in place.

Then Madame Raphael took Gabrielle's hand and made a little circle in front of the classroom. Now all three of them were holding hands, doing their steps and kicks, and moving round and round the classroom floor. They lifted first one leg, then the other, and imperceptibly their faces distorted with weeping turned into faces distorted with laughter.

As they laughed and danced and the cardboard noses jiggled, the class looked on in mute horror. By then, however, the dancing women were paying no attention to anyone else; they were completely caught up in themselves and their rapture. All at once Madame Raphael stamped a little harder than before and rose a few inches above the classroom floor. Her next step did not touch the ground. She pulled her two friends up after her, and before long all three of them were circling above the floor and moving slowly upward in a spiral. No sooner did their hair touch the ceiling than it yielded to them, and up they went through the opening. First the cardboard noses vanished, then only three pairs of shoes remained, and finally the shoes vanished as well, leaving the stupefied students with nothing but the brilliant, fading laughter of the three archangels from on high.

MY meeting with R. in the borrowed apartment was a turning point for me. It was then I came to grips with the idea that I had become a bearer of ill tidings and could not go on living among the people I loved if I wanted no harm to come to them. The only thing left for me to do was leave my country.

But I have another reason for remembering my last meeting with R. I had always been fond of her in the most innocent, asexual way. It was as if her body were always entirely hidden behind her radiant mind, the modesty of her behavior, and her taste in dress. She had never offered me the slightest chink through which to view the glow of her nakedness. And now suddenly the butcher knife of fear had slit her open. She was as open to me as the carcass of a heifer slit down the middle and hanging on a hook. There we were, sitting side by side on a couch in a borrowed apartment, the gurgling of the water filling the empty toilet tank in the background, and suddenly I felt a violent desire to make love to her. Or to be more exact, a violent desire to rape her. To throw myself on her and take possession of her with all her intolerably exciting contradictions, her

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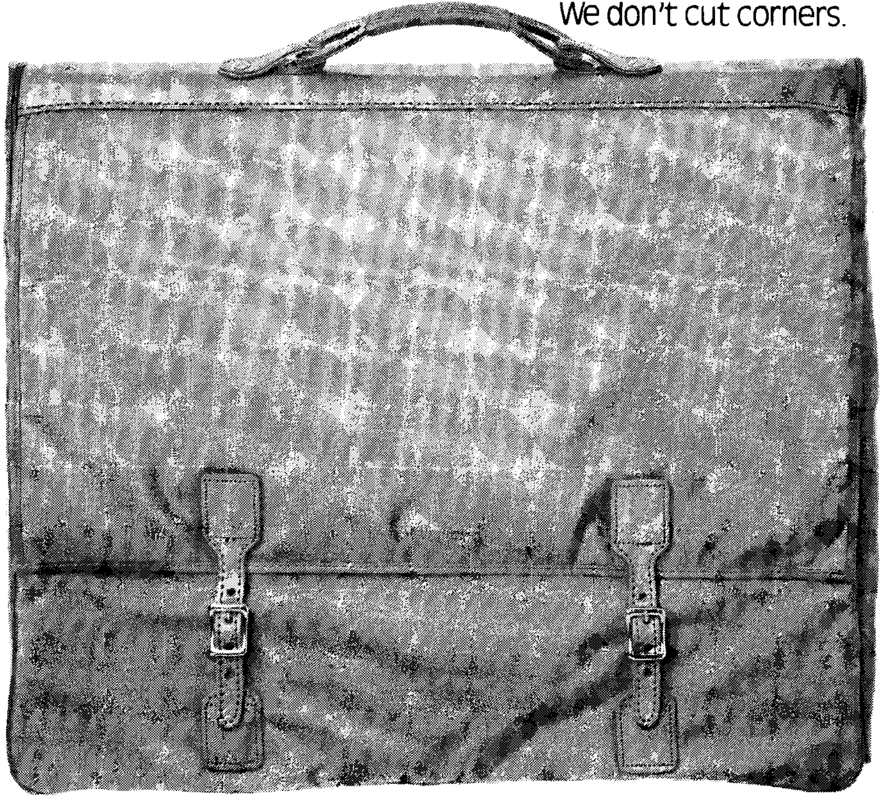

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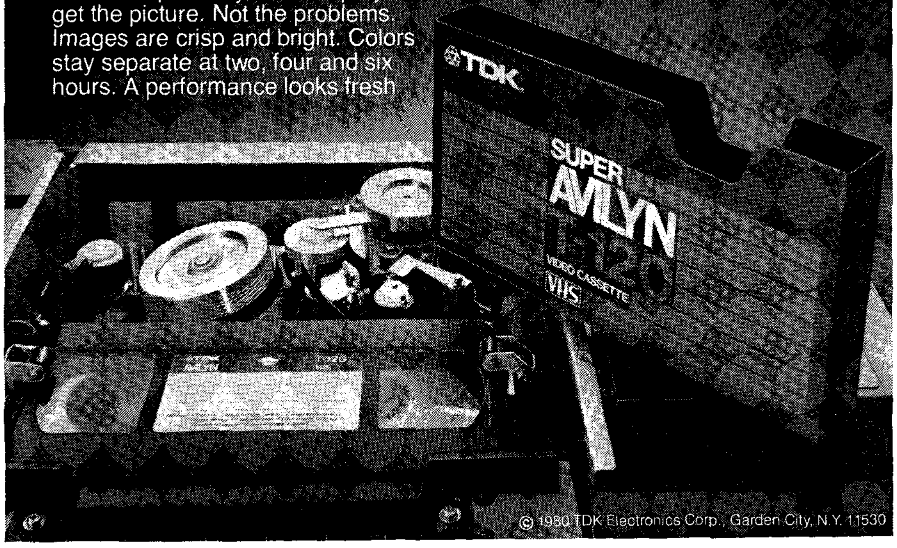

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impeccable outfits, her rebellious insides, her reason and her fear, her pride and her misery. It was contradictions like those, I felt, that made up her true essence—that treasure, that nugget of gold, that diamond buried deep within her. I felt like leaping on her and tearing it out of her. I felt like engulfing her—her bowels and her ineffable soul.

But I also felt two anxious eyes on me (anxious eyes in a knowing face), and though the more anxious those eyes the greater my desire, nonetheless the more anxious those eyes the more ridiculous, absurd, scandalous, incomprehensible, inconceivable it all became.

When I left the borrowed apartment that day and walked out into the deserted street of the housing development (she stayed upstairs awhile for fear someone might see us together), I could think of nothing but my monumental desire to rape that fine girl, my friend. The desire has remained with me, trapped like a bird in a pouch, a bird that wakes up now and then and flaps its wings.

Perhaps that wild desire to rape R. was merely a desperate attempt to grab at something during the fall. Because from the day they excluded me from the circle, I have not stopped falling, I am still falling, all they have done is give me another push to make me fall farther, deeper, away from my country and into the void of a world resounding with the terrifying laughter of the angels which covers my every word with its din.

Sarah is out there somewhere, I know she is, my Jewish sister Sarah. But where can I find her?

—MILAN KUNDERA

(*Translated, from the Czech, by Michael Henry Heim.*)

•

Citibank, the nation's second largest commercial bank, could have posted a prime of around 10 percent last week, according to a formula it has used in the past for establishing the rate level. This week, the formula calls for a prime under 10 percent.

But the bank has shelved the formula during the recent decline of other interest rates so that its primewas predicted, possibly giving way to evening showers or thundershowers.

—*Fall River* (*Mass.*) *Herald News.*

It's anybody's guess.

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"AS ALWAYS IN A PEUGEOT, THE RIDE QUALITY IS SUPERB. TO DO BETTER, YOU WOULD HAVE TO INVEST TWICE AS MUCH MONEY..."—Financial Times, London

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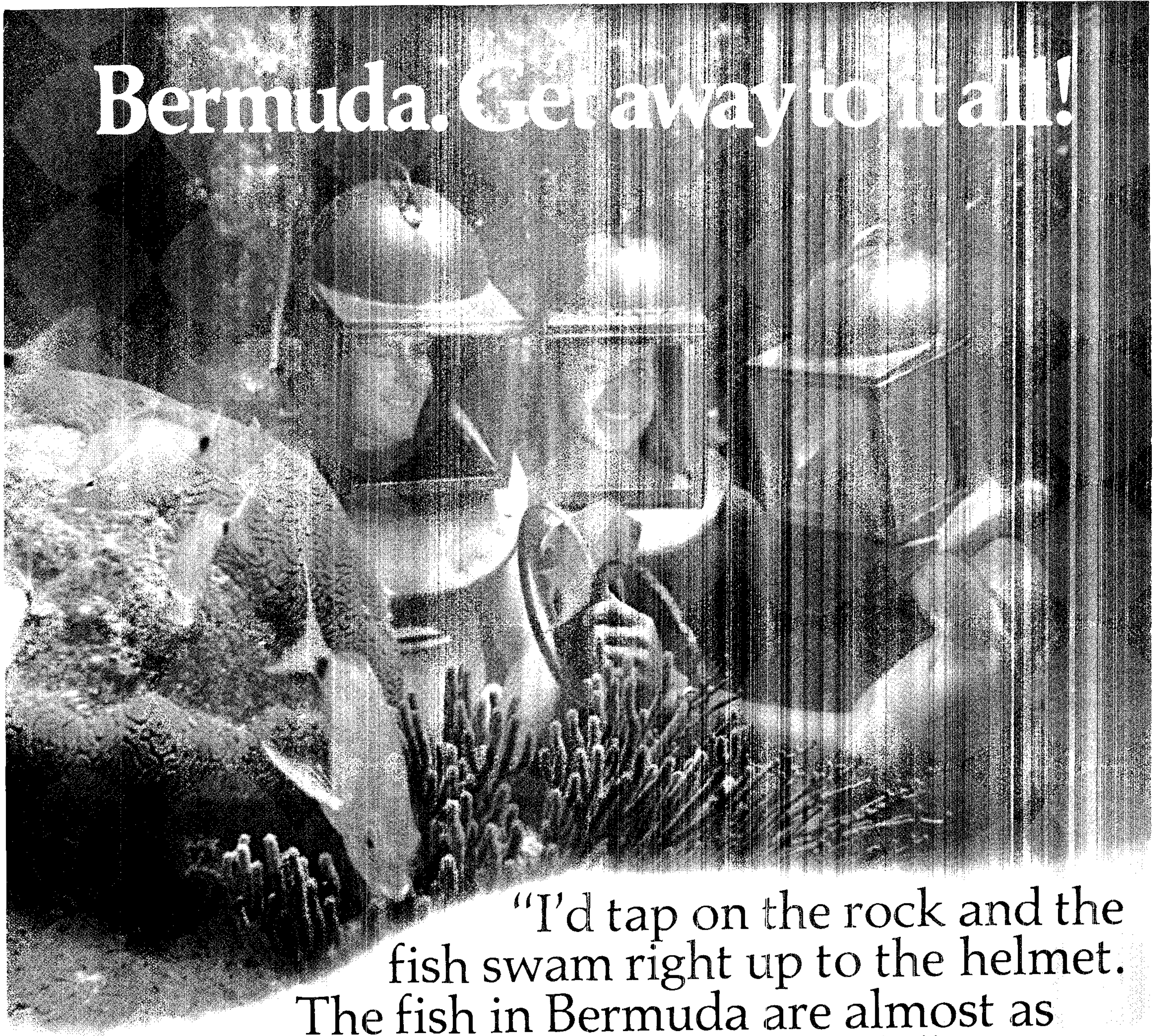
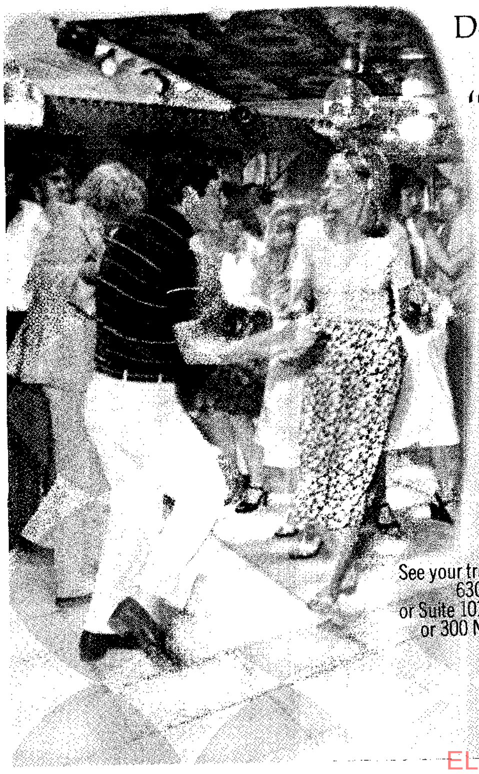


"I'd tap on the rock and the fish swam right up to the helmet. The fish in Bermuda are almost as friendly as the people."

Doug and Peggy Johnson talk about the Johnsons' fourth visit to Bermuda.



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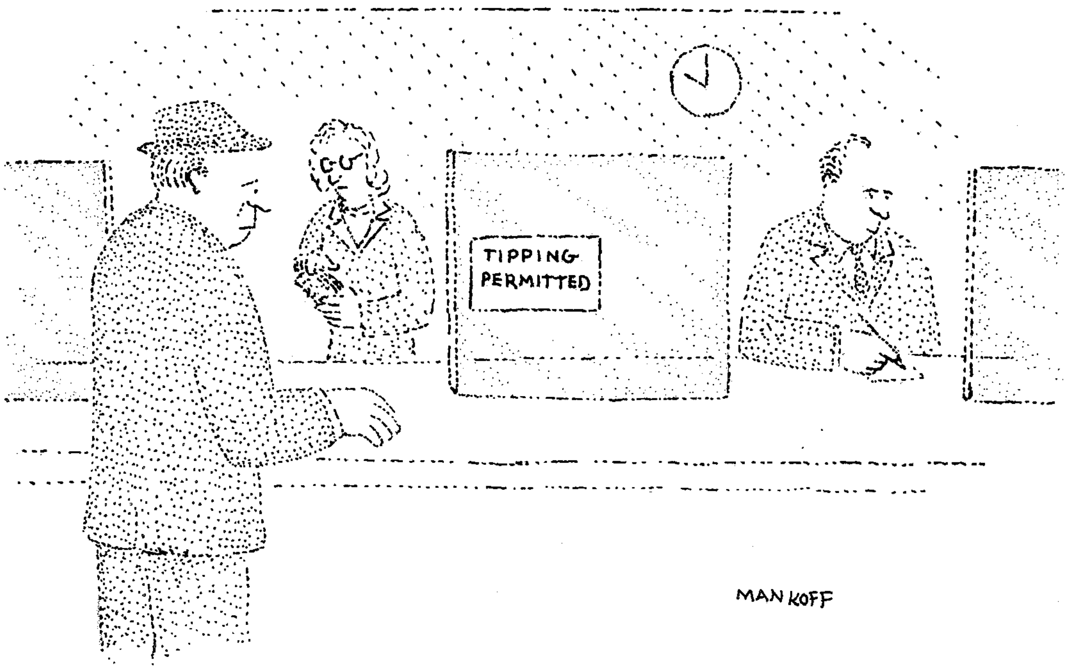
AROUND CITY HALL

This Question of Survival

IN this confused and dispirited election year, when politicians at many levels have made wry use of such acronyms as "LOTE" (for "lesser of two evils") and "NOTA" (for "none of the above") and of "B.T.E." (handy initials for a candidate being given points for doing Better Than Expected in the returns, often because little had been expected), it was probably inevitable that the term "low-key" would turn into a verb. "We've low-keyed the campaign," said David Garth, the prominent media adviser, early in June, referring to the effort he was directing from his headquarters, at Fifty-eighth Street and Fifth Avenue, a few floors above the F. A. O. Schwarz toy store, to elect Illinois Representative John Anderson to the Presidency on an independent ticket—a candidacy whose prospects, by Anderson's own admission, had been greatly boosted by the B.T.E., LOTE, and NOTA factors. The Garth message that in a political operation there is a time for all-out aggressiveness and a time to refrain therefrom happened to coincide with a temporary change in the personal style of a local politician who is one of Garth's most satisfied customers, Mayor Edward Koch. Koch's manner of approaching the problems that have faced city government since he took office has been pretty much in keeping with certain precepts—let your outrage hang out, always come up fighting, keep the other guys off balance, stay in motion—that he followed in his 1977 mayoral race. In that campaign, under Garth's shrewd management, Koch, known only as a rather colorless Manhattan member of the House of Representatives who had been an early dropout in the 1973 mayoral stakes, was transformed into the winning candidate in a crowded field. ("What hath Garth wrought?" was the stunned comment of Mario Cuomo, the 1977 runner-up in both the Democratic primary and the election. Cuomo's own media campaign director, Gerald Rafshoon, had played a major role in helping elect his fellow-Georgian Jimmy Carter to the Presidency but had turned out to have only clumsy—and losing—notions of what would play on the eccentric New York political scene.) Whether or not Koch heard Garth's message about there being a time for a more subdued approach to the problems at hand, he began in early June of this year to low-key it for several weeks at City Hall. As a result, the squaring off between the Mayor and the municipal-union leaders during the biennial negotiations over the new contracts that took effect on July 1st were only pale imitations of the prolonged and raucous battles that preceded the contract settlements in 1978, Koch's first year in office. And, in another respite, local citizens who felt an obligation to follow the maneuvering over the city's budget for its new fiscal year, which also began on July 1st, were spared most of the overwrought histrionics on the part of the Mayor and members of the City Council and the Board of Estimate which had come to be accepted as a tiresome but classic budget-season ritual.

There had been fears, based on the Mayor's earlier actions, that the 1980 labor confrontations, particularly, might be the bitterest ever. Since a major plank in Koch's election platform had been a vow to bring the overweening local union leaders to heel, he had been mortified in 1978 when, at the start of the contract negotiations, he demanded fifty-six givebacks—that is, the relinquishing of what he regarded as feather-bedding work rules won in previous contracts—and the unions rejected all fifty-six. Koch later said a number of times that in 1980 he would be a tougher negotiator: there would be givebacks or else. The most ominous portent of trouble in this year's contract talks came during the April strike of the Transport Workers Union. Since the T.W.U. members, who operate the city's buses and subways, are technically employees of the state, Koch was not formally involved in the negotiations, but he issued daily demands that the Metropolitan Transportation Authority not "cave in" to the unions. "CHAOS" was the headline that took up most of the front page of the *Post* as the strike began. In fact, the strike brought no dangerous disorders, but after eleven days Governor Hugh Carey concluded that the economic punishment to the city and to individual New Yorkers had gone far enough, and a settlement was reached. It gave the T.W.U. members a wage increase of nine per cent the first year and eight the second ("nine and eight" in the shorthand of such deliberations) as well as a cost-of-living adjustment in the last six months estimated to be worth three and seven-tenths per cent on an annual basis. Koch immediately called a press conference to denounce the settlement as an outrage, because the cost was far too high and because, although the union leaders had agreed to some givebacks, they had not agreed to enough of them.

As the weather got warmer, however, and the season for final negotiations with the municipal unions approached, Koch announced that he would try to tone down his rhetoric. The union leaders, nonretiring sorts who in the past had given as good as they got with Koch in the matter of provocative threats and insults, reacted in kind. Asked if he thought he could cope with "the new lovable Koch," Victor Gotbaum, the head of District



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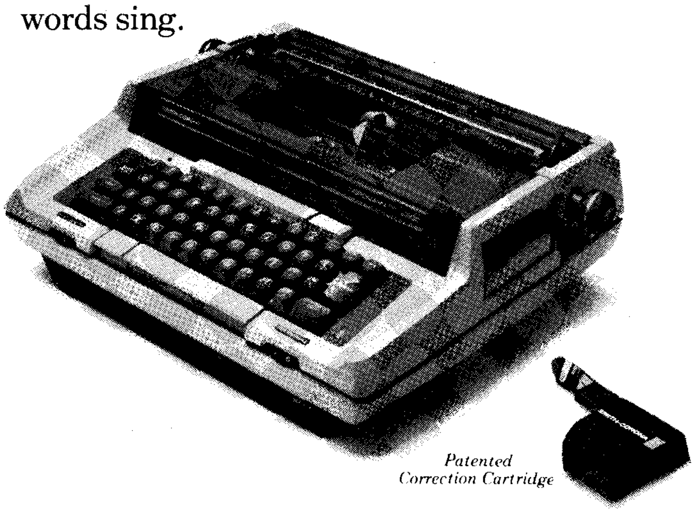

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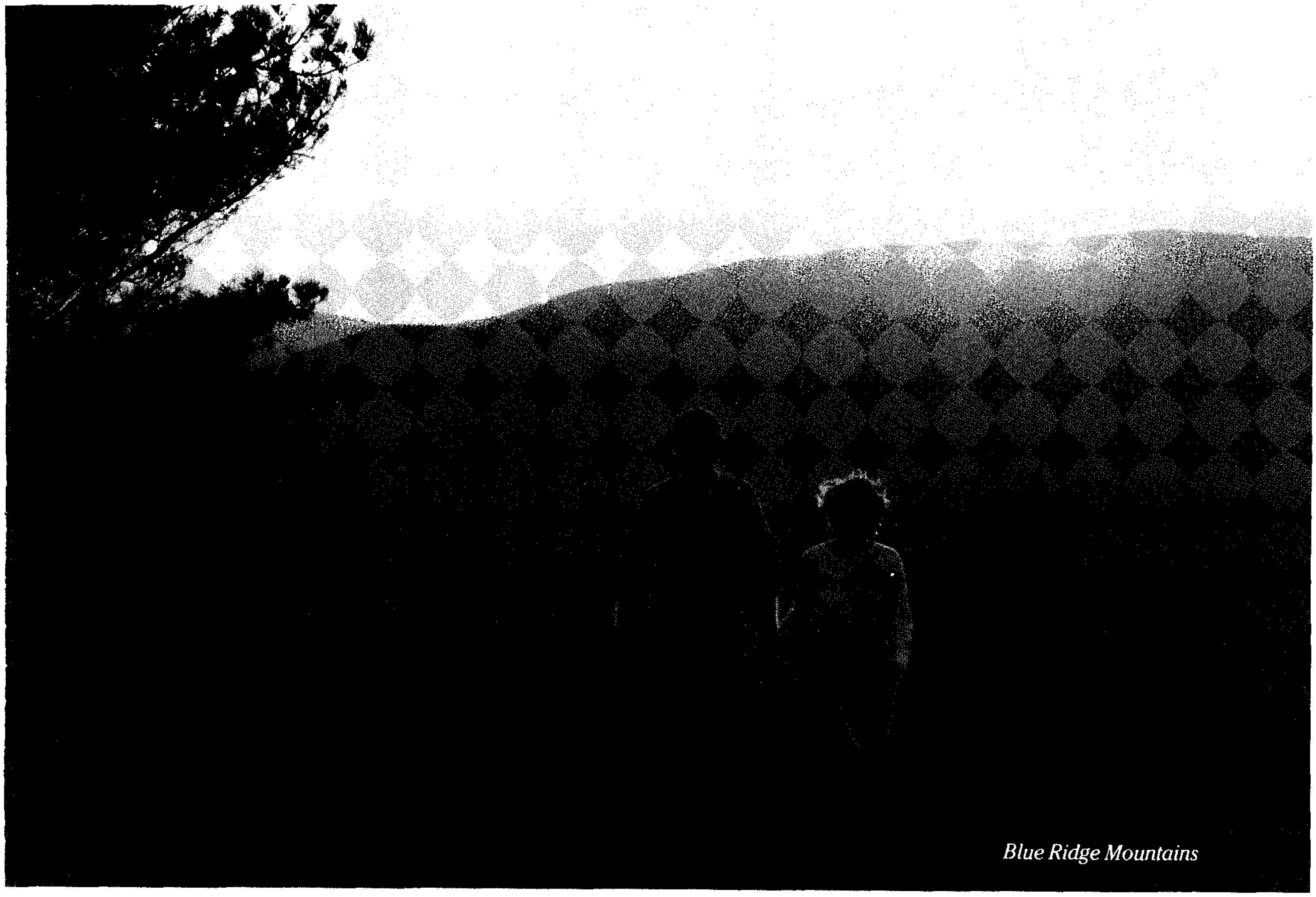
Council 37, the city's largest municipal union, said that the question was whether he could cope with "the new lovable Gotbaum." During the negotiations with the city's uniformed employees in the Police, Fire, Sanitation, and Corrections Departments, there were threats of a crippling strike, and "COUNTDOWN TO CHAOS" was the *Post* headline on the critical day. There was no strike, however, and there were smiles all around, including one on the face of the Mayor as he announced that a settlement had been reached providing for a nine-per-cent increase the first year and eight the second, or, as the *Times* described it, an agreement that, when all aspects were considered, was "roughly comparable to the much-maligned transit-workers settlement." Negotiations this year with members of the non-uniformed unions (during the contract talks the terms "U" and "non-U" were put to a use that Nancy Mitford never envisioned) went even more smoothly than those with city workers in uniform. The non-U contract, which was agreed on, to general astonishment, a full eleven days before the June 30th deadline, provided for eight and eight. However, in a codicil not noted in most headlines, it specified that the annual increases must be at least nine hundred dollars, which meant that for employees in the lowest pay range, including fifty-eight per cent of District Council 37's hundred thousand members, the raise would be higher than eight per cent. The non-uniformed unions calculated their increase at about eight and three-tenths per cent the first year and eight and eight-tenths the second. Both the U and the non-U city workers also received (as transit workers did not) annual cash payments of seven hundred and fifty dollars. In explaining to the press why he had denounced the transit settlement and had then agreed to very similar provisions for municipal workers, the Mayor mentioned the T.W.U.'s close to four-per-cent cost-of-living increase, which, although it applied to only the last six months of the contract, would be part of their base pay for the purposes of the 1982 negotiations. However, the seven hundred and fifty dollars the U and non-U workers receive (which for lower-paid employees comes to a six- or seven-per-cent increase) will also be part of *their* base pay for the purposes of the 1982 negotiations. There were no provisions for givebacks in the city's agreement with the municipal unions—a situation that has since caused the T.W.U. leaders to try to resist imposition of the givebacks they agreed to. As the Mayor explained things, "It is ridiculous to think that in time of high inflation management could get workers to give back some benefits without paying even higher settlements in return." After the negotiations for the city's new budget of thirteen billion six hundred million dollars went with almost equivalent smoothness, one participant in the process commented that the Mayor was "a pleasure to work with this year." However, knowing Koch's fondness for personifying the hard-liner, he asked that he be quoted anonymously.

What happened early this summer was that, in a better-than-expected atmosphere of mutual accommodation, the city, under the Mayor's leadership, achieved labor agreements and a budget that in most circumstances would be considered reasonable. In the time of high inflation that Koch referred to, the budget was only two and seven-tenths per cent higher than that for the previous year. As for the labor settlements, they provided for much less than the double-digit annual raises being handed out in many other areas. They compared well, for example, with the thirty-per-cent increases over three years that Washington had agreed to for employees of the Chrysler Corporation even as the federal government rescued the corporation from bankruptcy. Unfortunately, the city could not afford the labor settlements—and the costs were not covered in the new budget. The budget as passed included a four-per-cent annual increase for labor. The final contracts created a hundred-and-sixty-six-million-dollar deficit for the current fiscal year and increased from about five hundred million to a billion two hundred million dollars the projected deficit for the year ending June 30, 1982. On that date, the federal loan guarantees are scheduled to run out, and, according to the terms of the loan-guarantee legislation, the city is supposed to be healthy enough financially to go on its own to the bond markets, which will not look favorably on a deficit of any size.

"My feeling is that we can overcome every obstacle," the Mayor announced after the labor settlements were reached, but concern over his failure to offer a realistic solution for how this would be done was soon being expressed by members of the Financial Control Board, the state agency that, by federal law, oversees the city's fi-



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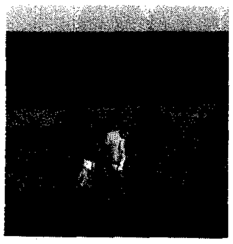

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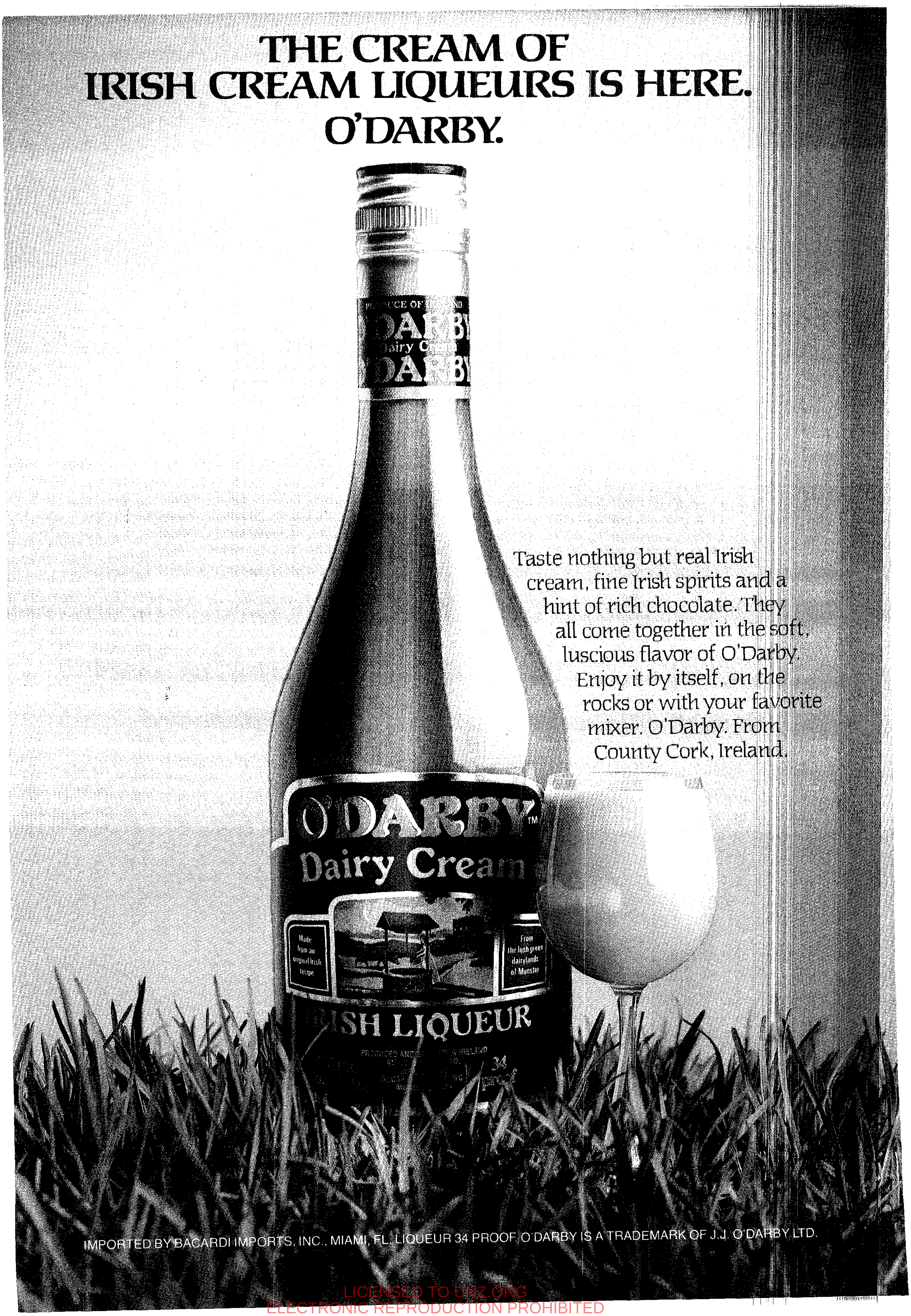
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nancial priorities. The Control Board delayed the implementation of the labor agreements, as it is empowered to do, and requested that the Mayor come up with a detailed account of how he planned to fill the huge gap in the budget. The plan was to be submitted to the Board in mid-August, or just at the end of the meeting here of the Democratic National Convention. It was clear to all that such a plan would have to include large projected increases in federal help for the city. It was also clear that the low-key era at City Hall was over. By late July, Koch's demands that the federal government—whose funds account for over two billion dollars of New York's current budget—change its policy of giving the city what he has called "zilch" had become so shrill that the *Daily News* compared him, with evident approval, to the character in the movie "Network" whose rallying cry was "I'm mad as hell and I'm not going to take it anymore!"

Koch's mentor, David Garth, had also apparently concluded that low-keying it can be carried too far. When attention to the Anderson campaign flagged, he had the candidate hold a well-publicized meeting in the office over the toy store with Governor Carey, another of Garth's satisfied clients, whose Presidential ambitions the media adviser had once encouraged. Then, late last month, came the Anderson encounter with Senator Edward Kennedy which, although it turned out to have involved no really significant commitments on either side, made most of the nation's front pages, causing many reporters to marvel at what Garth had wrought this time.

TO most Americans for whom politics aren't everything, it must seem that the 1980 Presidential campaign will never end. But to some local citizens with a special responsibility for bringing New York through its new financial troubles, the concern is that the campaign *will* end—that it will be over, in fact, in a matter of weeks. Once both major-party Conventions have done their work and adjourned, New York will have lost the chance to use its large blocs of delegates—a hundred and twenty-three Republicans in Detroit, two hundred and eighty-two Democrats here at Madison Square Garden—to try to wring from the members of platform committees or from the various candidates support for measures that would particularly benefit the city. And after November 4th, if local political arm-twisters haven't already won valuable commitments from the nominees, cashing in on the declarations by both Republican and Democratic national leaders that New York and its forty-one electoral votes are crucial to the election, it will be too late. No one will be listening after that date if Democrats here try to tell the story—as some of them will between now and November—of how in 1976 New York's forty-one votes (with most of the Democratic power coming from the city) gave Carter his winning Electoral College margin, causing Carter to get on the phone in the early-morning hours after the election to such local Democratic bosses as Meade Esposito, of Brooklyn, and Donald Manes, of Queens, and to Abraham Beame, then Mayor of the city, to say a fervent "Thank you"—and, in Beame's case, to add, "I love you, Abe." After November 4th, the game will be over for New York. The Presidential candidates and the major-party leaders can stop what for most of them is the pretense that the interests of New York are high on their list of priorities. And, unfortunately, when the players next convene for a Presidential campaign, the state won't have forty-one electoral votes to bargain with. As a result of this year's census, it will lose at least four seats in the House of Representatives, the greatest loss of any state. Last month, New York's Senator Daniel Patrick Moynihan warned that the total may come to five. The state's electoral votes would then be reduced to thirty-six, while California's could rise to forty-eight, and those of Texas and Florida to twenty-nine and twenty, respectively, giving those three states by themselves a total of ninety-seven. Among them, in any event, they will have well over a third of the two hundred and seventy votes needed to elect a President, and American political power will tilt even more dramatically away from the Northeast and toward the Sun Belt. Under the circumstances, between now and the election there is bound to be a frantic, last-chance air about the maneuvers of local political leaders as they try to cut the best possible deal for New York while it still holds some of the big cards—and, in many cases, try also to cut the best deal for themselves.

The President favored holding the 1980 Democratic Convention here in Madison Square Garden, no doubt hoping for a repetition of the harmonious event at which he was crowned with the nomination four years ago. As Convention time approached, however, Carter had reason to wonder whether

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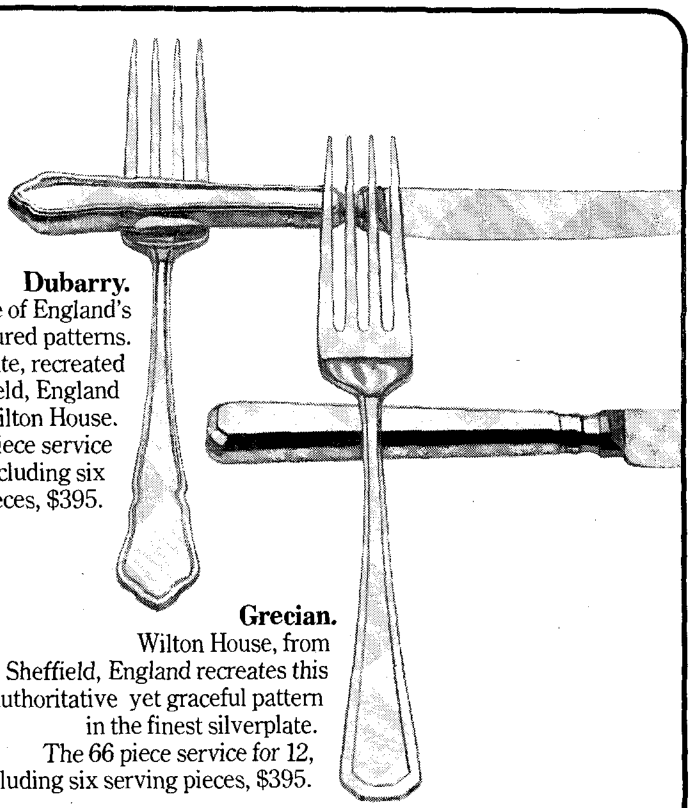

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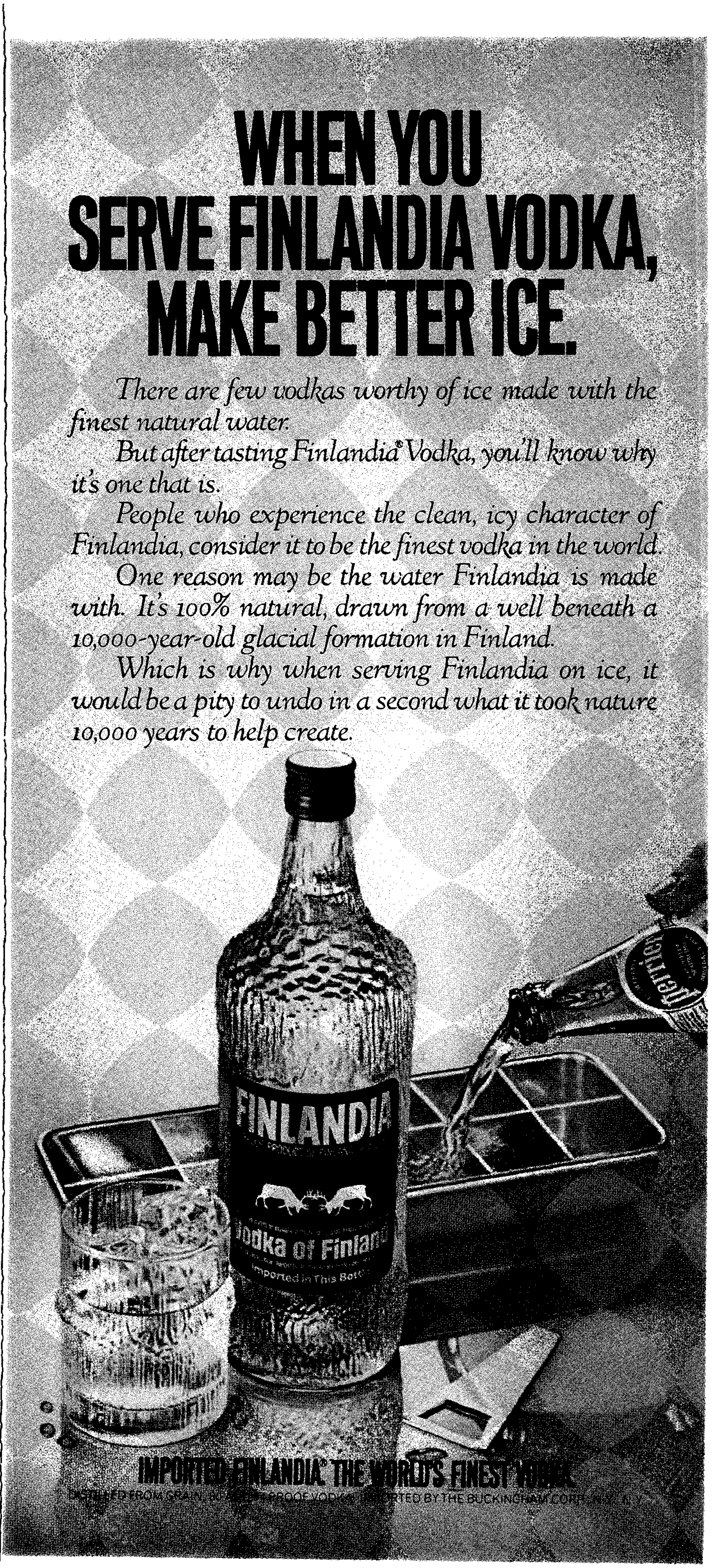
he would find any friends here among the indigenous Democrats. Until early last spring, the natives seemed friendly enough. Mayor Koch endorsed Carter for reëlection last August, and explained a few days later that he was sure that federal funds would continue to flow here, because "the President . . . and the Mayor of the City of New York have a terrific, warm relationship." Carter's ratings in the polls were then almost as low as they are today, and Koch predicted that the city would do well because of the timing of his endorsement. The President, he said, would "look back and say, 'You know, when I was out there in the wilderness . . . the Mayor of the City of New York was by my side.' " Last winter, Cuomo, who was elected Lieutenant Governor of New York a year after his 1977 loss to Koch in the mayoral race, agreed to become Carter's campaign chairman in the state. Thus, the President had ranged on his side New York's highest-ranking Jewish Democrat and highest-ranking Italian-American Democrat, representing the two ethnic groups that provide the biggest turnouts in the state's elections. The assumption was that Carey, the highest-ranking Irish-American Democrat, would eventually sign on. New York seemed ideally positioned for receiving special largesse from the Carter Administration, which would surely want to reward the Mayor for his early endorsement and woo the Governor for his. Some special benefits from Washington were forthcoming, including a rescue program that averted the closing of two municipal hospitals, but Carey and Koch continued to complain that the Carter Administration was not doing enough—while the Carter forces complained of being criticized in other parts of the country for doing too much for New York. Then Senator Edward Kennedy's unexpected three-to-two victory over Carter in the state's March 25th Democratic primary assured Kennedy's continuation in the race. In May came Carey's call for an open Convention, which Kennedy later described as "the rumble beneath the White House." Like Carey, Senator Moynihan had remained neutral, and he eventually endorsed the open-Convention plan. Two weeks before the Democrats were scheduled to gather at Madison Square Garden, when seven members of the House of Representatives held a press conference to announce the establishment of a Committee for an Open Convention, two of the six were from New York: Jerome Ambro, from Nassau County, which borders on Queens, and Thomas

Downey, from Suffolk County, which adjoins Nassau. The defection of Downey—who, when he was first elected to the House, in 1974, was only twenty-five—came as a particular disappointment to the White House, where he had been a favorite. Last year, at the Vienna summit meeting, Carter introduced the young Long Islander to Soviet President Leonid Brezhnev, and he often invited Downey to join him at events like the World Series. The first call Downey received after the press conference was from Vice-President Walter Mondale, whose first words were "*Et tu, Brute*—Tom?" Downey's rather downcast response was "I am having some trouble spending my thirty pieces of silver." He was not diverted from his support for an open Convention, however, and a few days later was describing those who opposed it as "dancing to the band on the Titanic."

By late July, two Carter delegates from this state had resigned. They did not include Mayor Koch, but by that time he had become what in court would be designated a hostile witness. He predicted that "the Billy Carter scandal is going to mushroom." ("Who believes it was a loan? I don't," he said.) He denounced not only the President but the Democratic-controlled Congress and the Democratic Party for reneging on promises to federalize welfare. "They'd better keep their word," he warned. "Unless they do, they are in trouble with me and, more important, with the people of this city." The election, he said, would be decided "in the city and state of New York." Early this month, he predicted that, as of then, the President would lose both and that if he released his delegates to vote as they pleased he would lose the nomination. Striking what is sure to be a favorite note in the campaign of the Republican opposition, he said that it was "awful" the way the Carter Administration had "let the Iranians kick us around." Although the Mayor was invited, he did not attend an August 1st meeting in Washington at which those in charge of the Carter/Mondale Reëlection Campaign demonstrated their agreement that New York was the key to things. Leading New York Democrats in Carter's camp were called to a special strategy session with Hamilton Jordan, a Georgian who now had an intense need to be advised as to what would play in Koch and Cuomo territory. Among those at the meeting were Bronx Representative Mario Biaggi, former Mayor Beame, and Cuomo. Cuomo pointed out some good news:



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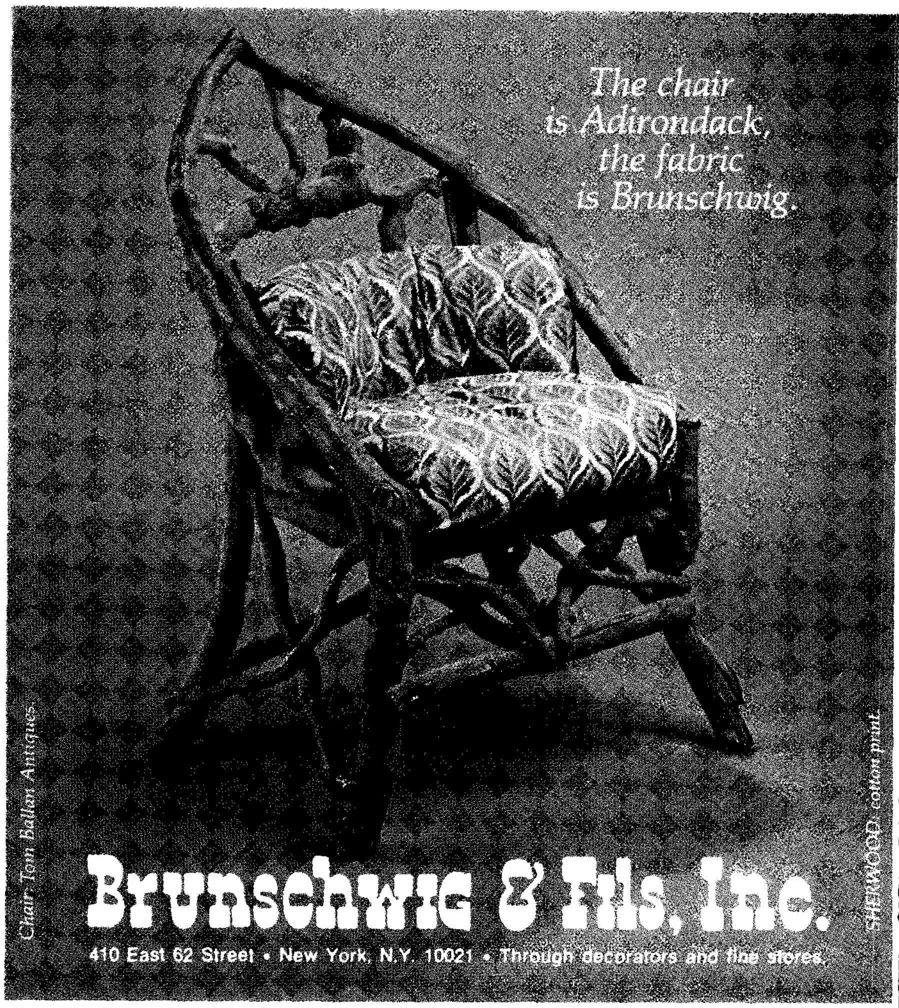

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nearly all of the hundred and eighteen New York delegates pledged to Carter were then continuing to support the President in his opposition to an open Convention and said they would vote for him in any case. Cuomo reminded the President's men that in standing fast many of these delegates were showing political courage. "You have to understand what it takes for these people to stay with you," he told Jordan. "They have a Governor against them and the state's Democratic Senator against them, and a Mayor of New York who's going sideways on them." Koch had said that his schedule prevented his attendance at the strategy session. There were two items on his formal schedule for August 1st. One required him to join the New York City Advisory Task Force on Rape on the front steps of City Hall to proclaim Stop Rape Month—the eighth year the proclamation had been made. The other was a weighing-in ceremony with Manes, the Queens Democratic boss, who is also Queens Borough President. The two men had a bet on which of them could lose five pounds in a week. (In the past, Garth had ordered both Koch and Carey, at the start of campaigns, to lose twenty pounds, and Koch may have been thinking ahead to his 1981 reëlection race.) The meeting did not take place, but Manes reported that he had lost six and a half pounds, and the Mayor conceded the match, explaining that Manes had a lot more excess weight to lose than he did. "Tubby wins," he said. The reason the weighing-in was not held was that Manes was in Washington for the meeting with Jordan and for a private session with the President. He reported afterward that the President had looked cheerful, "as anybody would who had the nomination locked up." The hassle over the open Convention, said Manes, was "just a big fat media event."

IN the flurry of political plots and subplots, the city's perilous financial condition was not forgotten. Governor Carey took time off from meetings in Washington with the open-Convention rumblers and from encouraging—while pretending to discourage—questions as to the possibility of his own availability for high national office (just in case) to mull over the city's projected billion-dollar-plus budget deficit. The best solution, he suggested, was to revive the coalition of city and state officials and the leaders in New York's corporate, financial, and labor worlds who had worked together to rescue the city from bankruptcy in

1975. That same week, Felix Rohatyn, the leading figure in the 1975 rescue effort, made one of his regular appearances before the Joint Economic Committee of Congress to suggest another answer. He urged the adoption of a new version of the Depression-era Reconstruction Finance Corporation whose purpose would be to save urban America and particularly the declining cities of the Northeast from economic disaster. Otherwise, he said, such cities faced "slow death." As for New York, he told the committee members, not only did the city face a huge deficit in the near future but in two years, if no effort was made to bring a whole new approach to its problems, another municipal labor contract would surely set the city back another billion. The tax increases and service cutbacks required to balance such costs would amount, he said, to "a seemingly endless program of self-evisceration."

A few days later, the Governor and the Mayor announced that Koch's list of painful actions the city would be forced to take because of the deficit would be released not at the end of the Democratic Convention but on its opening day. It was a way to put the arm on the candidates and also to demonstrate the city's plight to the delegates, momentarily captive in New York, and perhaps cause a dramatic turnaround in their attitude toward legislation helpful to the city. "They'll hear from me at the Convention, outside the Convention, and surrounding the Convention," said Koch. It was not certain that the delegates (facing other problems at Madison Square Garden that the Washington *Post* described in an editorial headed "THE DEMOCRATS: CHAOS") would be in a frame of mind to worry about the possible slow death of a city at some time in the future, concerned, as many of them were, about the possibility of their own political extinction at an earlier date. Representative Charles Rangel, whose Manhattan district is considered safe this year (although not after the redistricting required by the census changes all bets), said of those supporting the Committee for an Open Convention, "Each member . . . is interested in getting reëlected. . . . There's nothing wrong with survival." Said Representative Ambro, a member of the committee, whose House seat is one of thirty that the Republican National Committee is making an all-out effort to take over in November, "This question of survival is finely honed, as Darwin tells us, in all of us."

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THE SPORTING SCENE

CIRCUS IN MOSCOW

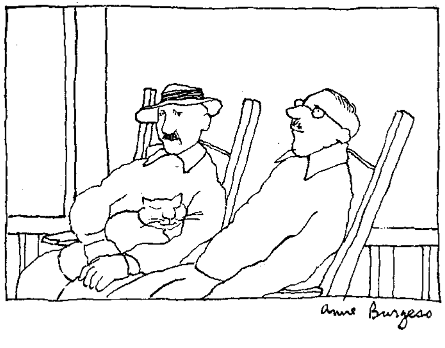
Moscow, August 4

THE second of the summer's three big political conventions ended here last night shortly after the municipal flag of Los Angeles was hoisted in the Lenin Stadium. It will surely be the only one of the trio graced by the presence of Yasir Arafat. The Palestine Liberation Organization leader, a few of whose friends were well-remembered uninvited participants in the 1972 Olympic Games at Munich, was invited to Moscow by something called the Soviet Afro-Asian Solidarity Committee. "Neither I nor any Soviet citizen associates the name of Yasir Arafat with terrorism, which has always been condemned by our people," a high official of the Moscow Olympic Organizing Committee felt constrained to announce the other day. "We associate his name with the just struggle of Palestinian people for freedom and independence."

From the Soviet viewpoint, so often radically different from that of carping outsiders, this first Olympics ever held on Communist soil has got to be reckoned a smashing success. Nobody, as far as I know, was shot. That the XXII Olympiad has also been perhaps the most joyless one in recent history would no doubt be classified by its proprietors as irrelevant nit-picking—or, as the Russians prefer to call it, flea-chasing. For instance, rarely in the two-week course of the Games did those in charge of them seem fully to understand the exuberance of youth—especially youth with a gold medal. It has long been customary for the winners of Olympic running events to take an extra jog around the track, if they feel in the mood for it and have enough energy left. When Allan Wells, of Great Britain, came in first in the hundred-metre dash and, accordingly, could claim—although a couple of absent Americans might understandably demur—to be the world's fastest human being, he was hustled out of the stadium almost before his richly deserved applause had subsided. Pietro Mennea, of Italy, who won the two-hundred-metre, did get his so-called lap of honor, but only by cutting across the infield and thus eluding a Soviet posse arrayed to expedite his departure, so that he would not, as a Russian official later put it, "destabilize the smooth flow of events." Bronislaw Malinowski, of Poland, who won the three-thousand-metre steeplechase, found an even simpler way of being naughty. After his counterclockwise victory, Malinowski reversed gears and treated himself, while the air rang with ecstatic cries of "*Polska! Polska!*," to a clockwise lope.

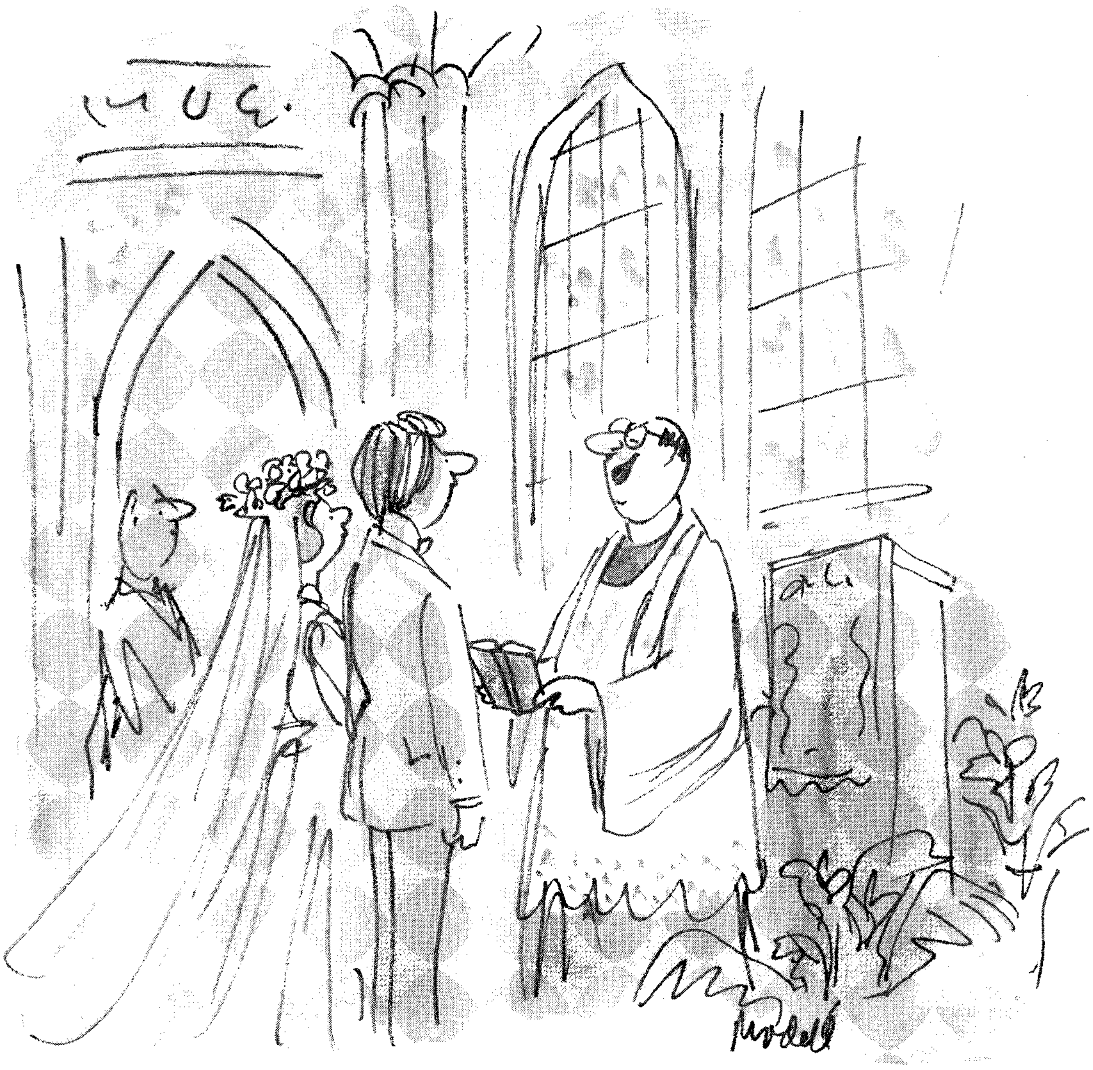
Great Britain, Italy, Poland: how did those names creep in here so soon when, as everybody knows, the boycott-tilted Games were supposed to be pretty much a private party for the Soviet Union and East Germany? Indeed, they did end as something of the sort, with that pair of behemoths totting up between them more medals than the rest of the Olympian world combined. "I came here for fun and games," a young Australian girl swimmer said one day out at the spacious Olympic Village, which was built to accommodate nearly fourteen thousand guests but, because only eighty-one of the hundred and forty-six geographical entities in the Olympic movement turned up, ultimately housed fewer than half that number. "It's been all games," she went on, "and precious little fun." The official Soviet attitude toward jollity was demonstrated by the demeanor of the soldiers who occupied all the front-row seats at various events. They sat at attention, staring dead ahead. Even when a hero of Soviet sports—the gifted Viktor Demianenko, say, who until this week was the world's premier amateur lightweight boxer—bested an opponent and received a standing ovation from the rest of the spectators, who were alternately chanting "Viktor! Viktor!" and what sounded to my crude Western ear like "Let's go, Mets!," the soldiers did not clap a hand or bat an eye. I did once see one of them scratch his nose, but in mentioning that sort of anomaly I am probably guilty of flea-chasing.

Along with the soldiers, there were three other basic types of security people on duty here, very few of them visibly armed. There were truncheon-twirling police, in white shirts and red-banded caps. At least one of these was posted at practically every street corner, and around the competition sites they seemed as profuse as trees, behind which they sometimes lurked. Then, there were phalanxes of men in light-gray suits, white shirts, and maroon ties—in a capitalist society, some tailors and haberdashers would have made fortunes rigging them all out. Finally, there were plainclothesmen—so many of them that it seemed as though the rest of the U.S.S.R. must have been all but defenseless. Our protectors ran an even tighter ship than one might have anticipated—obviously the tragedy of Munich is still in everyone's mind—and in a way, of course, we were grateful. But the constant checks did become a little wearing. We of the press, for instance, had our I.D. cards scrutinized every time we left our hotel as well as when we entered it, and we underwent repeated electronic inspections, usually by an American-made machine engagingly named Friskem. All this was hardest on the photographers, whose paraphernalia was checked over and over again at their hotels and at the main press center, and, at the Olympic Village, was sniffed at by dogs trained to detect taboo substances. None of us were allowed, as a rule, into non-press hotels, and non-press people could not visit us. It was seldom that, after getting my key from the floor concierge, I could walk down the corridor to my room without encountering a gray-suit silently prowling the hall. The organizers of the Games could not comprehend the depressing effect that all this sort of thing had on transients, who could not help beginning to wonder after a while whether the huge army—two hundred thousand was as good a guess as any of its strength—had been recruited to insure the security of the guests or assuage the insecurity of the hosts.



The Soviet people had been warned on radio and television, before any of us arrived, about foreign agents with bombs and poisoned chewing gum. And apparently some of our guardian forces—especially those imported to the big city from the sticks—got really scared. A Russian I know said a doctor had told him that three young cops had been so frighteningly briefed when they reported for duty that they'd suffered nervous breakdowns and been tucked away in psychiatric wards. My own most alarming moment came when a gatekeeper decided, after comparing my face with the picture on my I.D. card—a photograph taken by a Russian here—that they did not match, and would not let me into my hotel. I managed to get my case appealed to his superior, who, after a few minutes' solemn study, grudgingly conceded that I might, after all, be myself.

Curiously, the rigid security was most lax where one might have thought it was most needed: nobody checked the photographic gear—some of it quite bulky enough to hold a rifle—being trundled into any of the competition sites. At the Lenin Stadium, of course, which can comfortably hold more than a hundred thousand bodies, running each one through a Friskem might have caused some traffic jams. For the opening ceremony out there, moreover, the count was swelled by fifteen or twenty thousand—most of the participating athletes, together with swarms of non-competing gymnasts and dancers trucked in to dazzle us with their unimpeachable agility. (There were unquestionable traffic problems over at the new Sheremetyevo Airport, which during the three-and-a-half-hour ceremony was unaccountably closed to all flights of non-Communist airlines.) What principally interested some of us flea chasers, though, was not so much the impressively organized entertainment—not even being warmly greeted from outer space by a couple of Soviet cosmonauts—but the manner in which the eighty-one sporting delegations would parade past their No. 1 reviewer, Leonid Brezhnev. (The Soviet President sort of joined President Carter in boycotting the Games. He interrupted a Crimean holiday to take the Olympic salute, then went back on vacation and didn't attend a single event.) Sixteen contingents, to show their sympathy with, if not observance of, the American boycott, did not join the parade, and were represented only by token representatives or Russian stand-ins marching behind the neutral white Olympic flag or, as in the case of Spain and New Zealand, the standard of their national Olympic committee. (There had been eighty-eight groups of athletes at Montreal, where twenty-eight African nations boycotted the 1976 Games because New Zealand had played rugby, a non-Olympic sport, with South Africa.) Among the absentees, West Germany and Japan were, along with the United States, the most important, but Liechtenstein was perhaps the most self-sacrificing. That principality normally derives eight per cent of its annual budget from stamp sales, and when it decided to shun Moscow it destroyed a special Olympic-stamp series. The most rousing applause from the general public—Brezhnev is at best a tepid hand-clapper—went to Afghanistan, Cuba, East Germany, and, naturally, the home team. In his greeting to that part of the world which had assembled, Lord Killanin, of Ireland, the outgoing president of the International Olympic Committee, touched on the boycott by bidding welcome "especially to those who have shown their complete independence to travel to compete, despite many pressures placed on them." (Earlier, addressing the final business session of the I.O.C., over whose fortunes and misfortunes he has presided for eight years, Killanin had emphasized the point that granting these Games to Moscow and the next ones to Los Angeles had not been done "in approbation of the political philosophies of the government of their countries.") The lack of an American presence seemed to evoke more sorrow than anger. A Russian woman standing in front of me in a stadium buffet line glanced at my identification tag, which had "U.S.A." on it, smiled, and said, "It's a pity." A friend of mine who was sitting much closer than I was to Brezhnev told me that the President seemed puzzled by the recurrent appearance of the white Olympic flags, but the billion and a half inhabitants of the globe who, according to the Soviet authorities, watched the proceedings on televi-



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sion in North Korea, Vietnam, and other friendly territories were spared such bewilderment. The cameramen who took over when NBC fell by the wayside artfully dodged the meaningful white flags as best they could. Later, when the competitions began, there were the usual flag raisings following each presentation of medals. An Italian and an Englishman finished first and second in one event, and two Olympic flags were duly run up the appropriate poles; Russians watching on television did not get to see that but instead were shown Italian and British flags being waved by spectators. At the Olympic Village, where during past games the colors of all participating athletes had been colorfully arrayed, the delicate situation was resolved by having only two flags flying—an Olympic one and a Soviet one.

AS nearly as one could ascertain, the citizenry of Moscow, for all the many-colored pennants and banners and signs with which the city's streets had been festooned, didn't get particularly excited about the Games until, the day before the opening ceremony, the Olympic torch was carried into town, at the end of a three-thousand-mile jaunt from Greece via Bulgaria and Rumania. I was standing with a group of Russians when the flame passed along Tchaikovsky Street. It was mid-afternoon, during office hours, but there were spectators six deep on both sides. One elderly lady had brought a ladder and was expectantly perched on it. Next to me in the crush stood an exceedingly tall young Russian woman who spoke English. She worked in the Ministry of Foreign Trade, she said. But when she spotted the "U.S.A." on my chest she seemed disinclined to chat any further with a stranger, although the fact that her boyfriend was standing behind her may have had something to do with it.

With the surprising exception of the Bolshoi Theatre, whose stately white columns were a trifle flaky, Moscow was all spruced up for the big event: Kremlin domes dazzlingly gilded, other buildings freshly painted, streets repaved, lawns trimmed, and, according to one handout pressed upon me, nine million flowers and one hundred thousand trees newly planted—these last, someone sourly grumbled, perhaps to give some shade to the cops stationed alongside them. One of the untidiest places I espied (could this have been deliberate?) was the front yard of the United States Commercial Office, which was full of ragged weeds. The weather was first-rate for most of the two-week stretch of competitions; moreover, Moscow enjoys about eighteen hours of daylight at this time of year. Accordingly, the deputy mayor of the city was pleased to be able to tell *Pravda* that Moscow had been transformed for the occasion into "an ideal Communist city." Earlier, on learning that because of the defections of certain imperialist nations' athletes there would not be quite so many tourists around as had originally been anticipated, the mayor himself—technically, the chairman of the Executive Committee of the Moscow City Soviet of People's Deputies—had remarked, "Fewer is better." He had also declared that "thousands of cooks, pastry chefs, and waiters are eager to give our visitors nourishing and tasty meals served up in a minimum amount of time." (One of the lesser casualties of this Olympiad was a fancy cookbook put out before the boycott by the United States Olympic Committee which contained the favorite recipes of American athletes who had expected to be here—a rower's Snickerdoodle Cookies, a basketball player's Cream Cheese Foldovers, an archer's Hot Bean Dip, and so on and queasily on.) Whether the Moscow stores were uncommonly well stocked with food and other consumer goods to give visitors the impression of a land of plenty is moot. One permanent resident told me that, aside from bananas, she hadn't noticed any extraordinary produce at her neighborhood grocery. Another housewife mentioned that when the news spread that a shipment of Hungarian shampoo had just reached town, she joined a line at a store that stocks beauty products; this woman and the rest of her queue were dispersed by a policeman, who explained politely but firmly that if any prying Western journalist happened to observe them he would no doubt write that they were vying for scarce bread. The big GUM department store, in Red Square, was full of merchandise and full of customers when I strolled through it one morning, and although it, too, was patrolled

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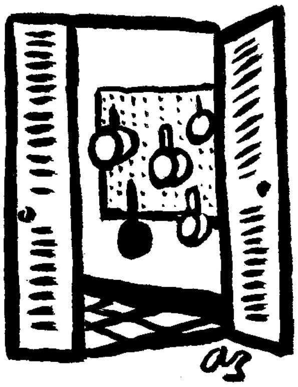
by cops, they were less ubiquitous than in the Square itself.

In a couple of forays to Red Square, I did not encounter a single tour group whose guide was speaking a language I could understand. There were some American visitors on hand, and there was one brief waving of the Stars and Stripes at the opening ceremony, but my compatriots were not much in evidence anywhere. Indeed, the pre-Games arrival of just two of them was thought by Radio Moscow to be worth putting on the air. In deference to the sensibilities of those Westerners who did materialize, however—and also, I suppose, to the good old Olympic spirit—the state travel bureau, Intourist, temporarily removed from the façade of its main office a sign reading "Communism Will Win." In deference to tourists of all nationalities, the number of street-corner telephone booths was substantially increased for the Olympics; one Russian told me that this was much appreciated by the indigenes, who, instead of making calls from their homes, could use the booths and thus thwart potential eavesdroppers.



Back in the days when the Soviet Union expected a robust influx of American, West German, and Japanese tourists, it also beefed up the Moscow taxi fleet and trained a flock of new cabdrivers. The cabdrivers are perhaps madder than anybody else about the boycott and its effects. For them, fewer has been anything but better. Throughout the Games, traffic flowed as smoothly and swiftly as did the sporting events themselves. Special lanes were reserved on most of Moscow's broad thoroughfares for vehicles on Olympic business. Most of the automobile drivers who carted the press around (there was a fine bus system, too) took gleeful advantage of their exclusivity, and roared through the streets past terrified pedestrians and unblinking policemen as if they were hoping to set new world records for point-to-point dashes. At such hair-raising moments, their journalist passengers were grateful to the Moscow Organizing Committee for having bestowed on each member of the press, at the outset, ten thousand Swiss francs' worth of free life insurance.

Because of the boycott, the United States Ambassador diplomatically left Russia on the eve of the Games, and so did a number of other envoys from Western nations. The American Embassy people who were left behind were instructed not to attend any sports events or any Olympics-related parties, and that went for their families, too. The injunction was especially tough on several teen-age dependents who had been looking forward to well-paid part-time jobs in the Olympic organization. Stiff upper lip was the order of the day. "If Russia and East Germany win all the medals," one middle-rank Embassy man remarked to me, "it'll prove that the boycott was effective." He and his colleagues had been further instructed not to render any of the courtesies to American tourists that they would normally extend; such visitors were to be cold-shouldered except in the case of a serious emergency—a lost passport, say, or a medical crisis. Even some American bankers and businessmen stationed in Moscow thought it advisable to maintain a low profile; one of them told me that if he happened to be photographed attending an event and the picture got back to Washington, there might be White House reprisals against his home office.

However many American tourists may have attended the Games—probably not more than a couple of thousand—there have been plenty of other American pilgrims to Moscow: delegates to meetings of international sports federations held here in conjunction with the Olympics, a handful of Los Angelenos preparing for the 1984 Summer Games, the press, and a few athletes who have actually taken part in events. (There were also several competitors who are students at United States colleges or universities but are citizens of, for instance, Trinidad, Jamaica, Ireland, or Great Britain.) A Pittsburgh dentist who was born in Austria competed for Austria, without success, in the long jump. The most anomalous group was from Puerto Rico, which is incontestably part of President Carter's realm, but which (how's this for keeping politics and sports separate?) has had its own Olympic Committee since 1948. (Mongolia has one, too.) While I was on a trip to the Olympic Village one day (the place has several religious rooms and, among many other amenities, a library, on whose shelves I saw

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just one book in English, "Vietnamese Traditional Physical Culture in Folk Art"), I bumped into part of the Puerto Rican delegation, which consisted of three boxers and a few auxiliaries. Among the non-athletes were German Rieckehoff, a retired San Juan lawyer, who is president of the Puerto Rican Olympic Committee, and José Santori, a Puerto Rican emissary to the International Amateur Basketball Federation. Rieckehoff and Santori said there had been considerable pressure on them back home to go along with the boycott. For instance, their governor had persuaded their legislature to pass a special bill denying them any public funds. (They did not say so, but there have been reports that the Soviet Union, which in one way or another paid the travel expenses of many small nations that could not otherwise have afforded the trip to Moscow, may have helped fill the Puerto Rican till.) The White House itself hadn't tried very hard to keep the Puerto Ricans from coming here—antagonizing the athlete, coach, and trainer vote in an election year is one thing, antagonizing the Spanish-speaking vote another—but quite a few Puerto Ricans had agreed with their governor that the group shouldn't have gone. Santori's basketball team had pulled out, its members afraid they might lose their jobs if they didn't. The upshot was that Alberto Mercado, a nineteen-year-old flyweight who has five brothers living in New York City, became the Puerto Rican team, along with a featherweight and a light welterweight who were supposed to serve mainly as his sparring partners. "We're not here because we're U.S. citizens," President Rieckehoff told me. "We're here because we're Puerto Ricans." It was a distinction hard to grasp. Mercado was thought to have a good chance at a medal—he won the World Cup at Madison Square Garden last fall—but he lost by a technical knockout in his very first bout. Both of his sparring partners, though, did make it into the quarter-finals. That was as far as any American progressed in any event of these singular Olympics.

THE Puerto Ricans got to strut their stuff, such as it fleetingly was, in one of the new arenas (the Lenin Stadium is twenty-five years old) that were constructed for the Games—an oval sliced in half, with boxing on one side and basketball on the other. Nobody knows for sure how much this or any other building cost, and the Soviets insist that in any event their total investment in the Games is irrelevant—that all these sparkling structures were scheduled to be put up anyway, sooner or later, for the use and enjoyment of the people. The boxing arena was a center of continuing attraction, in large measure because of the Cuban heavyweight Teófilo Stevenson, who had won a gold at Munich and another at Montreal, and repeated here with such embarrassing ease—in his semifinal neither he nor his Hungarian adversary landed a single solid punch—that nobody could quite figure out how good he really is. Cuba was represented by some two hundred and fifty athletes—five of the others also won golds in boxing, one of them dethroning the Russian Demianenko—among them Alberto Juantorena, who had won both the four-hundred- and the eight-hundred-metre runs at Montreal. He strode into the Olympic Village at the outset like a proper conquering hero, and regally deigned to have his picture taken with some slim sari-clad girls from Sri Lanka who were posted there to promote and dispense Ceylon tea, hot and cold. This proved to be a cold Olympics for Juantorena. He had had an operation not long ago, and didn't even attempt to defend his title in the eight-hundred-metre. In the four-hundred-metre, he finished a medal-less fourth. Still another Cuban of note was a heretofore relatively unheralded twenty-two-year-old javelin thrower, María Colón. She is not exactly a sylph—she weighs a hundred and forty-five pounds and is five feet five inches tall—but she looked almost like a slip of a girl compared to, say, East Germany's Ute Richter (a hundred and ninety-four, and five feet ten). Miss Colón astounded her East European rivals, who were expected to and generally did dominate the women's events that called for brute strength, by whomping them all, and as she stood beaming to receive her portion of gold, I felt—Castro's presence in Angola notwithstanding—a powerful sense of hemispheric solidarity.

To most of the Westerners here, the main events were the duels between Sebastian Coe and Steve Ovett,

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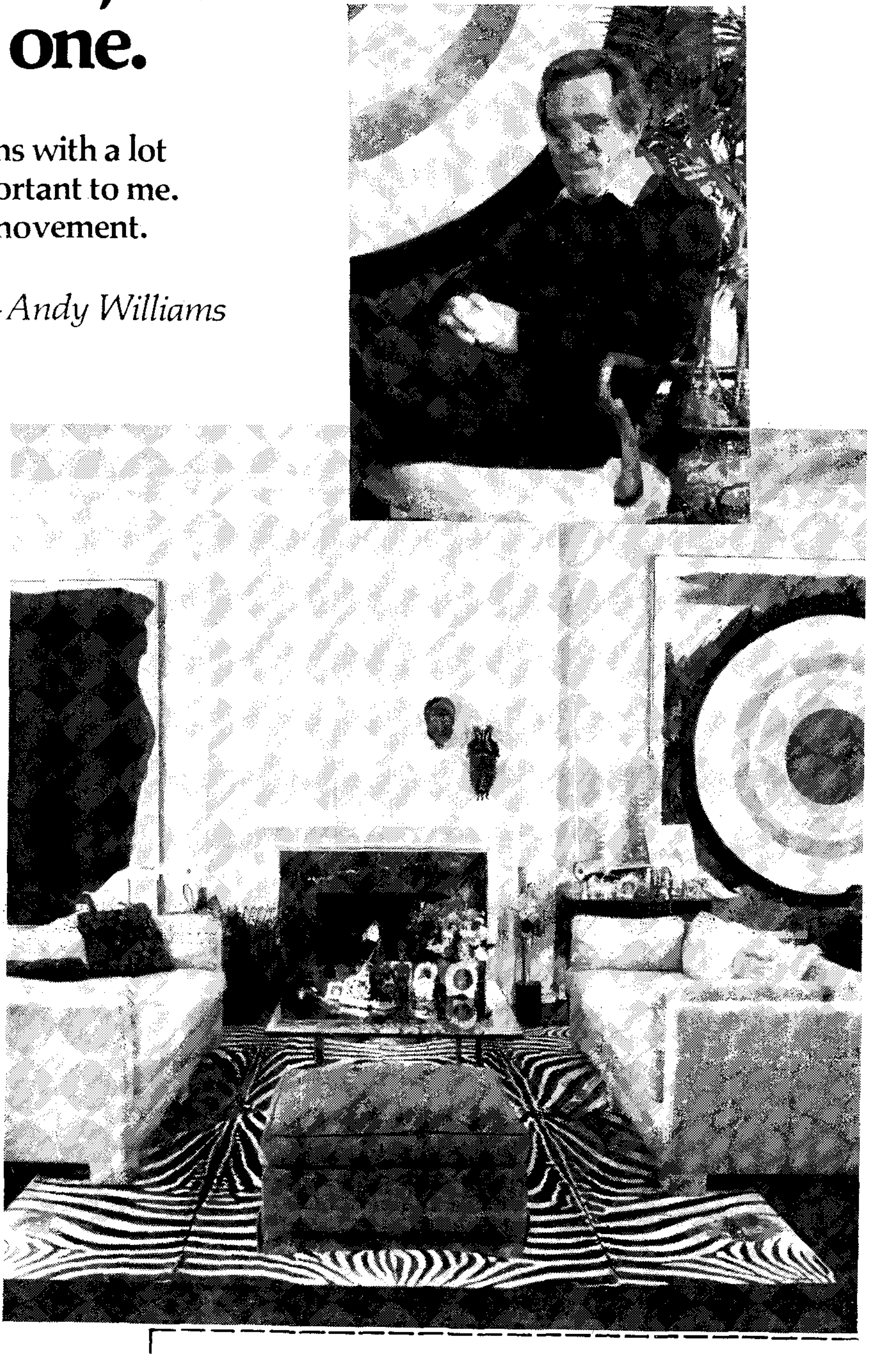

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the British middle-distance runners. There did not appear to be much love lost between them. Coe refers to Ovett as "the other guy," and Ovett, a taciturn sort, doesn't publicly talk at all about Coe—or, when it comes to that, about much else. They were to have two epic confrontations (epic in the eyes of British sportswriters, who hung around them like bees): first in the eight-hundred-metre, and later in the fifteen-hundred, which is generally conceded to be the nonpareil of track events. The eight-hundred was considered to be the better of the two races for Coe, and the fifteen-hundred to be Ovett's specialty. In the final of the first event, Coe was so far behind with one lap to go that his closing rush still left him in his rival's wake. Afterward, the loser shrugged and said, "Some days you run well, and some days you don't. . . . We all live to fight another day." Ovett said nothing. Coe's other day came three nights ago, when he surprised everybody except, probably, himself by charging to the fore at the start of the fifteen-hundred and, although the time of the race wasn't especially fast, leaving all hands and feet emphatically to his rear. Ovett, who had predicted back in England that he had a ninety-per-cent chance of winning that one, had to settle for a third-place bronze. There was no need for Coe to talk much after taking the gold. His smile said everything, and the track officials made only a perfunctory attempt to forestall his lap of honor.

The British contingent did surprisingly well over all, despite having come in defiance of a boycott endorsement by Prime Minister Thatcher (officially, there was no "Great Britain" here—merely a "British Olympic Association") and, as with the Puerto Ricans, rumblings at home. (When I was in London last spring, the *Observer* ran a letter from a Tory M.P. proposing that all Britons who went to the Games be required to have the word "collaborator" pinned to their uniforms.) The British equestrian team stayed away. In view of Mrs. Thatcher's firm stand, it could hardly have done otherwise without embarrassing the Duke of Edinburgh, who is president of the International Equestrian Federation, and who kept his distance, too. The British yachtsmen and small-bore riflemen were also, of their own volition, no-shows, and the three members of the British modern-pentathlon team, all on active duty in Her Majesty's Armed Forces, had to take accumulated leave to get here and were enjoined by their Ministry of Defense from talking to the press, even about the weather. That triumvirate finished eighth in a twelve-team competition, so there wouldn't have been a great deal to talk about in any case. But the decimated British squad did awfully well, nonetheless. In its decathlon winner, Daley Thompson, it could boast a truly international athlete, for he was born of a Nigerian father and a Scottish mother. Then, there was the Englishman Duncan Goodhew, a former North Carolina State University swimmer, who won the hundred-metre breaststroke. When Goodhew was asked afterward how it felt to be a gold medallist and yet to be deprived of seeing his own flag and hearing his own anthem, he said, "I'm still British and I still believe in my country, and I swam for my country. If this is a sacrifice I or any other athlete has to make to keep politics out of sports, I'm glad I made it. But it hurts." Actually, his ensign was run up on one of the victory flagpoles. An Australian finished third in that race, and the Australian flag, of course, incorporates the Union Jack. Goodhew had made sure that, no matter who joined him on the medallists' dais, his national colors would be seen, for he'd had an après-swim robe fashioned in red, white, and blue. The adoring fans of yet another Western-nation gold medallist, the Italian trapshooter Luciano Giovannetti—the forty-five-year-old proprietor, appropriately, of a gun shop near Florence—made it even more certain that their national colors would be visible. When he emerged as the winner, they lifted him to their shoulders and draped an Italian flag over his shoulders. Giovannetti was so enraptured by this adulation that he fired a parting shot through his cap. No official tried to stand in the way of that.

There were no Afghans entered in any shooting events. That nation, whose fate so crucially influenced the course of this Olympiad, was represented here solely by hand-to-hand

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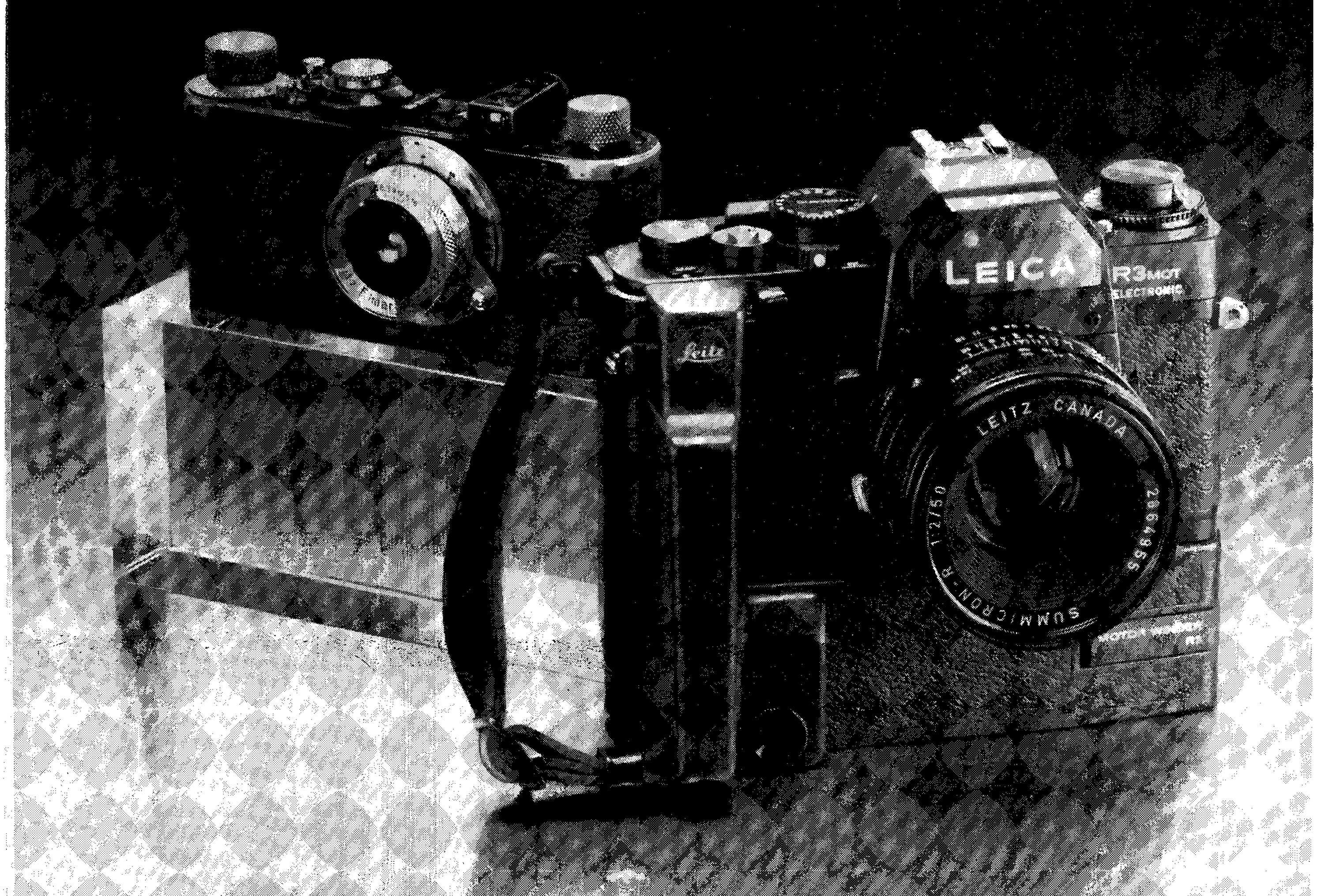

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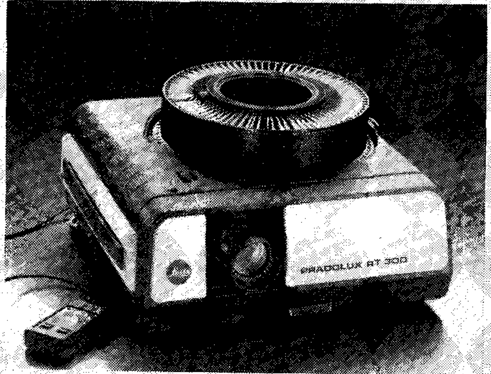

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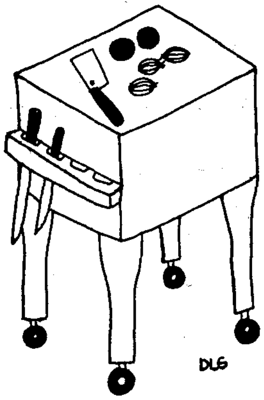
warriors—boxers and wrestlers, sixteen in all—none of whom ended up winning anything, except, maybe, a respite from troubles at home. There was supposed to have been a field-hockey team, too, but it had reportedly been ambushed while returning to Kabul from an earlier meet in Russia. According to the Kabul *New Times*, an English-language daily with which I was not previously familiar, three of its members had been killed, with the connivance, at the very least, of Lackeys from the West. The *New Times* also apprised me of a statement issued by the National Olympic Committee of Afghanistan which said, in small part, that last December's Olympics-shaking incursion there had "on the one hand saved our people and on the other roused the beastly wrath and malice in reactionary, chauvinist, Zionist, and imperialist circles," and continued, "We declare loud and clear that this merciless massacre of our country's sportsmen is directly related to Carter's boycott policy and surely the people of the world will strongly and decisively condemn it. The responsibility for spilling the innocent blood of the above sportsmen rests with Carter and his accomplices. Imperialist hirelings in other countries too resort to such actions but inevitably the Olympic games will go on successfully as such criminal acts would not hinder them." While I was trying to digest that, Yasir Arafat was being conducted on a tour of the Olympic Village.

The *New Times* also carried a Tass dispatch from Moscow warning its readers about C.I.A. operatives who would be infiltrating the Olympics, and who would be "skilled in holding political debates." These comprised "mainly students and postgraduate students from Harvard and Philadelphia University," the story went on. In Red Square, not long after that alert, I ran into a young man wearing a sweatshirt with the Harvard University seal emblazoned on its front. I thought he might know one of my sons, so I approached him fraternally and asked what his class was. He turned out to be a non-English-speaking Russian, conceivably skilled in holding political debates in Croatian or Urdu. I should have realized at the outset that there was something fishy about him. His Harvard seal had been imprinted on a garment of Yale blue. A few minutes after that, another young Russian, who did speak English, accosted me and another correspondent. He was from Kiev, he said, a teacher of modern history, including United States history, and he was surprised to see me, because he thought all Americans had been forbidden to come to Moscow during the Olympics. I asked him, once we had that more or less straightened out, what he'd been telling his students about the reason for the absence of an American team here, and he said it was "because of some discrepancy between your country and our country." It took a while to pry a precise discrepancy out of him. Finally, he said, "First of all, Afghanistan." Whereas I had thought that that was the only reason!



THE writer Georgi Vladimov—author of, among other works, "Faithful Ruslan," a novel about a dog in a gulag whose life becomes a shambles after his prison camp is closed down—had some observations to make when a couple of other journalists and I called on him at his home one evening. Vladimov is just about the only well-known dissenter who stayed in Moscow during the Games (he had dined with Andrei Sakharov the night before Sakharov was spirited off to Gorky); it was suggested to him that he leave town, but he was never directly ordered to pack up and go, conceivably because he is the head of the local chapter of Amnesty International and whatever might happen to him would be widely publicized. Vladimov said there was a holiday feeling right now among Muscovites, and that even he had experienced intense excitement when the Olympic torch was paraded through his neighborhood. "Parades create a holiday feeling," he told us. "Hitler knew that." The American boycott, he continued, had had little impact on any Russians of his acquaintance. "People understand that the boycott is linked to Afghanistan, but they don't think that Afghanistan is reason enough," he said. "After all, we're used to invading countries—Czechoslovakia, Finland, Estonia, and so forth. This was just another invasion. Moreover, boycott means that people stay away from something. People who are not here are not noticed." Vladi-

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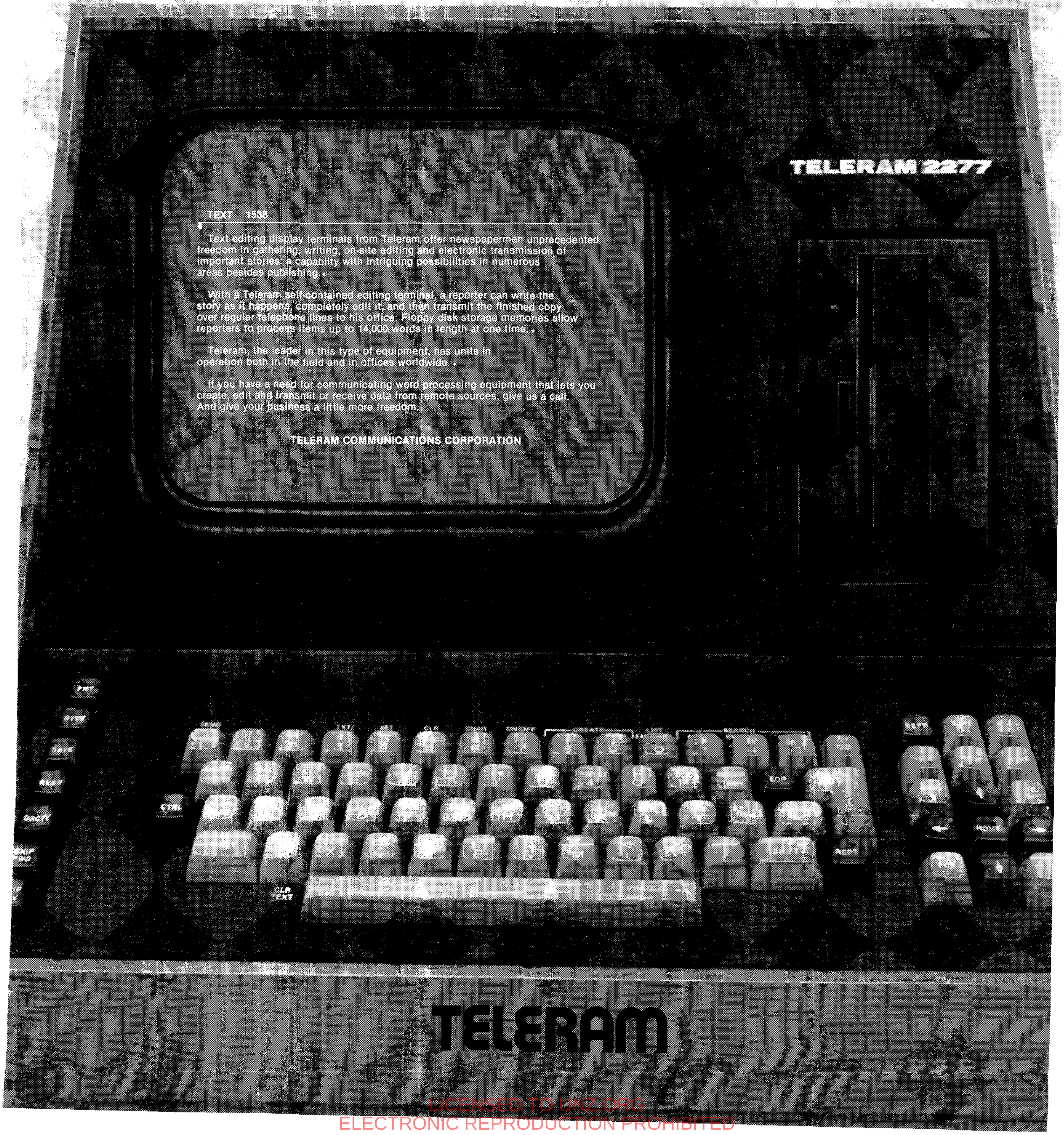

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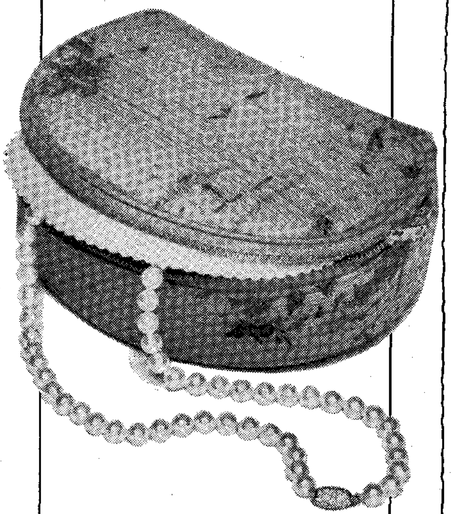

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mov said he would not be attending any sports events himself, but he would be watching them on television. In his opinion, these Games were spurious ones. "Somebody may get a gold medal for theoretically being the strongest man on earth," he said, "but he'll always know that there may be somebody out there somewhere who's actually stronger." He believed that some alternative track-and-field events that the United States had been putting on in Philadelphia were a mistake. "Olympics create their own kind of tension," he said. "People surpass themselves. Weight lifters lift weights they've never lifted before. Thus, performances here will probably be better than those at Philadelphia, and the Soviet Union will use that comparison in its propaganda."

Vladimov, who is forty-nine, and whose works have been translated into English, French, Italian, and Norwegian, is not published in Russia nowadays, but he is working on a novel anyhow, and he said that it has been easier for him to make headway lately, because all his fellow-dissidents are scattered. (He himself may travel anywhere inside the Soviet Union, but not outside. "I could go to Gorky," he said, "but not to Sakharov.") He and his friends are rather fond of President Carter, because of his having gone out of his way to establish personal contact with Soviet dissidents. "Your President comes across to us as a man of the heart—in a sense, like Khrushchev," Vladimov said. "The boycott hasn't created any ill feeling against him—at least, not in my circle. When the full tragedy of Afghanistan becomes clear to the Soviet people—Moscow people don't know much about it yet, because few Moscow soldiers are there; news of casualties would spread fast in this city—they'll remember what Carter did, and thank him."

Vladimov, who urged us to use his name in anything we might write about him—he hoped that the Voice of America would pick up his thoughts and beam them back to Russia—was pessimistic about the immediate prospects for dissidence. "The movement has been shattered, and it's hard to tell just what remains of it today," he said. "But it will be resurrected, perhaps in new forms. It will not die. It will not die." Before we departed—a plainclothesman with a briefcase followed us from the front door to our car—Vladimov favored us with a joke that has been going around Moscow. It seems that Ayatollah Khomeini comes into

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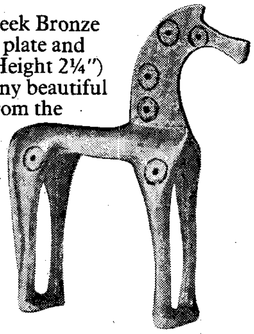

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the office of the head of the K.G.B., rips off his false beard, and says, "I quit. I've been there too long and the work's too hard." Whereupon his boss retorts, "What do you mean, you quit? You've only been there two years, and here you are complaining already. Look at Castro. He's been wearing his beard for twenty years and there hasn't been a complaint out of him yet."

AS is usual at all Olympics, the sports program was complemented by an elaborate cultural one, but, as is also usual, few journalists, scurrying from water polo to the Olympic version of handball (which is little more than water polo on dry land) to judo and back, found time to indulge much in the available edification. I did manage to make it to the charming Moscow Circus one evening. Having heard that most of Moscow's children had been removed from the city to spare them contact with foreigners (Georgi Vladimov, who is childless, said that some of his neighbors were told that if they didn't let their children go off they might never see them again), I was surprised to find a good many children in the audience, though fewer than one would expect to see at Madison Square Garden. Those present, to be sure, were fairly young—not teen-agers, who might more readily succumb to our insidious wiles. The current offering at the circus had a strong Olympic flavor. The acts included gymnastics, swimming, cycling, weight lifting, and soccer—the last played by a surefooted bear. There was also a bikinied young woman who twirled five large rings around her talented torso, in a tribute to the five Olympic rings—a tribute that the International Olympic Committee, which holds its symbol sacrosanct, would presumably not have condoned if it had been consulted.

The star clown of the circus is Oleg Popov, but for much of the press the stellar performer of the Olympics was another Popov—Vladimir, the suave, unflappable liaison for information between the Moscow Organizing Committee and the rest of humanity. Fifty-five years old, well travelled, and, for twelve and a half years before the Games, the Deputy Minister of Culture, this Soviet anchorman is the Slavic spit and image of John Chancellor, and just as urbane. Also witty, though anything but a clown. Popov's skillful daily fencing with the world's press became one of the Olympics' standing-room-only affairs, as popular as women's gymnastics. In the unlikely event

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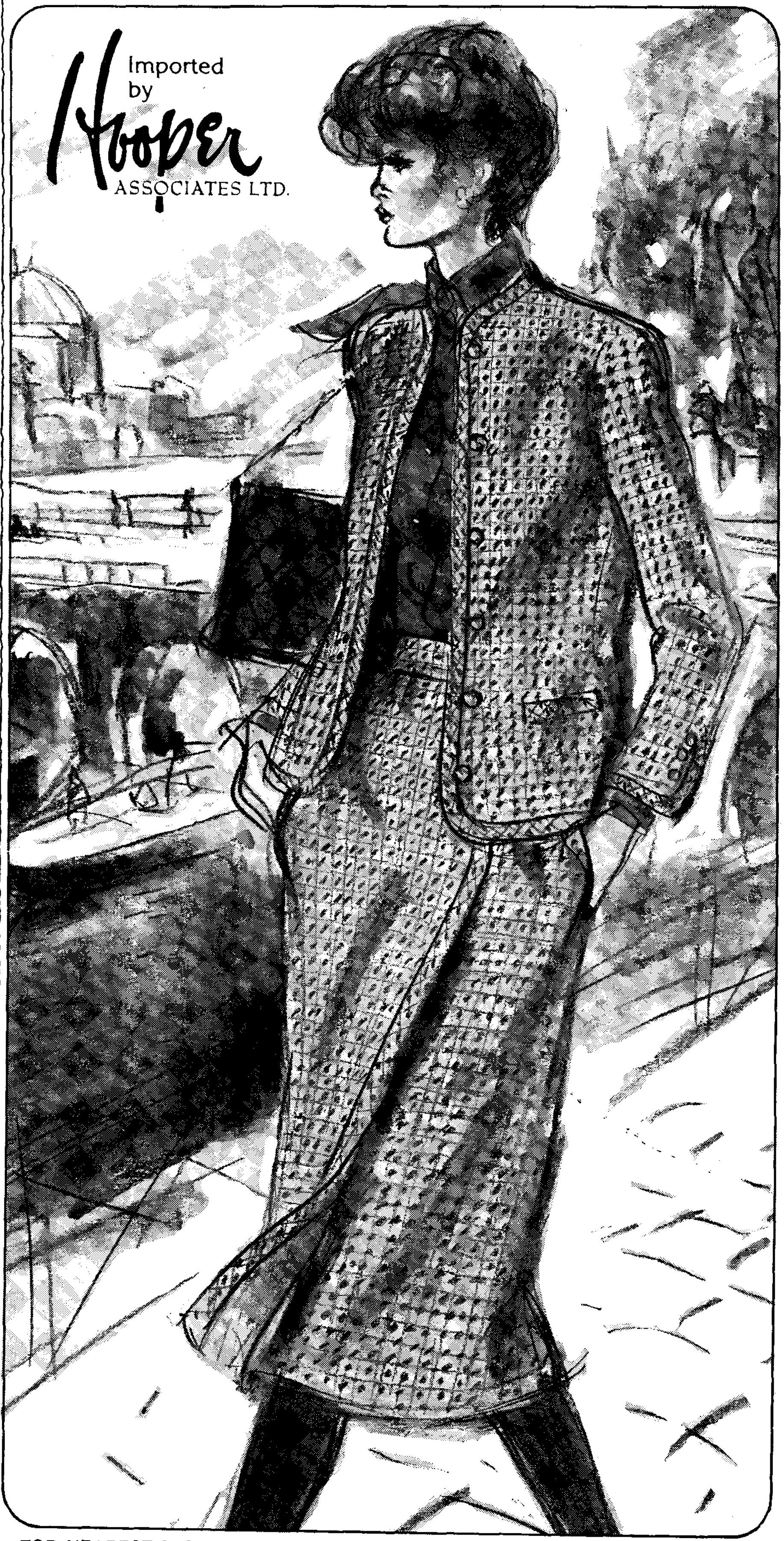

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that he should ever elect to defect, he could boost any Western television network's rating. He told us once that it was nonsense to believe that any more children were out of Moscow than those who normally go to summer camps at this time of the year—why, he saw his own five-year-old grandchild every day. On being asked at one session to comment on a story that an Afghan wrestler had begged a Western journalist to help him escape from here, Popov replied blandly that the matter was certainly not one for him, a mere Russian, to respond to. "The Democratic Republic of Afghanistan is an independent and sovereign state," he said paternally, "and the question of Afghan citizens' behavior comes under the jurisdiction of the Afghan state." On being asked to comment on the status of an Italian advocate of gay rights (homosexuality is unlawful here) who had been hauled off by police after trying to chain himself to a fence in Red Square, Popov, cool as a Chancellor, said that the incident was disgraceful and disgusting, and, furthermore, that it was not within his province to discuss, because it was unrelated to the Olympics. Asked how he related the Olympics to a rather lengthy encomium he delivered on the first Vietnamese to enter space (a cosmonaut who both took off and landed during the Games), he replied unhesitatingly, "I can explain. In order to go up into the cosmos, you have to be a sportsman."

Another time, Popov said, "I am not one of those naïve people who believe that sport can be separated from everyday world events." He was right, of course. If it hadn't been for Ping-Pong—which, incidentally, the I.O.C. had considered making an authorized sport for 1988—the United States and China might still be estranged, as the Soviet Union no doubt wishes they were. Popov bore with equanimity the darts thrown at him by the Western press. He never lost his temper, and his ripostes never went beyond mild reproofs like "I hope that you will be in good health and that your health will be reflected in other things." That reminded him that before the Games were even one week old more than four hundred journalists in Moscow—close to one-tenth of the total—had required medical aid. The figure seemed high to me until I became aware that most of us—and quite a few athletes, too—were suffering at one point or another from some kind of intestinal turmoil. A few chauvinistic Americans put the blame for this on

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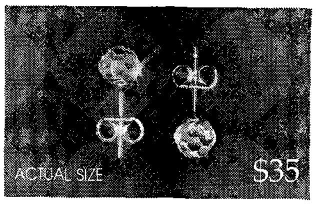

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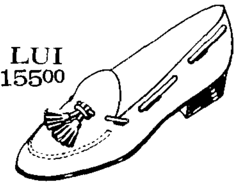

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Coca-Cola's having abdicated from the Games, with the result that the soft drinks most readily available were home brews—one tasting like cough medicine and the other like mouthwash. I, contrarily, attributed my own mild, transitory indisposition to an overdose of caviar.

The more serious of the two Popovs kept reminding us how many nations were represented at the Games and how splendidly the Third World ones were doing—this in the teeth of the inescapable fact that, through no fault of their own, Third World athletes were really not doing well at all: most of them were simply not of Olympic calibre. In the twenty-kilometre walk, for example, in which the gold medallist's time was just under an hour and a half, a Laotian straggled in a whopping fifty-seven minutes behind the winner. A Nepalese was more than lapped in the five-thousand-metre run. Swimmers from Mozambique and Vietnam were both more than twenty seconds slower than the winners of their elimination heats in the men's two-hundred-metre butterfly—and, naturally, both were eliminated. (A Russian told me that archery was an ancient Vietnamese sport, but Vietnam had no archers in competition.) The Sierra Leone entrant in the decathlon threw the javelin about as far as I could, and I have never thrown one. And so the sad story went, time and time again, until, toward the end of the Games, there was an ironic twist. Zimbabwe—formerly, of course, Rhodesia—was the newest nation on the scene and was represented by a squad of forty-six athletes. Only five, all long-distance runners, were black. The rest—in archery, cycling, women's field hockey, judo, shooting, swimming, weight lifting, and yachting—were white. The women's field-hockey team was a pickup aggregation, put together in June, when Moscow asked Zimbabwe if it would like to participate in that sport. The organizers of the Games needed somebody badly, because five of the six teams that had been counted on to play were boycotting. So what did these untested Zimbabwe stick wielders proceed to do? To win the gold medal, that's what, beating Russia en route; and we heard that when they got back to Salisbury each of them would be honored, in the prevailing fashion of rewarding heroes and heroines there, by the gift of a whole ox. One could not help reflecting, though, in the midst of the hullabaloo that greeted these ex-colonial ladies' formidable achieve-

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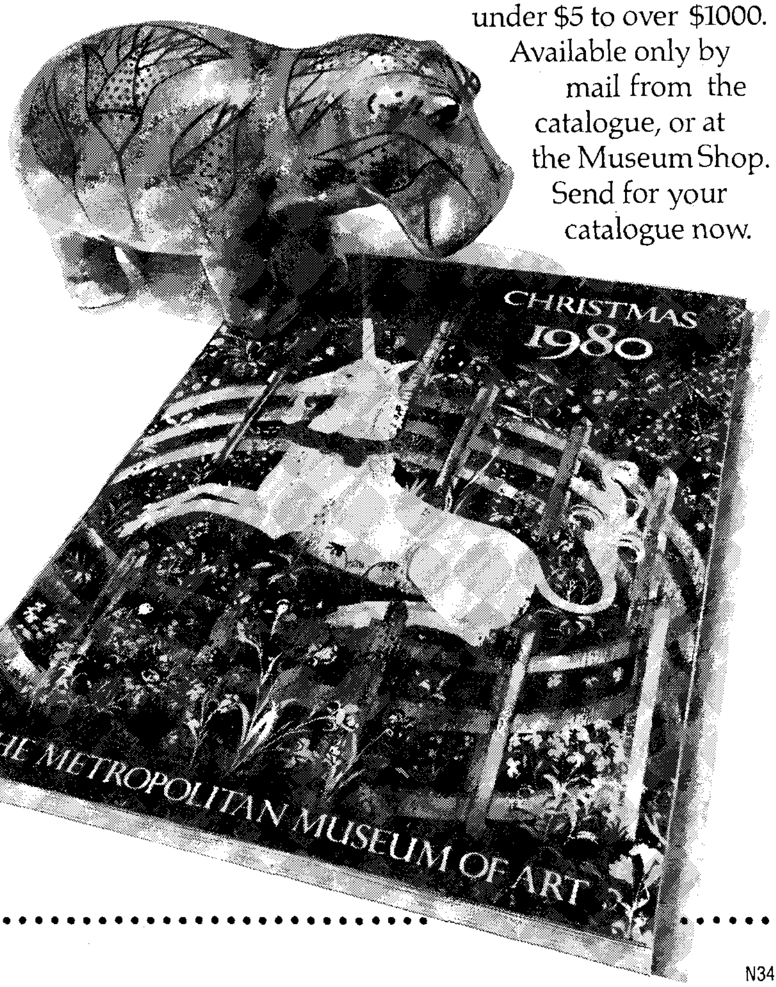

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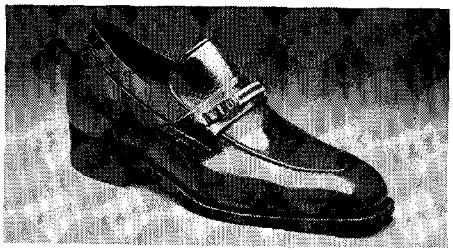

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ment, that if they had attempted to compete as "Rhodesia" most of the rest of Africa would have demanded that they be ejected from the premises. In the men's field-hockey tournament, incidentally, the highest scorer among all the participants was a thirty-four-year-old Spaniard, Juan Amat, who was competing for the fourth, and last, time. He had never won a medal. This time, Spain made it to the final, and although it lost, 4–3, to India, which is practically the cradle of field hockey, Amat retired in a satisfying way: he gained a silver, and he scored all three of his side's goals. *¡Olé!*

It was the big boys, however, and the big girls, too, who ruled the athletic roost. (A Greek did win a gold in Greco-Roman wrestling, but the Vollebregt twins, the Dutch yachtsmen who were expected to win one in the Flying Dutchman, were shut out.) Russia ended up with considerably more medals of all categories than East Germany, but then it has more than fifteen times the population of that satellite. However individual athletes may feel about it, the bureaucratic relationship between the German Democratic Republic and its big brother was well spelled out in one piece of literature I picked up along the way. "In reviewing the history of our international sports relations," the G.D.R. was letting it be known, "the fact cannot be overlooked that they have from the first moment been marked by unswerving friendship with the athletes of the Soviet Union and the other fraternal Socialist countries. Soviet athletes, coaches, sports experts, and officials have supported by word and deed the development of physical culture and sport in the G.D.R. We know that the high level of G.D.R. sport, its international recognition, and G.D.R. cooperation in international sport on the basis of equality would be unthinkable without the disinterested support of the Soviet Union and the other fraternal Socialist countries." (Barbara Krause, the East German who earned three golds in swimming—in the absence of the United States, she and her teammates grabbed thirty of the seventy-eight medals awarded in that sport—may have felt especially at ease in Moscow, for at home she is a police sergeant.) The East Germans have probably exceeded any other nation of any size in such specialized sports research as electric muscle stimulation. In view of their extraordinary successes of recent years—far beyond the overall accomplishment of Czechoslovakia,

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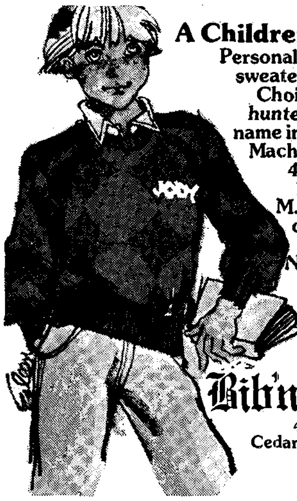

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Hungary, and Rumania—it is doubtful whether the G.D.R. has shared with such fraternal Socialist countries—or with Russia—all the secrets it has learned in its quest to develop what Lord Killanin, a lover of nature, has despairingly called "the artificial person." Almost wherever one turned here, one encountered powerfully built East German men and women locked in near-exclusive combat with Russians.

There was one night when, all at the same time, the East German and Russian teams were competing in soccer, handball, and volleyball. Out at the rowing site, during a medal-presentation ceremony on a day when East Germany took seven out of eight possible golds, a Russian in a bronze-medal crew fainted dead away. A cynic suggested that he couldn't bear listening to the G.D.R. anthem played one more time. (It was announced there with appropriate fanfare that for the first time in Olympic history a woman was going to judge a rowing event, but this step toward equal rights was a small one, because there were fewer eight-oared crews present than had been counted on before the boycott—Zimbabwe presumably couldn't throw one together in time—and she had only two shells to worry about, rather than the conventional half-dozen.) On that same day, an overzealous security man ejected a first-place winner, proudly wearing his award, from a spectator area, where the sentinel said the athlete had no right to stand. It seemed that during these Olympic Games one needed more acceptable credentials than a gold medal around one's neck.

FOR athletes, four years is a long time. That is why many young Americans deplored missing out on what might have been their only shot at Olympic glory. Over four years, champions come and go. Take Vasily Alexeyev, the superheavy Russian weight lifter, who has done so much to popularize bulging. Audiences in Moscow whistle to convey either delight or disapproval, but the shrill reception that poor Alexeyev received when it turned out that the 1976 gold medallist could barely get a barbell off the ground was unmistakably derisive and sort of sad. (Successful or not, the sturdy Russian, like most weight lifters, continued to stare at the loads he was dared to raise with much the same mixture of disdain and dismay with which at home I generally regard a heavy bag of garbage that my dog has already chewed a hole in the bottom of.) Take Lasse Viren,

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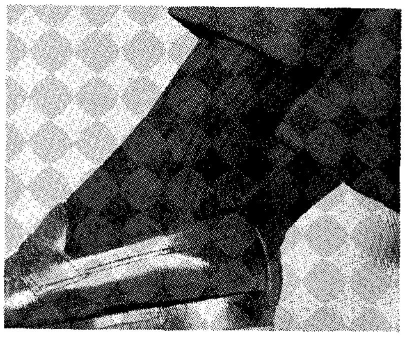

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the lithe Finn who at Munich and again at Montreal scored a memorable double in the five- and ten-thousand-metre races—both won here by the Ethiopian Miruts Yifter, who seems to be able to float through the air. Viren could do no better than fifth in the ten-thousand, skipped the five-thousand entirely to concentrate on the marathon, and dropped out of that after twenty-five kilometres. Uganda's John Akii-Bua, a gold-medal hurdler at Munich (he couldn't try to repeat in 1976, because of that boycott), didn't qualify for the final this time around. The darling of Montreal, Nadia Comaneci, did add a couple of golds to her brimming treasure chest, but she was nowhere near the superstar she'd been in 1976 (she even took a tumble off the uneven bars), and she attracted as much attention here from a fuss over the judging of gymnastics as from anything else. Of course, as gymnasts go, the petite Rumanian is practically an old lady now; she will be nineteen this November. Four years hence, we may all be wondering what ever became of Wladyslaw Kozakiewicz, of Poland, and the East German Gerd Wessig, who this week set world records in the pole vault and the high jump, respectively—scaling the sorts of heights that used to be associated with unbeatable American Olympians.

Nadia got one of her golds only after officials at the gymnastics competition concluded that a computer had malfunctioned and accorded her an errant score. Human error was another matter, and there was a good deal of muttering about that in gymnastics and in other sports: it was felt that Soviet judges made deliberate errors, favorable to Soviet athletes. What happened to João Carlos de Oliveira, of Brazil, in the triple jump—an event that Russians take as seriously as the British take lawn bowls—was perhaps a case in point. Oliveira kept being found guilty of committing the mysterious fouls one can commit in the triple (née hop, step, and) jump. Indeed, the Brazilian and Ian Campbell, of Australia, racked up between them nine fouls in twelve jumps. On the other hand, the two Russians who were their main rivals—one of them, Viktor Saneyev, had won three straight Olympic golds and here, having aged only slightly, won a silver—had a mere three fouls called in toto. In fairness, I should note that when the Yugoslavian men's basketball team defeated Russia's in a crucial game, the Soviet coach bewailed the officiating in that: he thought that the referees, a Swede and

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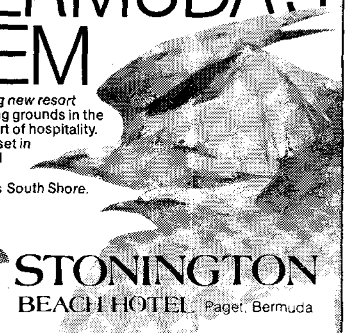

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a Belgian, had been intimidated by the secretary-general of the International Amateur Basketball Federation, who happens to be a Yugoslav. The Soviet coach added that the quality of play had established once and for all that it was possible to put on a first-class basketball tournament without any Americans in it. After he had been traduced, if he was traduced, the downcast Oliveira made a sporting gesture that heartened all who noticed it. He went out of his way—and the gesture seemed without innuendo—to shake the hand of every one of the judges who had done him in. I call that the true Olympic spirit. I was similarly touched when Lucyna Langer, of Poland, after receiving a bronze in the hundred-metre hurdles, actually curtsied to the functionary who handed her her medal. It was a charming sight in this era of anabolic steroids and chromosome sex tests. There were other unarguably human moments in these Games—a stern-faced wrestling referee, for instance, solicitously bending over to tie the shoelace of a Mongolian grappler—but by and large they proceeded toward their conclusion with troubling inflexibility. It was perhaps no wonder, then, that some of the athletes, once they had finished their assigned tasks, unwound with excessive exuberance. A couple of young British swimmers who larked it up too much in the Olympic Village were at once packed off home (not by the Russians but by their own team leader).

Well, we all somehow muddled through. And the competitions went off as well as—maybe better than—many people thought they could in this atmosphere of suspicion and isolation. Could it be—it's a somewhat disconcerting thought—that the Olympics are bigger than any of us? Despite the foreign-tourist blight, Vladimir Popov said a couple of days ago that these Games had already been witnessed by a million more spectators than flocked to Montreal. Another hundred-thousand-plus house was chalked up at the superbly produced closing ceremony last night, with more dancers, more acrobats, more pictorial displays by the card-carrying Communists massed in the stands just beneath the Olympic flame, and a large Misha Bear mascot wafted up by balloons into the sky. There was also traditional business to conduct: the extinction of the flame and the raising of the flag of the next host. Until four days ago, the I.O.C. had appeared to be clinging steadfastly to its contention that protocol required the use of the United States flag, and

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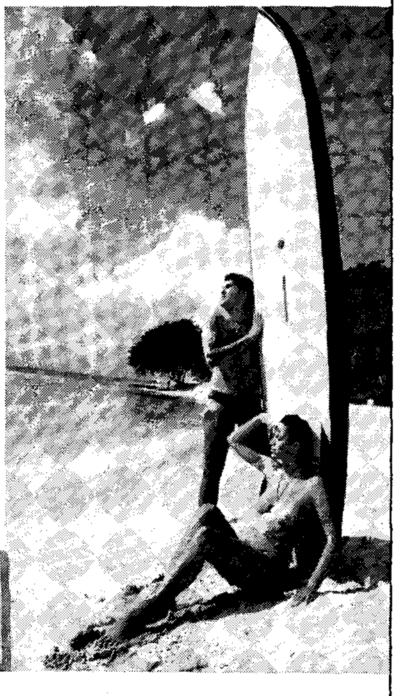
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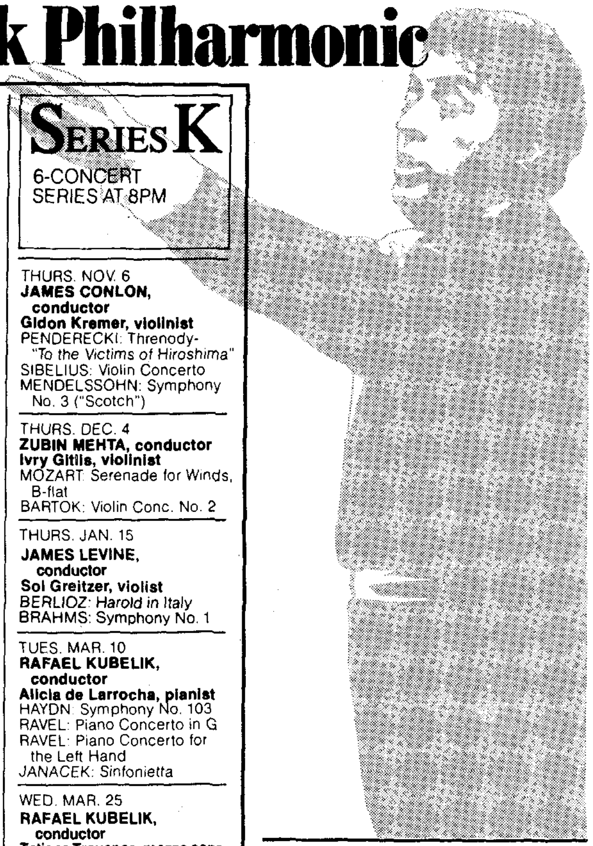

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TUES. MAR. 10
RAFAEL KUBELIK, conductor
Alicia de Larrocha, pianist
HAYDN: Symphony No. 103
RAVEL: Piano Concerto in G
RAVEL: Piano Concerto for the Left Hand
JANACEK: Sinfonietta

WED. MAR. 25
RAFAEL KUBELIK, conductor
Tatiana Troyanos, mezzo sopr.
Siegmund Nimsgern, bar.
(Bartok Anniversary)
BARTOK: Music for Strings, Percussion and Celesta
BARTOK: Bluebeard's Castle

THURS. APRIL 16
ZUBIN MEHTA, conductor
Kathleen Battle, soprano
Barbara Martin, mezzo-sopr.
Seth McCoy, tenor
Tom Krause, baritone
Mindy Kaufman, piccolo
VIVALDI: Piccolo Conc., A min.
CRUMB: Ancient Voices of Children
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had tabled a request from Washington that, in view of the boycott, the Stars and Stripes not be unfurled. But then Lord Killanin and his cohorts yielded to the White House and agreed that Los Angeles' flag, which few non-Californians had ever seen before last night, could be substituted. (It is yellow, green, and red, with some sort of seal in the middle of it.) The president of the Los Angeles Olympic Organizing Committee, a non-Olympic water-polo player and former travel impresario named Peter Ueberroth, was not around at the historic moment; he had been in Moscow just before the Games started, but had then taken his leave. Monique Berlioux, the doughty executive director of the I.O.C., had earlier made it clear, however, that the decision about the flag was made not in deference to the wishes of Washington but, rather, to spare the Soviet Union the embarrassment of having the American colors, after all that had happened, flown in its face. In Lord Killanin's farewell remarks last night, he reiterated what he has said so often before—that sports should not be used for political purposes—and got a big hand when he added, "I only grieve for those who were not able to come." Today, he flew away, like Misha, into retirement, leaving the hot potato of the Olympic future in the hands of his successor: Juan Antonio Samaranch, of Spain. A roller skater in his own athletic days, Samaranch is an experienced diplomat. He has most recently been his country's Ambassador to Moscow and is considered as sturdy a bridge between West and East as anyone in the Olympic movement. He may have his diplomatic work cut out for him, because a few days ago Yasir Arafat told the periodical *Moscow News* that the P.L.O. now holds membership in five international sports federations and expects to field a team at Los Angeles. That's all we need. —E. J. KAHN, JR.

●

A busload of members of Society for the Prevention of New England Antiquities from Boston arrived in town on Saturday afternoon to visit the home of William N. Banks, who served them punch and cookies.—*Peterborough (N.H.) Transcript.*

Did he allow them to look around?

●

A 10-MINUTE FILM on the work of Church World Service will be shown after church today, in Fellowship Hell (the green-carpeted room).—*Blue Hill (Maine) Congregational Church bulletin.*

With the huge open fireplace.

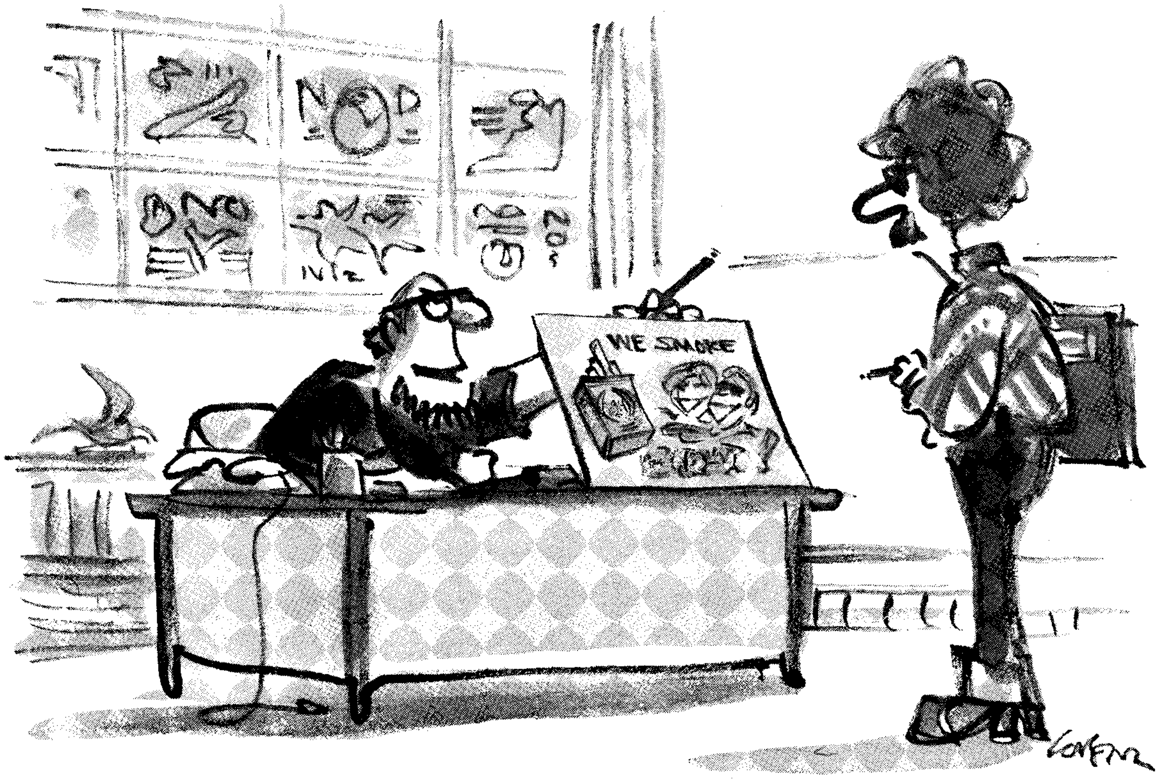
THE CURRENT CINEMA

Craft

IN "Honeysuckle Rose," Dyan Cannon is a curvy cartoon—a sex kitten become a full-blown tigress. Her hair is a great tawny mop, so teased and tangled that a comb would have to declare war to get through it; her blouse is filled to capacity, and her jeans are about to split. She has never looked better. Dyan Cannon has always brought a blaze to her roles—a charge of comic lust. Her face was quick to register lecherous eagerness and petulant disappointment; playing sexpot bitches, she used her physical equipment so completely that you couldn't really be sure whether you were laughing with her or at her. (I remember how the audience's spirits sank after she was killed early in "Doctors' Wives.") Now, past forty, she has finally had a chance to drop the bitchery and show some acting range, and she's sexier than ever. As Viv, who has been married for fifteen years to Buck Bonham (Willie Nelson), a country-and-Western singer, she is so full of energy and humor and knowingness that she gives the audience hope: if this is maturity, then life looks pretty good. Having stumbled onto this affirmation, the director, Jerry Schatzberg, knows what he's got, and doesn't overplay his hand and wreck it.

Schatzberg lacks a theatrical instinct for involving the audience, and the script of "Honeysuckle Rose," which is credited to three writers (but which, reportedly, many others also worked on), seems almost nonexistent, with story points undeveloped or left dangling, and crucial scenes so underwritten that the actors look starved for a line of dialogue. For the first ten minutes, you can't tell where the picture is heading: it's all movement and atmosphere, with too much jumpy crosscutting between Buck with his backup band in their tour bus on the Southwestern highways and Buck with the band performing at concerts. But then Buck, alone in the bus except for a mare he's bringing home as a week-late tenth-birthday present for his son Jamie (Joey Floyd), arrives at his ranch in central Texas—the Honeysuckle Rose—and is greeted by the boy and the pulchritudinous Viv. And soon they're all off to the Bonham Family Annual Reunion, where several generations—hundreds of people—gather for a picnic and a party. It's a long, hot day, with men throwing horseshoes, little kids skinny-dipping, practical jokes, a chase after an armadillo, flirtations and seductions, games of dominoes, eating and drinking and dancing, and small boys in hiding watching a couple make love. The members of the band and their families are there, and you enter into the world of back-roads country people and feel the folk roots of their music. In the evening, Viv sings, in a good torchy blues voice; Buck joins in and, face to face, they harmonize on Kris Kristofferson's song "Loving Her Was Easier." There's real voltage between them—they look as if they belong together. When the party's over, Viv and Buck, relaxed and at peace, collect Jamie from among the sleeping children at the back of the big dance hall, and Buck carries him to their pickup truck. The frames have been packed with activity, but now, as the lights that have been strung up go out, we see just the truck moving along through the deserted picnic ground, and, tied to it, trotting by its side, Jamie's mare.

After you've been to a batch of movies that look as impersonal and as indifferently made as most TV shows, Schatzberg's care for the visual frame and for movement seems an affirmation, too. The music and the imagery move together. That's where the work of Schatzberg and his team, which includes Richard Baskin as music supervisor, shines. Right from the start, with the Willie Nelson song "On the Road Again," the score seems to have much more energy than the country music in "Coal Miner's Daughter" or "Urban Cowboy." Nelson has a fine reedy voice, and subtle phrasing like that of a great blues singer. The songs (they're by several composers) don't have the rhythmic monotony of much of the country music in recent films; they're livelier, jazzier, and the images hop to the roustabout melodies or drift with the more poignant ones. Collaborating with the gifted cinematographer Robby Müller (who shot Wim Wenders' "The American Friend" and Bogdanovich's "Saint Jack"), Schatzberg, who used to be a photographer, makes the people—all of them—look beautiful, in a special, transparent way. This isn't a pic-



"Some damn fine stuff here, Hendricks. But it lacks a sense of adventure. I want you to start working closer to the bull."

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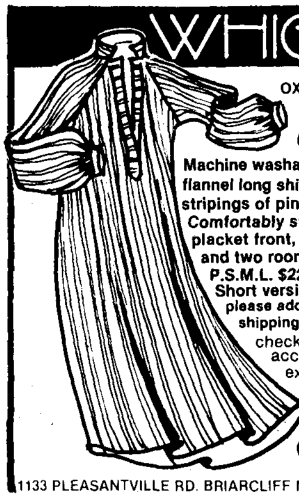

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ture with extras dressed up in somebody's idea of what Texas peasants wear. You feel that you're seeing regional Americans as they are, without awkwardness on their part. The color is realistic, yet so joyful it's almost hallucinatory.

Like last year's "The Rose," "Honeysuckle Rose" seems conceived and designed in color, but in a contrasting—almost opposite—way. "The Rose," which is about an orgiastic rock-and-roll singer (Bette Midler) in the last stages of burning herself out, is set in the smoky, psychedelic night world of a young star who has leapt into the big money. Her story is told in hot Day-Glo pinks and reds and lavenders, with orange for her frizzy halo. She sings frenziedly, trying to reach her emotional limits; she lives in planes, and when she lands she totters on high heels and blinks, bleary-eyed, at the sunshine. "Honeysuckle Rose" is about a survivor—a regional idol who has never quite attained national stardom. With a short reddish beard, like a tramp's two-week stubble, and long hair with a headband, and a small diamond stud in one ear, Willie Nelson's Buck Bonham suggests a benign Sam Peckinpah; he's more like an amiable, slightly out-of-it eccentric than a performer. (That seems to be the key to the personal style of a lot of enduring stars.) Buck and his band travel companionably in their tour bus; dust (not smoke) is their element, and the movie seems color-coördinated to Willie Nelson's hippie-Indian earth-tone clothing—blues and browns and dark reds and greens, *with an occasional* dash of yellow. (The faded blue of the concert-goers' jeans is so pervasive it complements the skies.) "The Rose" was shaped to tear you up, and as one of the Dionysiac stars who ascended to fame in the sixties and O.D.'d, all within a few years, Bette Midler gave a paroxysm of a performance—it was scabrous yet delicate, and altogether amazing. What "Honeysuckle Rose" wants to do isn't clear; nobody appears to have been sure what kind of picture it should be, and that may be why so few people have seen it—even the ads don't provide a clue.

Willie Nelson, who made a likable film début last year as Redford's crony in "The Electric Horseman," isn't a bad actor; his open, casual manner protects him against false moves, and he has a calm, rascally sexual magnetism. He acts "natural"—there's nothing complacent about Buck Bonham, but he isn't fighting with himself

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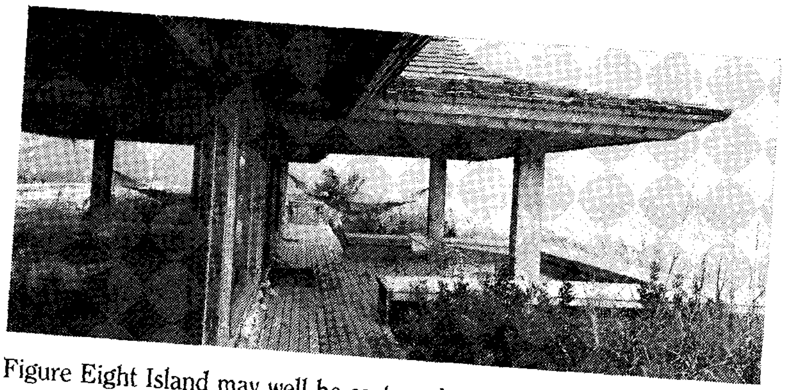
or with anybody else. If there were fights, that was in the past; approaching fifty, Buck has a grizzled dignity. The film is very sensual in its color, in the looks that the two central women characters exchange with Buck, and in the music itself. Yet there are no big dramatic conflicts, and Buck isn't written to project much emotion, with the result that the movie seems to lack a center, and Willie Nelson comes across as rather limp. His singing has a much stronger emotional current than his acting. (It's the reverse with Bette Midler.) Partly, that's because he doesn't bring an actor's tension to his scenes (he tends to express deep feelings by an owlish, sweet-Jesus stare); mostly, it's because the lyrics in this movie are so much more eloquent than the dialogue that he can't help losing some of his magnetism whenever he's just talking.

We can see that life on the road is the answer to Buck's restlessness. He enjoys the rowdiness of travelling with his band. (Most of the musicians are members of Nelson's actual backup band, and the byplay among them is unforced and funny throughout the movie.) And Buck revels in the highs that he shares with the crowds at his concerts. He basks in their affection, he's intoxicated by it—at times, when he's kissing girls in the audience, he's like a politician who has sold himself on his own spiel. Buck is on the road playing one-night stands about three hundred days a year; he doesn't get to his ranch to see Viv very often. (She complains that he treats Jamie and her like an audience, that he pops in and sings a song.) He wishes that she would travel with him again, the way she did before they had the boy, but basically he doesn't want any change in his life. Buck will keep going as long as he can. The film makes us understand that he's afraid not to get back on the road—he likes to take over the wheel of the tour bus and feel that he's on his way.

The change comes when Buck's guitarist, Garland (Slim Pickens), decides to retire and stay on his farm, and Viv suggests that Garland's daughter Lily (Amy Irving), who is on her summer vacation from college and has been giving Jamie guitar lessons, can fill in for a few weeks until the new guitarist arrives. The audience can call the shots: we are a few too many jumps ahead of Viv and Buck—maybe they don't go to the movies. The story is "Intermezzo" out West—one more revamping of the 1936 Swedish film, featuring Ingrid Bergman, that was



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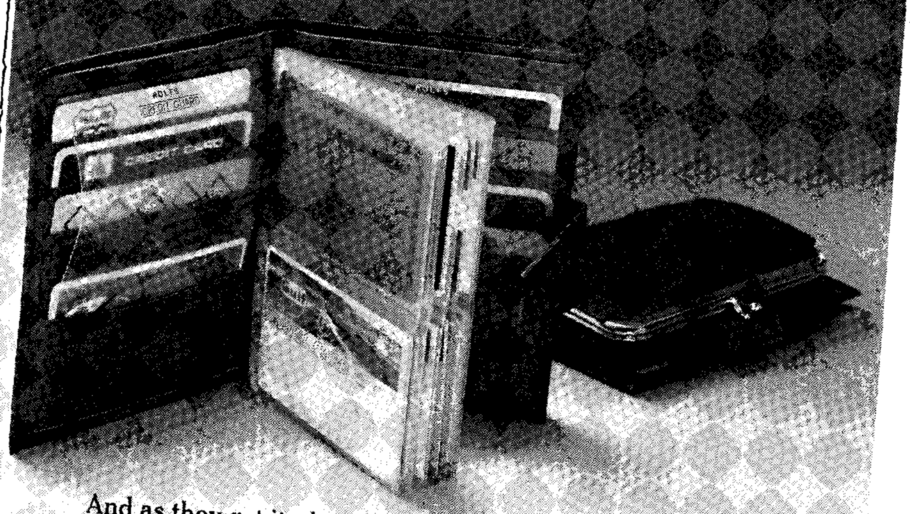

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remade in 1939 to introduce Bergman to Americans and other English-speaking audiences. She played a young pianist who had been giving lessons to the child of a famous violin virtuoso and then, as accompanist, went on a concert tour with the violinist himself—the melancholy Gösta Ekman in the Swedish version, and Leslie Howard, who in profile was a ringer for Ekman, in the American version. The serious-minded, fresh-faced girl was, of course, irresistibly swept up into an adulterous affair with the guilt-ridden married man. (In 1968, there was an unmemorable version, an English production in color, called "Interlude," with Oskar Werner and Barbara Ferris.) In the Bergman-Howard version, it was clear that the whole weight of social conventions was on the illicit lovers' consciences; when the violinist went back to his wife, it was because he had to—though he still loved the young girl. The amusing switch this time is that in modern America the musician—Willie Nelson now—is not bound by conventions: when he gives up Lily, it's because he knows he has more going with Viv. And the audience doesn't need any convincing: though Amy Irving, a soft, witchy actress, has never looked more radiant, Dyan Cannon's lustiness blows her off the screen.

As the "Intermezzo" material is used here, it has lost its droopy moral dilemma. Lily, who takes to wearing Indian headbands like Buck's, isn't the guileless girl that Ingrid Bergman played. Buck may not be a big-time star, but he's the big star of Lily's fantasy life, and she practically rapes him. (She tells him, "I've gone to bed with a song of yours since I was nine years old," and, looking at him—her dewy almond eyes clouded by desire—she muses, "It must be strange bein' everybody's hero.") Soon he's trotting around with her like a college boy carrying her books, and onstage, while they're performing, they can't keep from eying each other. They draw sexual excitement from the crowds, and there's an element of exhibitionism in the way they share their intimacy with those crowds. Ingrid Bergman's victim role made audiences love her and weep for her; Amy Irving's role probably makes audiences hate her and want her to lose out. Schatzberg himself doesn't appear to like Lily; her bland plaintiveness seems icky. This movie doesn't create a big fuss about adultery. The affair is treated the way affairs are treated in country ballads—in terms of cheating and

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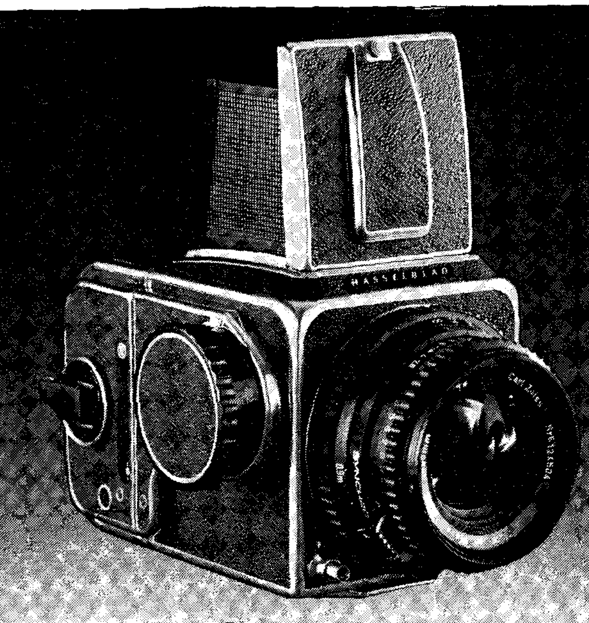
anger, and as the most common of tragicomedies.

Maybe Schatzberg thought he could get by without much of a script (he may even have had more and subverted it) because Willie Nelson's music itself is, as the rock critic Ken Tucker has put it, "one long meditation on both the salvation and the dangers of marriage and parenthood." The story points are, in fact, made in the songs, and for Schatzberg, who had just come off "The Seduction of Joe Tynan," where there was nothing *but* script (and Rip Torn's juicy performance), the temptation must have been strong to do something visual and to improvise. The danger is that people who demand action and a strong story may think there's nothing going on in the film. A friend of mine who became passionate about Dyan Cannon but hated the picture said, "Dyan Cannon proves that life *can* exist in a vacuum." There is an awful lot going on in this movie, though, if you are willing to adjust to its picaresque approach and its lackadaisical rhythm. A character like Sid (Charles Levin), the smart, sensible young road manager, who's hip to everything that's happening, wouldn't be nearly as funny in a more tightly structured narrative. And Slim Pickens, who has come to sound even more endearingly hoarse and scratchy than Andy Devine, thrives in this atmosphere. As the outraged father whose tender Lily has been ravished, this huge man, with his great gut slopping over his belt, goes looking for Buck equipped with a gun and a bottle of tequila; first he shoots at Buck and then they get soused together. It's a slapstick lampoon of everything that was prissy and pure in the middle-class setting of "Intermezzo."

Possibly there's no way to star Willie Nelson in a movie without falsifying his essence unless you're willing for the movie to be relaxed at its center. In its loose, non-linear way, "Honeysuckle Rose" has *more* going on than most movies—it's just that what's going on is understated, and sometimes a little screwed up. The



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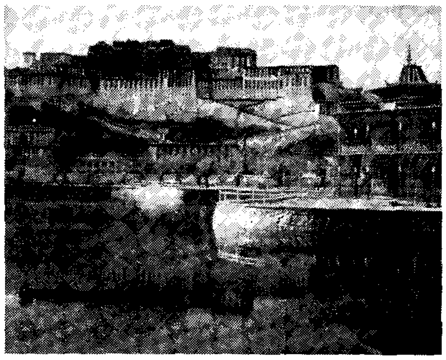

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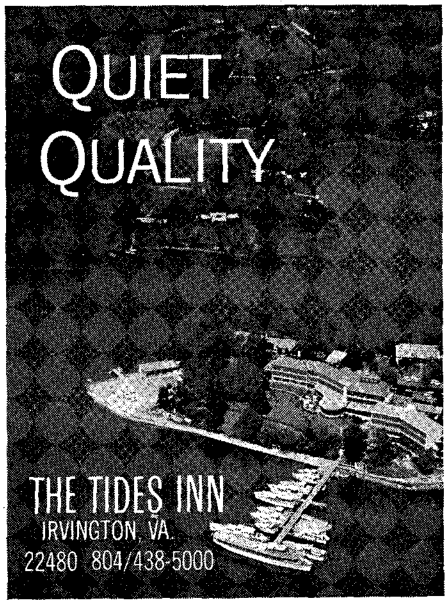

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early scene of Buck and Viv smearing ice cream on each other and on Jamie seems completely miscalculated; there's too much crosscutting during the guest appearance by Emmylou Harris; and Lily's big moment—her tearful apology for her thoughtlessness—just dribbles away, because she has no words to speak and nothing to do. There are also incidents that don't quite make sense. At one point during the big family reunion, Buck brings Jamie onstage to play guitar for him while he sings, and Jamie suddenly breaks off and runs out; when his father goes after him to find out what is wrong, Jamie says he doesn't have any music in him. Jamie's playing was a little uncertain for a moment, but he didn't make any glaring mistake that would explain why he got so impatient with himself; later, this crisis is just as suddenly resolved, without explanation. From what we can see, it's not Jamie who lacks a musical sense—it's Amy Irving's Lily who has no music in her. When Lily is part of the band, she looks as if she really loves being onstage in front of people, but her singing is breathy and almost inaudible, and in her guitar playing you don't feel any connection between her and the instrument—she looks tentative and listless. Probably all Amy Irving could hope for in this poorly written role is to be touching—and she isn't; she can't seem to get enough of a handle on her character to give it inflections. Despite her beauty and sultriness, she becomes tiresome, and when she and Willie Nelson sing together, her passivity makes him look passive. They seem to be one person, in a peculiarly wrong way: there's no sexual tension between them—it's puppy love. Worst of all, Amy Irving doesn't suggest the strength of a country musician.

Luckily, Dyan Cannon does. After Viv hears about what's going on between Buck and Lily, she goes to Amarillo and pays them a surprise visit: she strides into the arena with her mass of tangled curls bouncing. Buck and Lily are on the stage singing, and she watches from backstage. They're face to face, in the same position she and Buck were in when they harmonized at the family reunion. Buck and Lily are so aroused from heating up the crowd that they sing with their faces touching, mouth to mouth, and climax in a kiss. Viv has caught them flagrante delicto; the true adultery is not what Buck does with Lily in bed (he has admitted sleeping with other women)—it's how he sings with Lily. Viv marches onto the stage and makes a speech that is maybe one of the high points of movie kitsch. This is the kind of scene you rarely get anymore—like Norman Maine, in the 1954 "A Star is Born," drunkenly whacking his wife in the face while she's making her Academy Award acceptance speech—and it doesn't belong in this low-key, rambling film. But it's ridiculously enjoyable, and it makes the whole movie come together. —PAULINE KAEL

• •

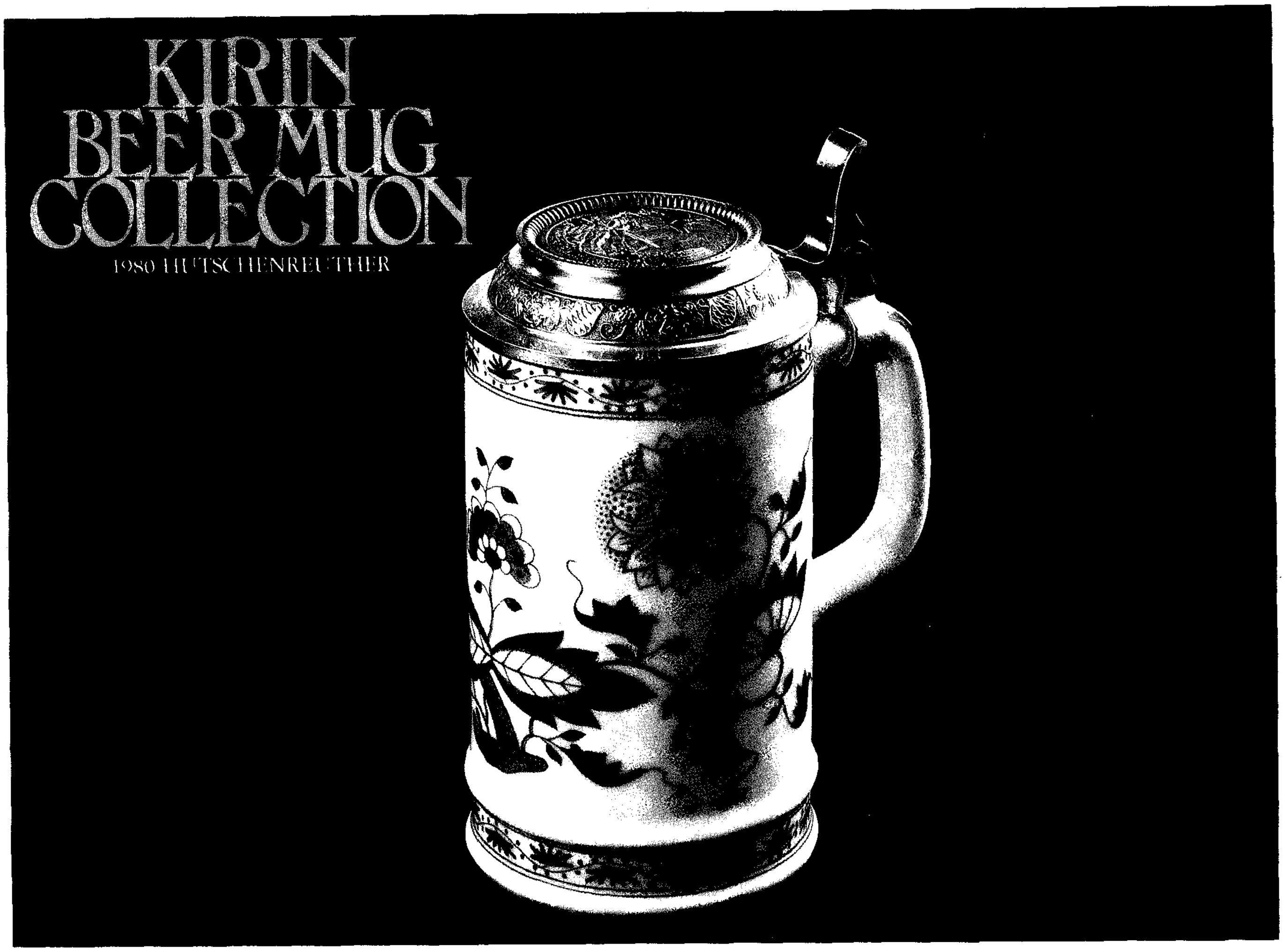
AND SOMETHING MORE THAN A SENSE OF ENDING

These terms of satisfaction that you bring me
Close like flood-hatches the way between us.
Nothing can be poised in comfort, that slack soil,
And least of all the wary phases we encounter
Attempting to be known by one name. All terms
Are threats with barely a hint of modulation,
Close-ended as a box of cardboard. They must go.

Let's do some rethinking in the horse-cab.
The horse is steaming. Tolstoy had strong
Convictions that men of purpose are only harnessed
Horses, clamped by instinct to a familiar track.
Love for him was an oat bag, a small reward.
He found his wife browsing through his papers, and
Left her. I never want to think like him.

The whip cracks like a horsefly our horse's ear
On the brink of evening. Around Central Park
Lights in windows describe the moves of chess pieces.
Two up and across, the Knight's jump. Four in a row,
The slide of the Rook. Our windows are dark.
The King is castled in hard work, his Queen,
Removed entirely by the Horse, sitting out
The game, in her black purse the papers of divorce.

—ANDREW BAIRD



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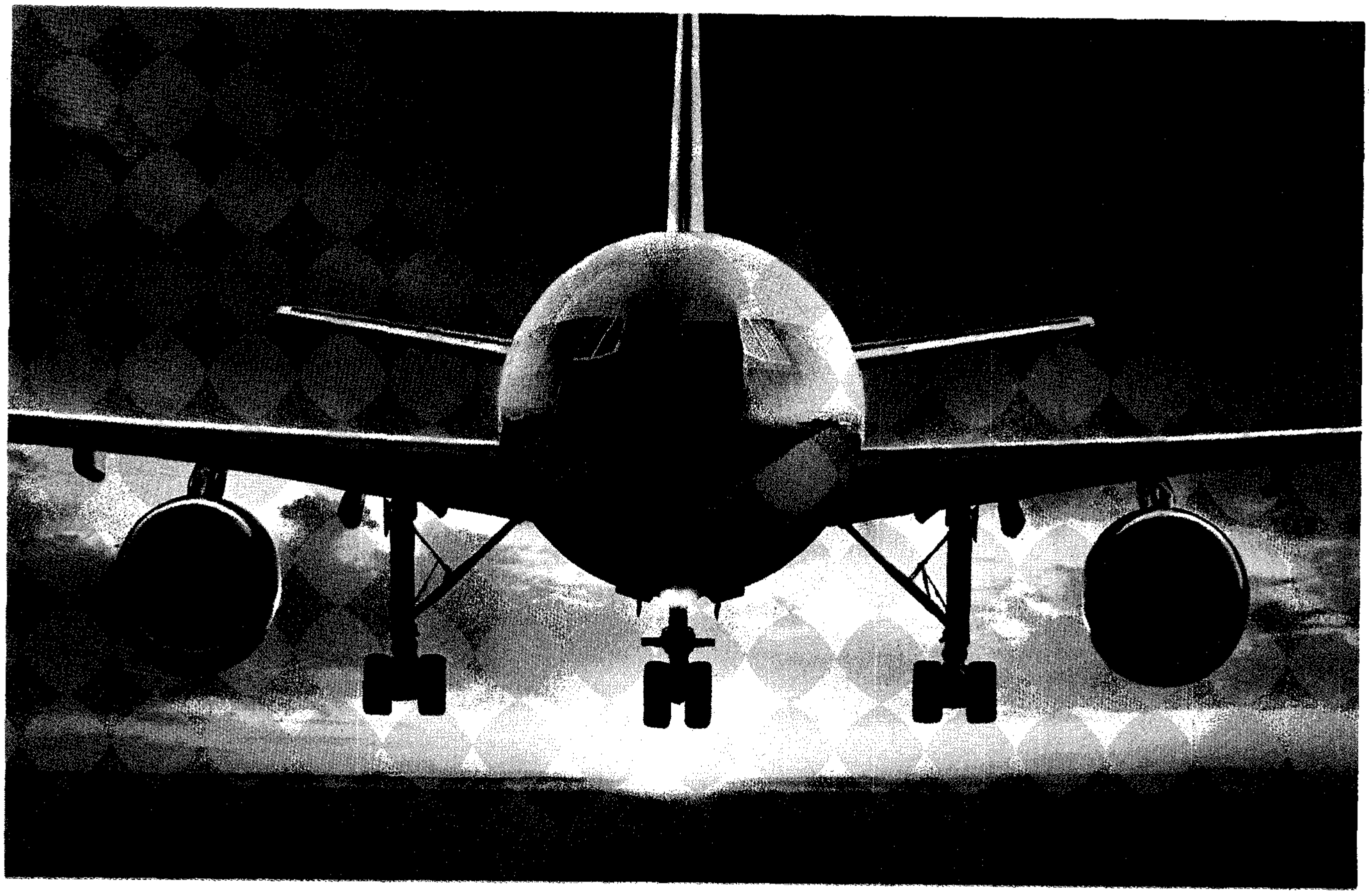

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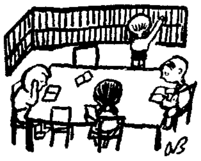
BOOKS

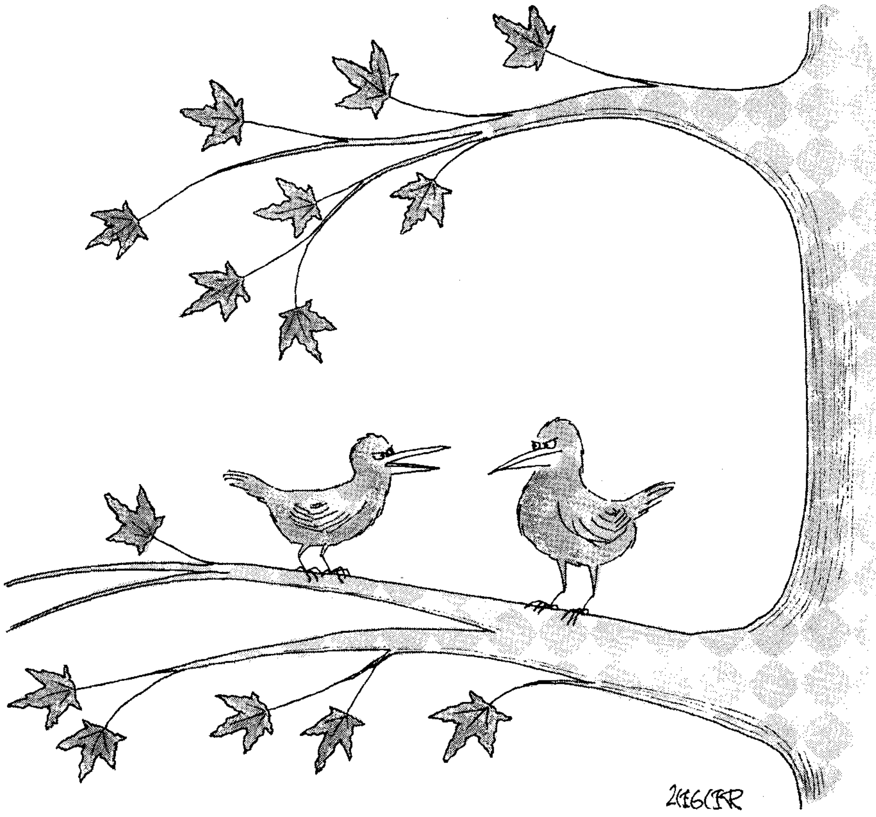
David Garnett



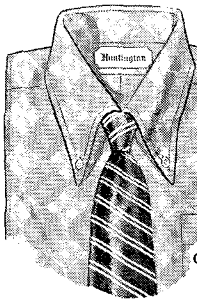
ONE of the younger generation to land on the almost mythical island of "loving friends" called Bloomsbury, David Garnett is now in his late eighties. He has appeared in almost all the memoirs of his fabled elders, but in his own memoir, "Great Friends" (Atheneum; $16.95), he has done eighteen informal portraits, adding outsiders from the mainland of English letters, some of whom he was lucky enough to know as a child: Conrad, W. H. Hudson, Ford Madox Hueffer, George Moore, Galsworthy, E. M. Forster, D. H. Lawrence, Arthur Waley, the improbable T. H. White, and the gentle First World War poet Edward Thomas. There is also Carson McCullers, an exotic whom Garnett introduced to English readers. As a writer, Garnett is very much a naturalist or zoologist musing like a happy collector on the rarity of his people as a species. He catches them at home and on the move, in their off-duty moments—on bicycles, on country walks, playing with children: Conrad putting him when he was a boy into a washing basket and pushing him across the grass in a strong wind, teaching him how to sail; Hudson, wearing a high starched collar and a long-tailed tweed jacket (odd even for 1901), following him stealthily into a Surrey wood on a search for *Bufo calamita*, the natterjack, or running toad, distinguished by its short hind legs; Virginia Woolf on her hands and knees growling and pretending to be a wolf among a crowd of children; Hueffer weeping about his old age at thirty-five. Such intimate moments lead on to telling remarks on the writers' works.

The Garnett family were outside the Apostolic traditions of Bloomsbury. They were not Souls. For three generations, as literary lawyers, poets, scholars, novelists, publishers and advisers, collectors, keepers of records, they had known everyone who counted in English literary life. David Garnett's grandfather Richard Garnett had been a poet and translator and the Keeper of Printed Books in the British Museum, and had had an official residence there. He had been close to the Rossettis and the Pre-Raphaelites, to George Moore and Samuel Butler. Edward Garnett, his son, was the indispensable counsellor and guide of the early D. H. Lawrence, of Conrad and Galsworthy, and Constance, Edward's wife, translated the great Russian novelists all her life. It might be thought that to have the famous turning up in your home when you were a boy would have weighed upon David Garnett's own talents or encouraged fantasies of proprietorship and literary vanity—Ford Madox Ford in similar circumstances became a hyperbolic and comically conceited liar. But the youngster inherited the absorbing industry of the Garnetts, and his choice of a scientific education, especially one in the natural sciences, along with his extrovert and practical interests, gave him a point of difference. When he came to know T. E. Lawrence, it was Lawrence as Aircraftsman Shaw, the expert on flying and speedboats, who interested him most. The details of country and engineering skills still absorb him, and he is well known for his love of slow-motion technical documentation. In literature, this led at one time to his devotion to Defoe's mastery of literal accounts of circumstance and how practical things are done; also to strange transitions from one life to another, as in the life of Pocahontas. In Bloomsbury, he was an ingenious, pernickety Robinson Crusoe on that island. So, in his comments on Conrad's prose, he notes that Conrad sometimes misses *le mot juste* but never the right image. "For example: she was not *shivering violently*, where the adverb does not add to the image. No, Conrad wrote: *shivering like a dog that has been washed in hot water*." A more important point is a distinction he makes about Conrad's supposed obsession with the "point of honour." Here he looks to science for his metaphor:

> I don't think it is the right term. His interest is more like that of the engineer studying fatigue in metals, or the effects of corrosion—the point at which the interior molecular structure can stand no more: the wire breaks, the girder snaps.
>
> There is a breaking-point for the human spirit, when further endurance becomes impossible and the man under torture testifies to whatever is required of him. Conrad, in the person of Marlow, is actually a torturer: in the opening chapters of *Lord Jim*, Marlow tortures Jim to satisfy his curiosity. Jim has imagination: that is his dangerous weakness. Captain MacWhirr, on the other hand,



"How do I know? How the hell do you think I know? A little birdie told me. That's how I know!"



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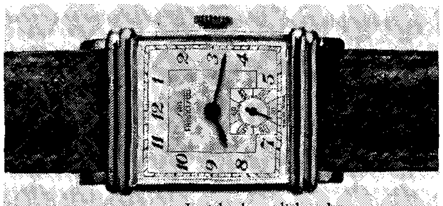

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who is too stupid to realise the desperate situation of his ship, the *Nan Shan*, commands Conrad's amazed respect and not the contempt he deserves as a seaman.... Conrad had intense powers of imagination and in his experience at sea men like MacWhirr, with the dogged courage that is born of wooden-headed stupidity, must have provoked his envy, and he did not despise them.

A portrait painter, of course, paints his own portrait unconsciously as he goes along, and so one of the pleasures of this book is that we see the writer candidly and cheerfully himself, in the midst of an ever-changing crowd of chattering friends, now in London, now in the country or abroad. They are always "doing" as well as "being," as their lives carry them forward. If there is gossip, it is less malice than what he calls a gourmetlike taste for the follies of people who like one another. He has his admitted prejudices. He couldn't bear Jessie Conrad's pushing for importance; Violet Hunt, Ford's mistress, is a viper, and Ford's abandoned wife is "a flower" who turns into "a shrew." Ford, who was Ford Madox Hueffer when Garnett was a boy, was a megalomaniac in his vast fantasies: he acted out the roles of dandyish man-about-town, Tory squire, ardent Catholic, German baron, and patriotic British officer by turns. He would refer to "my dear friend Prince Metternich." Walking along the Rhine with Ford, the young Garnett showed off: he observed that a raft flowing down the river was not of pine but of beechwood. Ford remarked that this was a German plot to ruin the digestion of the British working class:

> Those trees are not sawn up for timber. They are distilled into acetic acid to make vinegar, of a kind guaranteed to give you a stomach-ache—only for export.

D. H. Lawrence (who was a great mimic) used to give an imitation of Ford walking up and down and playing the drawling country gentleman: "'Yaws . . . yaws. . . . Rye is the largest of our crops . . . but we export it all to Prussia and Poland,' while Soskice [a Russian-exile friend of Constance Garnett] sat on the doorstep and scribbled it in his notebook." Garnett adds, "Ford also told Soskice that the most profitable crop was giant kale, for every soldier in the British Army had to carry a swagger-stick under his arm and the swagger-sticks were made from the stems of the kale." Yet, for all his absurdity and caddishness and the farce of his attempts to diddle the

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British marriage laws, Ford could be a kind man and was certainly a genius in detecting talent.

About George Moore the Garnett family opinion was that he was "a bit of a goose and a bit of a genius." Virginia Woolf wrote about him in a letter to Vita Sackville-West:

> Never did anyone talk such nonsense as George . . . but I can't tell you how urbane and sprightly the old poll parrot was and (this I think is what using the brain does for one) not a pocket, not a crevice, of pomp, humbug, respectability in him; he was as fresh as a daisy.

An Irish lady said that Moore was a man who "doesn't kiss and tells." A bit of a cad therefore? Garnett inclines "to believe that this is true of almost all great writers—or at all events the realists who take the whole of human life and experience as their subject." He adds, "Some perfect gentlemen who aspire to be realistic writers (I am thinking of John Galsworthy) turn their eyes away from the mean, bitchy, comic characteristics of men and women. But the great writer is like a child that has not been taught that some things must not be said or even observed." Moore was like that. For all his early Frenchified tastes, the old Irish aesthete and aristocrat was no gourmet. At lunch, he always offered the guest a whiting—"a fish I despise"—two tiny lamb cutlets, mashed potatoes, tinned peas, followed by Bird's Custard and tinned pears. "He had a yellowish-white drooping moustache and the general shape of a long hock bottle"—a body unsuited for the jockey he had longed to become when he was young. Horse racing was the passion of the author of "The Brook Kerith."

Forster, Lytton Strachey, J. M. Keynes, and Virginia Woolf have been made vivid to us in other books on Bloomsbury, and although Garnett's impressions come direct from scores of meetings, some have in fact been published elsewhere and have an air of déjà vu. The Virginia Woolf is, to my mind, the best of the portraits, perhaps because Garnett was afraid of her, although he was enchanted. His judgments on her temperament as a novelist are well put. The kind of thing he admired in her writing—chiefly in "Mrs. Dalloway"—was her awareness of "relative motion" or "simultaneous motions" that are independent of each other. He points to this passage in "Kew Gardens":

> But there was no silence; all the time the motor omnibuses were turning their

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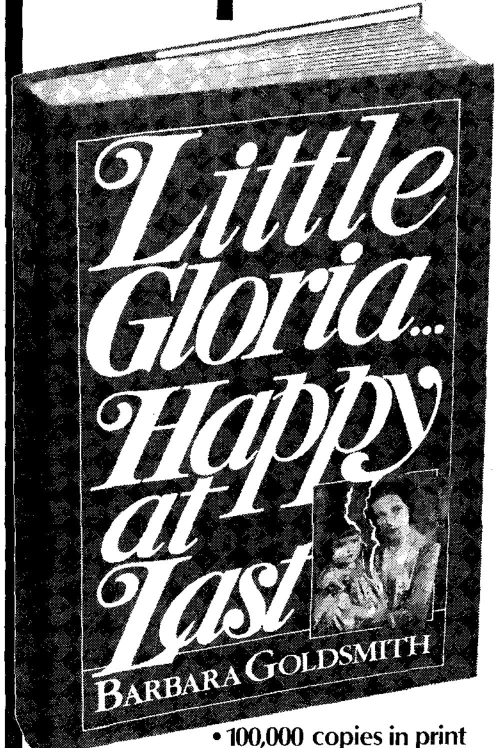

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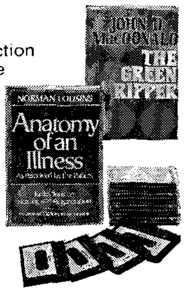

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> wheels and changing their gear; like a vast nest of Chinese boxes all of wrought steel turning ceaselessly one within another the city murmured; on the top of which the voices cried aloud, and the petals of myriads of flowers flashed their colours into the air.

Of her talk he writes:

> I never knew what Virginia would talk about or what she would say, but I did know what she would not. She would never make the living into the dead, or the concrete into the abstract. . . . She would not generalise, she would always particularise; never flatten the focus, always heighten the three-dimensional depth of detail.

She teased him a good deal, called him her Badger, perhaps hitting on a burrowing quality with what is, in my recollection, the general Bloomsbury habit of seeing the bizarre in portentous slow motion. It was a manner much cultivated: the mundane had to be presented as "extraordinary."

Garnett describes his book as a "conglomerate: memories as solid as cobblestones, some fragmented and perhaps distorted, all embedded in the clay of my own personality and prejudices." The personality is firm. He is part the happy zoologist who turned a lady into a fox, part an archivist, always a plain poet of the earth and alive with curiosity. His habit with young writers when he was for a short time literary editor of the *New Statesman* was first to take them over the ramshackle building to show them the best way of getting out in case of fire and then to tell them that if they got stuck in their novels the infallible remedy was to invent a new difficulty and creep, head down over the paper, at the rate of two hundred words a day. His book is remarkable for its photographs. —V. S. PRITCHETT

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

CONSENTING ADULTS; OR, THE DUCHESS WILL BE FURIOUS, by Peter De Vries (Little, Brown; $10.95). When Barney Peachum, of Pocock, Illinois—a lumbering furniture mover with a taste for berries and honey and a habit of hibernating every winter—becomes the subject of a *Life* feature story, his sixteen-year-old son, Ted, resolves to win his own laurels by becoming a living, talking dictionary. It may be some less cerebral quality, however, that convinces Mrs. d'Amboise, a local sculptor who has hired Ted to pose in tank tights for her clay rendition of the drowned Shelley, that this adolescent bigmouth ("thewy lad") and her bratty ten-year-old daughter, Columbine ("quivering fawn"), will make, in six or seven years, the perfect married couple. Ted humors Mrs. d., since such a mother-in-law, who always "chewed her gum with her front teeth," would signal a rise in his social standing: "Eating ice cream directly out of the carton, especially with a shoehorn, would be nothing more than a burning memory." While he waits for Columbine to flower, Ted tangles happily with more succulent specimens, including Kathy Arpeggio, a policewoman whose service belt, loaded with paraphernalia, sends him into raptures; Snooky von Sickle, heiress to a brewery fortune, with the rolling gait of a Clydesdale; and the singing Peppermint Sisters, an insatiable set of identical triplets. Inimitable—incorrigible—De Vries all the way.

GENERAL

GREGORY BATESON, by David Lipset (Prentice-Hall; $16.95). Not the least notable thing about this fine biography is that it was written by a young graduate student, who studied with Bateson in 1971 and became fascinated by his complicated life and "dauntless candor." Gregory Bateson, who died last month, at seventy-six, was a difficult scientist to classify. His father, William Bateson, was one of the first of the modern geneticists; indeed, he invented the term "genetics" and named his son for Gregor Mendel. After a certain amount of groping, Gregory Bateson found himself in anthropology. His first work was done in New Guinea, where he met Margaret Mead, whom he eventually (in 1936) married. (They were divorced in 1950.) From anthropology Bateson gravitated into communication theory, psychoanalysis, and, a few years ago, the study of dolphins. Everywhere he went, he provoked, often irritated, and sometimes inspired colleagues and students. Mr. Lipset was obviously very fond of Bateson, but he is also an honest writer, and he does not try to make Bateson's scientific accomplishments appear more significant than they were. By being meticulous about details, Mr. Lipset vividly re-creates the complex milieu from which Bateson emerged. There are few scientific biographies that are better.

CRIMINALS AND VICTIMS, by Lois G. Forer (Norton; $14.95). The author, who serves on Philadelphia's

Court of Common Pleas, addresses herself to the concrete issues that a judge constantly faces: What do I do about a particular man or woman who has been convicted of a crime? What choices does society allow a judge? Which choice, in this case, will do justice to the criminal, to his victims, to other innocent sufferers (his family, for instance)? Which will best meet the needs of society? Judge Forer is a lucid, easy writer who has command of innumerable studies in law, philosophy, criminology, penology, sociology, and psychiatry, and has also had the practical experience that allows her, for example, to say authoritatively that current proposals requiring mandatory sentences for the same crimes would work injustice, because circumstances are so various that no two crimes are alike. Her solution to the disparities of sentencing that offend our sense of justice is to permit superior courts to review sentences on appeal, as they now review the legal conduct of cases. Everything Judge Forer proposes is feasible and helpful. For instance, she explains the concept and the advantages of restitution—of sentencing criminals to repay their victims—and gives an account of the workings of such programs where they exist. Judge Forer never avoids hard questions, whether legal, moral, or political, and she illuminates them all. We are not likely to see a more useful work than hers in this generation.

A. E. HOUSMAN: THE SCHOLAR-POET, by Richard Perceval Graves (Scribners; $15.95). The question always asked by those drawn to Housman (1859-1936) is not how he managed to be a sometime poet and professional classicist but how he could have spent so much of his life in what must have been a labor of un-love: producing a five-volume scholarly text of the writings of the Latin poet Manilius, about whom Housman agreed with everyone else—that Manilius was dreary. As Mr. Graves presents it, Housman was, in part, emotionally blind: he probably had no idea why he was capable of such drudgery, or why he could be so brutal in his remarks on the shortcomings of the work of fellow classical scholars. Yet his isn't the story simply of a frustrated and embittered homosexual Cambridge classics professor who, on the side, wrote distinguished poems. This deceptively light, affecting biography presents a man who, though "trou-

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bled," was also an astute judge of his best gifts and moved through the world at a swift, purposeful clip—who dashed off still lively parodies and childish nonsense verse, and took pleasure in making something lean and shapely out of practically every note that left his desk; who didn't need to be asked to help when friends and acquaintances, even strangers (even the British government), were in financial straits; who happily and industriously toured the Continent year after year, admiring churches, savoring wine and food, conducting, in Venice, a long-standing and successful affair with a gondolier named Andrea. As a writer, he had unlimited energy and was a superlative craftsman; but the majority of his poems came to him almost without his asking for them, in two spurts, separated by many years—the second when news arrived from Canada that Moses Jackson, his great friend and one abiding love, was fatally ill. Mr. Graves tells how the poems evolved, and straightforwardly says how he feels they hold up. His realistic, honest, admiring approach is the best thing that could have happened to Housman's reputation. With chapter epigraphs that, instead of being the usual window dressing, really do set the stage for what follows, and with a fine selection of portraits and period photographs of the cities and landscapes that Housman visited, lived in, or wrote about.

I DON'T CARE IF I NEVER COME BACK: A BASEBALL FAN AND HIS GAME, by Art Hill (Simon & Schuster; $11.95). Baseball is widely held to be the sport most favored by intellectuals, and Mr. Hill obligingly adorns his affectionate report with epigraphs drawn from Louis Simpson, Samuel Johnson, Leonard Woolf, and T. S. Eliot. From Eliot, Mr. Hill, a Detroit fan, takes the line "The tiger springs in the new year." He takes it, however, in vain. In 1979, the year under consideration here, the Tiger failed to spring. No matter. This is a delightful book, and Mr. Hill is not entirely fixated on Detroit, or even on the American League; what he obsessively cares for is the game itself. He is quick to see threats to its purity, among them the Montreal Expos' clown, Youppi: "He interferes with players warming up. He struts around aping the umpires. Like a dead animal in a formal garden . . . he befouls the dignity and beauty of the game." And the loutishness of

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COLLECTED CORRESPONDENCE OF J. M. W. TURNER, edited by John Gage (Oxford; $45). This first collection of Turner's letters, which also includes a journal of a walking tour of Wales he made when he was seventeen, and a brief memoir of him by his lifelong friend the painter George Jones, serves to counter the spiteful stories about Turner—about his uncouth appearance, his illiteracy, his stinginess, his churlish manners—that were circulated in his lifetime by envious fellow-artists. The son of a barber in Maiden Lane, self-educated and self-reliant, Turner was fiercely independent all his life. He resented those who quibbled over the prices that he asked, but he was generous with his money to friends and colleagues; at his death, he bequeathed all his money to found a home for indigent artists. His letters show him to have been humorous, articulate, and sometimes even eloquent. Illustrations.

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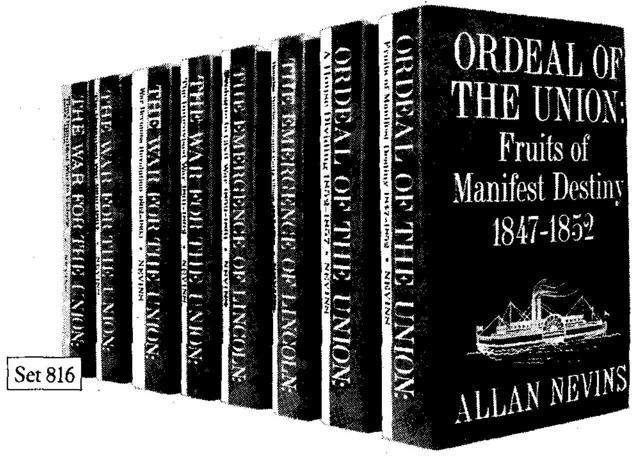

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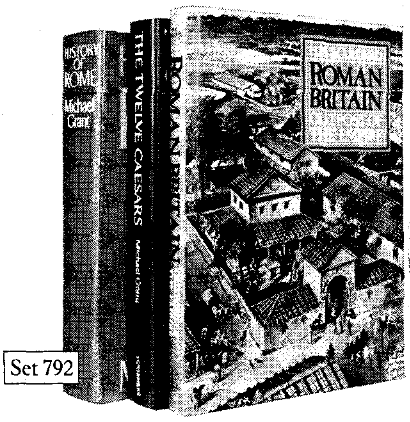

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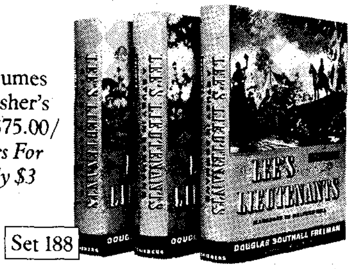

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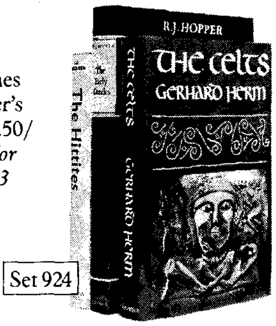

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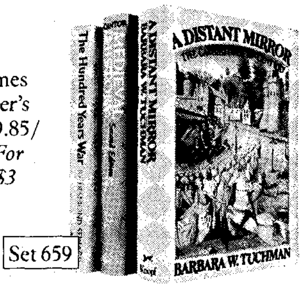

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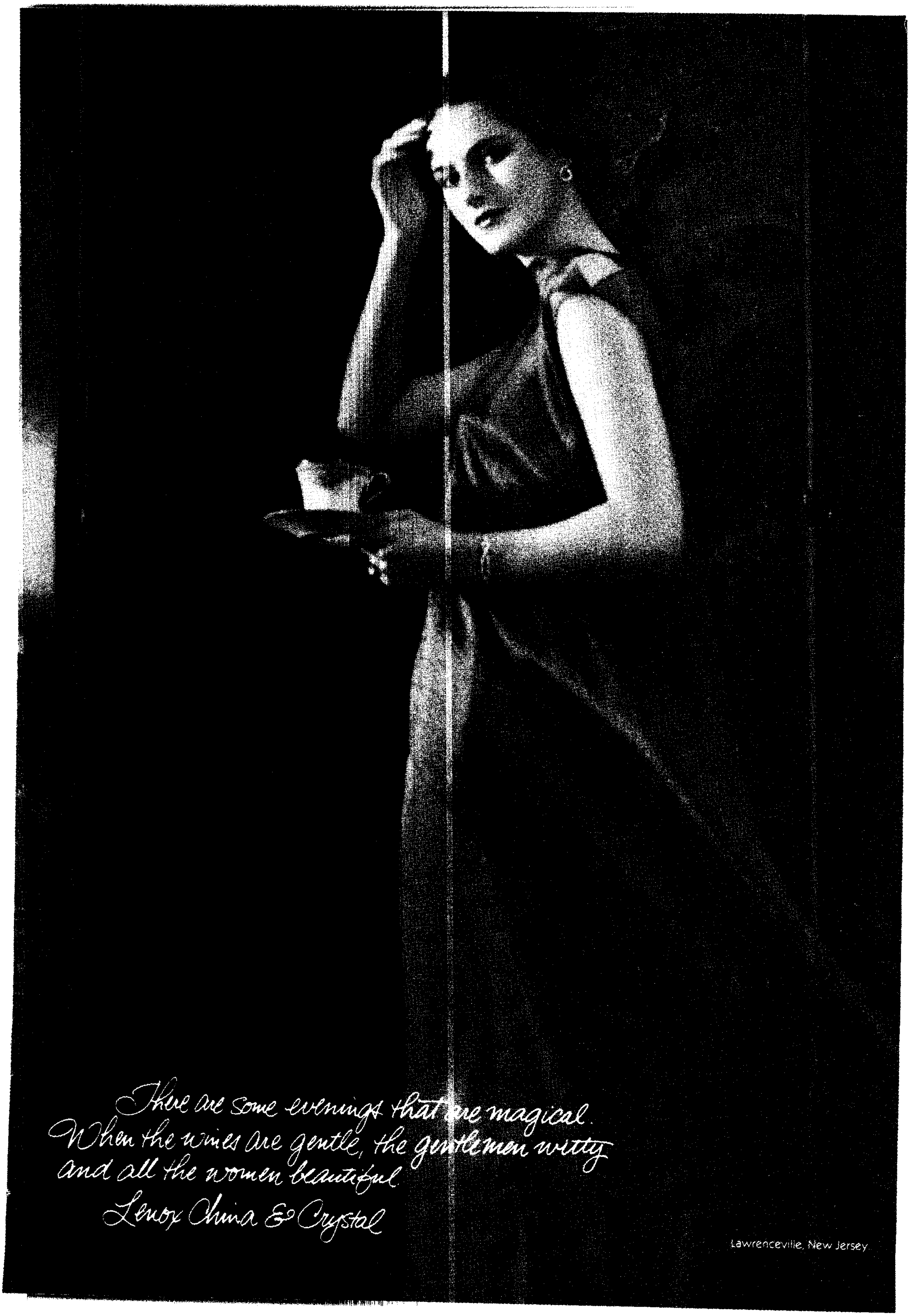
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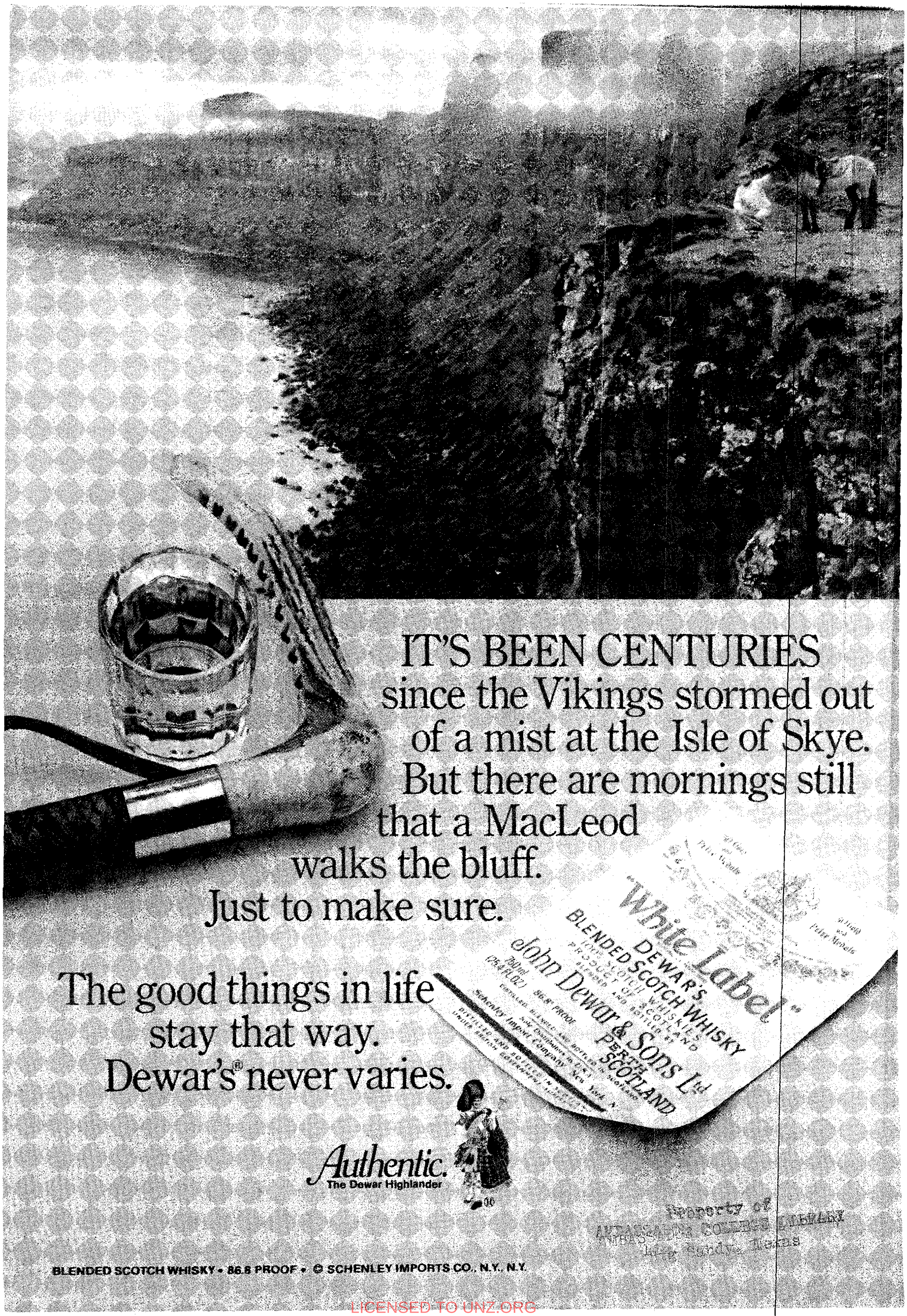
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